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HORÆ GERMANICÆ.

No. XIX.

Goetz von Berlichingen, a Tragedy, by Goethe.

This tragedy was a very early production of the author. It was his first appearance upon the stage;—his first attempt to embody the result of those studies, which, from the dawn of his manhood, had occupied the largest portion of his intellect.

Never, perhaps, was the first dramatic work of any author more decidedly entitled to the praise of originality. Few, very few, mature works of any genius are more resplendently instinct with the spirit of energy. It is no wonder, therefore, that some signal errors of taste were, at the moment of its appearance, altogether overlooked—that it was hailed with all the enthusiasm of unchastised applause—that it covered its author with honour, at the time unrivalled—and that, from that day to this, the influence of its success may be read in broad and indelible characters all over the surface of the literature which it had reanimated. That such are the qualities, and that such were the effects of Goethe's first drama, we have, in a former paper of this series, had occasion to state generally. We now purpose to examine *Goetz von Berlichingen* somewhat more at length, and to give our readers some specimens of the materials of which it is constructed, and of the style in which it is composed, in order that they may judge for themselves, whether the opinion we expressed was, or was not, one of exaggerated praise.

In order to judge of this piece, however, it is not a whit more necessary that we should examine itself, than that we should endeavour, in so far as is possible, to throw ourselves back into the time when it made its appearance. And, in truth, it is no easy matter to throw ourselves from *this* time into *that*. What were the most popular works of literature in those days,—the works that exerted the widest influence—that enjoyed the most European reputation—that gave the tone of thought—that, by turns, echoed and dictated the feelings of the largest portions of society? There cannot be a question that these were the writings of Voltaire, and his numerous followers, in France and out of France. The German literature of the period was, in spite of national pride and personal pique, saturated with the spirit of the great Revolutionary Cynic. In this spirit even Wieland wrote poetry. The translator of Lucian changed but little of his character when he composed the beautiful cantos of his Oberon; there was more of the Princess of Babylon in them, than of the Midsummer Night's Dream. Herder, indeed, had followed the footsteps of Lessing, and the only really excellent criticism even of that time in Ger-

many was hostile to the French school; but what were a few private scholars and professors, dispersed over the obscure and powerless states of Germany, when opposed to the influence of the only intellectual prince of whom Germany could boast, reigning in a capital upon which the eyes of all Europe were fixed, drawing around him everything that was most likely to adorn the monarchy he might be said to have created, and exerting all his immense influence, personal and regal, in favour of that literature, the spirit of which, although even his lynx eyes could not see it, was not less fixedly and irreconcilably at variance with his own interests and those of his crown, than with all the best and dearest interests of Germany, of Europe, of Christendom? The star of Frederick blazed an evil portent in the intellectual sky of Germany; its meteor-like splendour, though of "the earth earthy," was sufficient to dim for a time the more distant and scattered vessels of purer and more stedfast light.

Even the gigantic mind of Johnson, such are the effects of contemporary spleen, could not enter the lists against Voltaire, without denying the greatness of his genius. It is pitiable enough to perceive that this folly still lingers among some who ought to be above it; but what such people say now has certainly no influence upon the general feelings of men. Posterity is, as usual, just; and they who are in the best condition to render a reason for their aversion to Voltaire, are the readiest also to admit, that were nothing but mere power of intellect to be taken into account, there are but very few names on record among mankind, entitled to be placed upon a level with his. He had the daring to design and to commence a warfare, to which even LUTHER'S was but child's-play; and he brought to its service a perseverance the most audacious and undaunted, and weapons and skill the most varied and the most exquisite that ever were exerted simultaneously for an unholy and an unhappy cause. That in the government of France, and the religion of Rome, he found many subjects of just reprehension, who can deny? But these merely furnished this Archimedes with a resting-place, from which to bend his myriad engines against the whole system and fabric of European thought. He hated all alike, and he warred equally against all. He hated the despotism of the French king, and he assaulted all European government. He despised the cruel mummeries of the half-heathenized Christianity he saw in operation immediately around him, and he declared war against the Bible. Through the feeble points of *manners*, he stabbed at the eternal foundations of *morals*;—Pretence and Purity, Cunning and Wisdom, all were alike the objects—thank God, not the victims!—of his impartial rancour.

His grand error was, that he could not distinguish between the systems themselves, which he found in operation, and the adventitious absurdities which he found attached to these systems. He determined, therefore, instead of lopping off unseemly excrescences, to make root and branch work of it. He found all the bad things which he hated or despised existing amidst nations professing a certain religion, and accustomed to live under certain forms of government;—the fundamental principles of that religion, therefore, and the whole substructure of recollections and reverence on which these governments apparently rested their strength, were to be assailed with every art which his ingenuity could devise, and his pertinacity direct. His ambition was to effect a thorough revolution in the political and in the religious feelings and principles of the European mind; and it was no difficult matter for him, having once formed this audacious scheme, to perceive, that his first and great object must be to destroy altogether our respect for our own ancestors. The institutions which he abhorred were all derived from them. They were consecrated in the eyes of living men, by the belief that they had come down from the wise and the noble dead;—our oracles were also our monuments.

An European antiquity was in his eyes the badge of all abomination. We moderns were treading blindly in the footsteps of generations which we ought altogether to despise. His business was to persuade us, that the mists of the dark ages were only beginning to be dispelled; that it was reserved for him and his contemporaries to have the glory of *first* beholding the real dawn of truth and light; and that nothing but bigotry and interest could possibly withstand the

influence of the blaze which his bold hand had been destined to reveal.

He was, among other things, at the pains to write a history of the whole world, with the express and single purpose of enforcing these new ideas. In this book, and in the more ponderous Dictionnaire Philosophique, there was no one institution subsisting anywhere among the peoples of Christendom which he did not assault through those in whom he supposed it to have originated, and by respect for the memory of whom he supposed it to be in any measure maintained. Everywhere he found or feigned some vile trick of interest or ignorance to come in place of some revered foundation of charity or wisdom. Priesthood, monarchy, nobility, were so many *aliases* for the domination of impudence, hypocrisy, and fraud. Dexterous was he in the management of his weapons, and deadly the extent to which his cruel paradox for a time prevailed. Plays and romances were written to insinuate the same poison into minds or moods of the most opposite descriptions,—to blend it with the sympathies of the serious, as well as the mirth of the jocular. It was worked up in imposing forms for the would-be-wise—it was mixed in wine for men, and in milk for babes. The ambition of the proud in mind—the scorn of the unsatisfied evil—the secret yearnings of the luxurious—for each of these elements he had his appropriate viand. He at once enlisted the bad passions on his side; and, by his skilfulness in the arts of deceit and perversion, he was enabled also to entrap beneath his banner not a little of what was meant to be good.

The massive intellect and the prodigious influence of Dr Johnson formed a rampart against the influx of these pernicious notions for which England can never cease to be grateful. Hume, Tory though he was, did more against us, than for us. Gibbon was Voltaire's partisan, as far as it was possible for a man of his personal virtue and great erudition to be so. Even Robertson stooped to be his apologist. Johnson alone stood firm, cased in the armour of knowledge, of wisdom, and of pride; and opposing a resistance which certainly would not have been the less effectual, had he conciliated, in some measure, the judgment of the lookers-on, by confessing, instead of eternally deriding, the ingenuity and vigour of his Proteus antagonist.

This haughty opposition, however, was entirely a philosophical one, and that was not enough to set against a system which had not disdained to assault everything that is imaginative, through imagination itself, as well as through other channels. But others fortunately arose to supply that in which both the plans and the powers of Johnson were deficient. The publication of Percy's Reliques gave a new turn to the imaginative literature of England. That work certainly had great influence in Germany also. But its business there was not to originate, but to encourage; for, before its treasures were opened, the comprehensive genius of Goethe had already struck the kindred note by this very drama. If it had been otherwise, we had still been abundantly repaid; for a translation of Goetz von Berlichingen was the first publication of Sir Walter Scott; and it is not perhaps too much to say, that as but for Percy we might have had no Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border, so, but for Goethe, the genius of the most successful author of our time might have taken some direction less fortunate, in every point of view, than that, the triumph of which is now before us.

The wise, no less than magnificent, design which Goethe too soon abandoned, and which the other great poet has so splendidly pursued, was the only one through which there could be any just hope of opposing, in the hearts of modern men, the influence of those new doctrines by which the revolutionary literature of France had appealed so powerfully to the self-love of its generation. The main-spring of this rival engine was a noble disbelief in the possibility of men's soon or easily losing all sympathy for those who had gone before them. Its object was the vindication of the past—not the vindication of its errors—not the denial of its evils—but the assertion of the fact that the old times had their good also—that our fathers were neither the fools nor the slaves it suited the audacity of living conceit to represent them—that we were sprung from noble and virtuous races, and ought to imitate their virtues and amend their errors, but not draw a broad line of separation between us and them—nor hug the flattering unction, that it was a

nobler and a better part to demolish and rebuild than to preserve and embellish.

In Germany, all things considered, it is not perhaps to be wondered at that the chief characteristic of the new spirit had been, from the very beginning of its influence, a savage hatred and scorn for the institution of nobility. The abuses which had grown around that institution in Germany were great —and unhappily they have not yet been corrected, except in a few portions of the old empire. It was obvious, however, to Goethe, and to every man capable of taking a calm and philosophical view of the subject, that this institution was far too deeply inwoven into the whole frame and fabric of society in that country, to admit of its being pulled down without peril of the most deadly effects upon its national character—the root of all real good, and the source of all really philosophical expectation of good. This poet, therefore, undertook to vindicate the old chivalry, which was every day assailed in every form of banter—he undertook to make men sympathize once more with the reverence which their fathers had felt for the frank and lofty virtues of the old German Baronage; that body, which, in despite of all the sneers of ungrateful posterity, had stood, throughout a long course of troubled ages, the eternal barrier between the prince and the people, fighting the battles of both, and preventing the one from the active, the other from the passive curse of despotism. He undertook to meet in the teeth the insulting array, of which "*Guerre aux Chateaux*" was the war-cry. He undertook to shew that the place which men envied had been won; and with great and consummate art he undertook to do all this, without betraying openly what was the purpose he had in view—he undertook to insinuate, not to declaim—he appealed to the hearts of men, not doubting that his doctrine would from thence find its own way to their heads.

There was great art as well as boldness in the selection of the period, and of the hero of this dramatic attempt. The poet has taken a time of the utmost turbulence and confusion—exactly one of those periods which had been most frequently decried as made up of nothing but brutal ignorance on the one side, and brutal oppression on the other. Goetz von Berlichingen himself was one of the knightly free-booters of old Germany—one of those petty barons, who, by means of brotherhoods established within their own rank, contrived to set at defiance the power of the greater authorities of the empire, even when that power was exerted apparently for worthy purposes. This, however, was perhaps the necessary result of their being systematically, and as a class of men, accustomed, and indeed very often compelled, to make common cause against princely and imperial ambition. We must take the evil with the good in all things. These noble robbers laid abbeys and free towns under contribution; but they more than repaid this, both to the clergy and the commonalty, by that spirit of daring which they nourished, and in which they gloried; that high and haughty soul of independence which animated them to the great and perpetual struggle which they alone had the power of maintaining, and to withdraw them from which, all the blandishments and temptations of courtly intrigue and proffered favour were continually exerted.

But perhaps enough of all this disquisition—in which we are by no means certain, after all, that there may not have been a good deal of over-refining upon things. Let us come to the play itself, or rather to the translation of it, which was published in London "by Walter Scott, Esq. Advocate, Edinburgh!" (such is the style of the title-page,) in 1799; and which, never having been reprinted, has long since become, according to an old phrase of ours, "as good as *MS.*" The tone of the preface to this version is very modest.—The writer talks of the obligations he has been under to "a gentleman of high literary eminence," for revising his performance. This, we suppose, was that clever and audacious plagiarist of the Germans, Monk Lewis, to whose Tales of Terror Mr Scott contributed not long afterwards his two splendid ballads, Glenfinlas, and the Eve of St John, pieces which at once established his reputation, and effectually lowered that of his eminent friend's Alonzo the Brave, *et hoc genus omne*, with which, until then, the public had been marvellously contented. We are rather surprised, that, if it were but for the curiosity of the thing, Mr J. Bell, of Oxford Street, the publisher of this translation, or his representative, whoever that may

be, has not been induced to favour us with a second edition; but we are stepping *ultra crepidam*.

We find Goetz, and the *iron hand* which furnished his popular cognomen, in full activity at the opening of the drama. A conspiracy has been formed against him by the Bishop of Bamberg, and others; and one of the most active of its instruments is a certain Lord of Weislingen, once the bosom friend of Goetz's youth, and almost the lover of his sister, but now estranged from him and his, by intrigues and the vile turns of this world's affairs. This man, lying in wait for Goetz in the Forest of Haslach, is, with his attendants, overpowered by the valour of the iron-handed Baron, and we soon have him making his appearance as a prisoner in Goetz's paternal castle of Jaxthausen. Before he and his captor arrive, we are allowed a glimpse of Goetz's wife, sister, and child, engaged in the quiet domestic pursuits of the time, and this preparation has an admirable effect.

Enter GOETZ, WEISLINGEN, HANS, *and other Cavaliers, as from horseback.*

Goetz. (*Laying his helmet and sword on a table.*) Unclasp my armour, and give me my doublet.—Ease will refresh me.—Brother Martin said well—You have put us out of wind, Weislingen!

[*Weislingen answers nothing, but paces up and down.*]

Goetz. Be of good heart!—Come, unarm yourself!—Where are your clothes? Not lost, I hope, in the scuffle?—(*To the attendants*) Go, ask his servants; open the trunks and see that nothing is missing—or I can lend you some of mine.

Weis. Let me remain as I am—it is all one.

Goetz. I can give you a handsome clean doublet, but it is only of linen. It has grown too little for me—I had it on at the marriage of the Lord Palsgrave, when your Bishop was so incensed at me.—About a fortnight before, I had sunk two of his vessels upon the Maine—I was going up stairs to the venison in the inn at Heidelberg, with Francis of Seckingen. Before you get quite up, there is a landing-place with iron rails—there stood the Bishop, and gave Frank his hand as he passed, and the like to me that was close behind him. I laughed in my sleeve, and went to the Landgrave of Hanau, who was always my noble friend, and told him, "The Bishop has given me his hand, but I wot well he did not know me." The Bishop heard me, for I was speaking loud—He came to us angrily, and said, "True, I gave thee my hand, because I knew thee not indeed."—To which I answered, "I marked that, my Lord, and so take your shake of the hand back again." The manikin's neck grew red as a crab for spite, and he went up the room and complained to the Palsgrave Lewis and the Princes of Nassau.—But we have had much to do together since that.

Weis. I wish you would leave me to myself!

Goetz. Why so?—I entreat you be at rest. You are in my power, and I will not misuse it.

Weis. That I am little anxious about—Your duty as a knight prescribes your conduct.

Goetz. And you know how sacred it is to me.

Weis. I am taken—what follows is indifferent.

Goetz. You should not say so—Had you been taken by a Prince and shut up fettered in a dungeon, your gaoler directed to drive sleep from your eyes—

Enter servants with clothes. WEISLINGEN *unarms and shifts himself. Enter* CHARLES.

Charles. Good morrow, papa!

Goetz (*kisses him*). Good morrow, boy! How have you been behaving?

Charles. Very well.—Aunt says I am a good boy.

Goetz. That's right.

Charles. Have you brought me anything?

Goetz. Nothing this time.

Charles. I have learned a great deal—

Goetz. Aye!

Charles. Shall I tell you about the good boy?

Goetz. After dinner.

Charles. And I know something else.

Goetz. What may that be?

Charles. 'Jaxthausen is a village and castle upon the Jaxt, which has appertained in property and heritage, for two hundred years, to the Lords of Berlichingen.'

Goetz. Do you know the Lord of Berlichingen? (*Charles stares at him.*) With all his extensive learning, he does not know his own father.—Whom does Jaxthausen belong to?

Charles. 'Jaxthausen is a village and castle upon the Jaxt——'

Goetz. I did not ask about that—I knew every path, pass, and ford about the place, before ever I knew the name of the village, castle, or river. Is your mother in the kitchen?

Charles. Yes, papa! They are dressing a lamb, with nice white turnips.

Goetz. Do you know that too, Jack Turnspit?

Charles. And my aunt is roasting an apple for me to eat after dinner.

Goetz. Can't you eat it raw?

Charles. It tastes better roasted.

Goetz. You must have a tid-bit, must you?—Weislingen, I will be with you immediately.—I go to see my wife.—Come, Charles.

Charles. Who is that man?

Goetz. Bid him welcome. Tell him to be cheerful.

Charles. There's my hand, man! Be cheerful—for the dinner will be ready soon.

Weis. (*Takes up the child, and kisses him.*) Happy boy! that knowest no worse evil than the delay of dinner.—May you live to have much joy in your son, Berlichingen!

Goetz. Where there is most light, the shades are deepest. Yet I thank God for him.—We'll see what they are about.

[*Exit with Charles and Servants.*

Weis. O that I could but wake, and find this all a dream!—In the power of Berlichingen!—of him from whom I had so far detached myself—whose remembrance I shunned like fire—whom I hoped to overpower!—And he still the old true-hearted Goetz!—O Adelbert! could'st thou recall the days when we played as children, and drove the mimic chase round this hall; then thou lovedst him, prizedst him, as thy soul! Who can be near him and hate him? Alas! I am not here such as I was.—Happy days! ye are gone.—There, in his chair by the chimney, sat old Berlichingen, while we played around him, and loved each other like cherubs!—How anxious will be the Bishop and all my friends!—Well; I wot the whole country will sympathize with my misfortune. But what does it avail? Can that reflection give me the peace after which I struggle?

Re-enter GOETZ *with wine and beakers.*

Goetz. We'll take a glass till dinner is ready. Come, sit down—think yourself at home! Consider you are once more the guest of Goetz. It is long since we have sat side by side, and emptied a flagon together. [*Fills.*] Come—A light heart!

Weis. Those times are over.

Goetz. God forbid! We shall hardly find more pleasant days than those which we spent together at the Margrave's court—when we were inseparable night and day. I think with pleasure on the days of my youth.—Do you remember the battle I had with the Polander, and how I broke his frizzled pate for him?

Weis. It was at table; and he struck at you with a knife.

Goetz. However, I came off conqueror—and you had a quarrel upon the account with his comrade—We always stuck together like brave boys—[*Fills and hands it to Weislingen.*] I shall never forget how the Margrave used to call us Castor and Pollux. It does me good to think of it.

Weis. The Bishop of Wurtzburg called us so first.

Goetz. That bishop was a learned clerk, and withal so gentle—I shall remember as long as I live how he used to caress us, praise our union, and describe the good fortune of the man who has an adopted brother in a friend.

Weis. No more of that.

Goetz. Does it displease you? I know nothing more delightful after fatigue, than to talk over old stories. Indeed, when I recall to mind how we were almost the same being, body and soul, and how I thought we were to continue so all our lives—Was not that my sole comfort when this hand was shot away at Landshut, and when you nursed and tended me like a brother?—I hoped Adelbert would in future be my right hand—And now——

Weis. Alas!

Goetz. Hadst thou followed me when I wished thee to go to Brabant with me, all would have remained well. But then that unhappy turn for court-dangling seized thee, and thy coquetting and flirting with idle women. I always told thee, when thou would'st mix with these lounging, begging court-sycophants, and entertain them with gossiping about unlucky matches, and seduced girls, and such trash as they are interested about—I always told thee, Adelbert, thou wilt become a rogue.

Weis. Why all this?

Goetz. Would to God I could forget it, or that it were otherwise!—Art thou not as free, and as nobly born, as any in Germany, independent, holding under the Emperor alone—and dost thou not crouch amongst vassals?—What is the Bishop to thee? Allow he is thy neighbour, and can do thee a shrewd turn, hast thou not an arm, and friends to requite him in kind? Art thou ignorant of the noble situation of a free knight, who rests only upon God, the Emperor, and himself, that thou canst bear thus to crawl at the footstool of a selfish, malicious priest.

Weis. Let me speak.

Goetz. What canst thou say?

Weis. You look upon the princes, as the wolf upon the shepherd. And yet canst thou blame them for uniting in the defence of their own territories and property? Are they a moment secure from the unruly chivalry of your free knights, who plunder their vassals upon the very high roads, and sack their castles and towns? While upon the frontiers the public enemy threaten to overrun the lands of our dear Emperor, and, while he needs their assistance they can scarce sustain their own security—is it not our good genius which at this moment suggests a mean of bringing peace to Germany, of securing the administration of justice, and giving to great and small, the blessings of quiet? For this purpose is our confederacy; and dost thou blame us for securing the protection of the powerful princes our neighbours, instead

of relying on that of the Emperor, who is so far removed from us, and is hardly able to protect himself?

Goetz. Yes, yes, I understand you. Weislingen, were the princes as you paint them, we should be all agreed—all at peace and quiet: yes, every bird of prey naturally likes to eat its plunder undisturbed. The general weal!—They will hardly acquire untimely grey hairs in studying for that.—And with the Emperor they play a fine game. Every day comes some new adviser, and gives his opinion. The Emperor means well, and would gladly put things to rights—but because a great man can soon give an order, and by a single word put a thousand hands into motion, he therefore thinks his orders will be as speedily accomplished. Then come ordinances upon ordinances, contradictory of each other, while the princes all the while obey those only which serve their own interest, and help them to press under their footstool their less powerful neighbours—and all the while they talk of the quiet and peace of the empire!—I will be sworn, many a one thanks God in his heart that the Turk keeps the Emperor from looking into these affairs.

Weis. You view things your own way.

Goetz. So does every one. The question is, which is the right light in which they should be regarded?—And your plans are of the darkest.

Weis. You may say what you will, I am your prisoner.

Goetz. When your conscience is free, so are you. But we talked of the general tranquillity. I stood as a boy of sixteen with the Margrave at an Imperial Diet. What harangues the princes made! And worst of all, your spiritual allies. The Bishop rung into the Emperor's ears his regard for justice, till one wondered again. And now he has imprisoned a page of mine, at the very time when our quarrels were all accommodated, and I thought of nothing less. Is not all betwixt us settled? What is his business with the boy?

Weis. It was done without his knowledge.

Goetz. Then why does he not release him?

Weis. He has not borne himself as he should do.

Goetz. Not as he should do! By my honour, he has done as he should do, as surely as he was imprisoned both with your knowledge and the Bishop's. Do you think I am come into the world this very day, that I cannot see the tendency of all this?

Weis. Your suspicions do us injustice.

Goetz. Weislingen, shall I tell you the truth?—Inconsiderable as I am, I am a thorn in your eyes, and Selbiss and Seckingen are no less so, while we retain our firm resolution to die, sooner than to thank any one but God for the air we breathe, or pledge our faith and homage to any one but the Emperor. Hence they goad me from every quarter, blacken my character with the Emperor, and among my friends and neighbours, and spy about for advantage against me. They would fain take me out of the way; that was the reason for imprisoning the page whom I had dispatched for intelligence: And you now say he did not bear himself as he should do, because he would not betray my secrets. And thou, Weislingen, art their tool!

Weis. Berlichingen—

Goetz. No more about it—I am an enemy to long explanations; they deceive either the maker or the hearer, and, for the most part, both.

Enter CHARLES.

Char. Dinner, father!

Goetz. Good news!—Come, I hope the company of my women folks will revive you—you always liked the girls—Aye, aye, they can tell many pretty stories of you.

(*Exeunt.*

Weislingen is thus thrown once more into the society of Berlichingen's lovely sister, Maria; and the reader may easily guess the result. The following scene, however, is too full of merit to be omitted. We know of few modern attempts to pourtray the open-hearted simplicity of old manners, by half so successful.

Maria. You love me, you say—Alas! I am perhaps but too much inclined to believe it.

Weis. Why not believe what I feel so well, that I am entirely thine? (*Embraces her.*)

Maria. (*Softly.*) I gave you one kiss for earnest; but you must encroach no farther.

Weis. You are too strict, Maria!—Innocent love is pleasing in the sight of Heaven.

Maria. It may be so. But I must not build upon what you say; for I have been taught that caresses are as strong as fetters, and that damsels, when they love, are weaker than Sampson when he lost his locks.

Weis. Who taught you so?

Maria. The abbess of my convent. Till my seventeenth year I was with her; and only with you, for the first time, have I ceased to regret her company. She had loved, and could tell———She had a most affectionate heart.—Oh! she was an excellent woman!

Weis. Then you resemble her—(*Takes her hand.*)—What would become of me were I to lose you?

Maria. That, I hope, is not likely to happen. But you must away.

Weis. I know it, dearest, and I will. Well do I feel what a treasure I have purchased by this sacrifice!—Now, blessed be your brother, and the day on which he undertook to seize me!

Maria. His heart overflowed with hope for you and himself. 'Farewell,' he said; 'I go to recover my friend.'

Weis. That has he done. Would that I had studied the arrangement and security of my property, instead of neglecting it, and dallying at that worthless Court!—then could'st thou have been instantly mine.

Maria. Delay enhances pleasure.

Weis. Say not so, Maria, lest I dread that thy feelings are less keen than mine. True, I deserved punishment, deserved to lose every glimpse of this heavenly prospect. But now! to be wholly thine; to live only in thee, and in thy circle of friends—far removed from the world; to live for the enjoyment of all the raptures which two hearts can bestow. What is the favour of princes—what applauses of the universe—to such simple, yet unequalled felicity? Many have been my hopes and wishes; henceforth I am equally above both.

Enter GOETZ.

Goetz. Your page is returned already; he can scarcely bring out a word for hunger and fatigue. My wife has ordered the poor knave to be taken care of. This much I have picked out—the Bishop will not give up my boy—an imperial commission is to be granted, under which all matters are to be adjusted. But be it as he will, Adelbert, you are free. Pledge me but your hand, that you will neither give open nor underhand assistance to my avowed enemies.

Weis. Here I grasp thy hand. From this moment be our union and friendship as firm and unalterable as a primary law of nature!—Let me take this hand also—(*Takes Maria's hand*)—and with it the possession of this lovely lady.

Goetz. Dare I promise for you?

Maria. (*Timidly.*) If—if it is your wish. . . .

Goetz. By good luck our wishes will not differ on this point. Thou needst not blush—the glance of thy eye betrays thee. Well, then, Weislingen, join hands, and I say *Amen!* My friend and brother!—I thank thee, sister; thou spin'st more than flax, for thou hast drawn a thread which can fetter this wandering bird of paradise. Yet thou lookst not quite open, Adelbert. What ails thee?—I am fully happy! What I but hoped in a dream I now see with my eyes, and feel as if I still dreamed. Now my vision is out. I thought to-night, that, in token of reconciliation, I gave thee this iron hand; and that you held it so fast that it broke away from my arm. I started, and awoke. Had I but dreamed a little longer, I should have seen how thou didst make me a new living hand. You must away this instant, to put in order thy castle and property. That damned Court has detained you long from both.—I must call my wife—Elizabeth!

Maria. How transported is my brother!

Weis. Yet I am still more so.

Goetz. (*To Maria.*) You will have pleasant quarters.

Maria. They say Franconia is a fine country.

Weis. And I may venture to say that my castle lies in the most delicious part of it.

Goetz. That thou mayst, and I will swear to it. Look you, here flows the Mayne, around a hill clothed with corn-fields and vineyards, its top crowned with a Gothic castle—then the river makes a sharp turn, and glides round behind the very rock on which it stands. The windows of the great hall look perpendicularly down upon the river—a prospect which would detain one for hours.

Enter ELIZABETH.

Eli. What would'st thou?

Goetz. You, too, must give your hand, and say, God bless you!—They are a pair.

Eli. So soon?

Goetz. But not unexpected.

Eli. May ye ever love each other with the same affection as now—and as your love, so be your happiness.

Weis. Amen! On that condition I ensure it.

Goetz. The bridegroom, my dear, must perforce away for awhile; for this great event makes it needful for him to settle some concerns at home. He must bid adieu to the Bishop's court, in order that that connexion may be broken off by degrees. Then he must rescue his property from the hands of some selfish stewards; and—But come, sister—come, Elizabeth, his squire has, perhaps, some private message to him.

Weis. None but what you may hear.

Goetz. Needless:—Franconians and Swabians! now that you are one of us, we may bid their Mightinesses the princes defiance to their beard.

[*Exeunt Goetz, Elizabeth, Maria.*

Weis. (*Alone.*) God in heaven! And canst thou have reserved such happiness for one so unworthy? It is too much for my heart. How meanly I depended upon wretched fools, whom I thought I was governing by superiority of intrigue, subservient to the glance of homage-demanding princes!—Goetz, my faithful Goetz, thou hast restored me to myself—and my beloved Maria has completed my reformation. I feel free, as if brought from a dungeon into the open air. Bamberg will I never more see—will snap all the shameful bands that have connected it and me. My heart rejoices, never more to undergo the degradation of struggling for boons that may be refused—He alone is great and happy who fills his own station of independence, and has neither to command nor to obey.

Weislingen makes fine resolutions, but he does not keep them. Goetz restores him to his freedom, and then

permits, or rather requests him, to go to Bamberg, there to arrange his private affairs, and break off his connexion with the Bishop in a respectful style, previous to his marriage with Maria. To Bamberg Weislingen goes; —but there new temptations, as well as old, await him. A beautiful, artful, and worthless dame, of high rank, the widow lady of Walldorf, admires him, and resolves, partly from this motive, and partly from views of interest, to bind him, *per fas aut nefas*, in the chains of her fascination. The Bishop is at hand, meantime, with flatteries and with dispensations—he persuades the weak-minded man that there is more evil in keeping than in breaking the engagement under which he had come while a prisoner at Jaxthausen. In a word, Adelbert yields, marries Lady Walldorf—is once more the enemy of Goetz, and, as a natural consequence of his conscious ingratitude, his enmity soon becomes the deadliest and the most determined of all against which our hero has to contend.

The Emperor is persuaded to send his troops against Berlichingen. Weislingen heads a formidable army, and leads it to Jaxthausen. Goetz assaults them in detachments on their way, and comes off victor in many bloody skirmishes—in regard to which, we must quote *one* passage, chiefly on account of its being, in so far as we know, the *first* example of that particular species of *narrative*, which has since been carried to its utmost perfection in the famous description of the siege of Front-de-Bœuf's Castle, in Ivanhoe, given through one person stationed at a window to others, who do not see anything beyond the walls of a dungeon.

The scene of the following affair is the high-road to Jaxthausen. On one side there is an eminence, with a ruined watch-tower—on the other, the forest stretches wide over the valley—the Imperialists enter on their march—drums beating and colours flying—when, behold, Goetz is seen stationed on a rising-ground almost immediately in front of them. [Selbiss and Lerse are two of Berlichingen's chief friends and allies.]

Captain. He halts upon the high road! That's too impudent. He shall repent it—What! not to fear the torrent that bursts loose upon him!

Officer. You will not run upon iron pikes? He looks as if he means to plant the first that comes upon him in the mire, with his head downmost—Here let us wait him.

Capt. Not so.

Off. I entreat you.

Capt. Sound, trumpeter—and let us blow him to hell.

[*A charge sounded—Exeunt in full career.*

Selbiss, with his troopers, comes from behind the hill, galloping.

Selbiss. Follow me! Shout—shout!

(*Loud alarm—Lerse and his party sally from the wood.*

Lerse. Fly to the help of Goetz! He is surrounded. Gallant Selbiss, thou hast cut thy way—we will sow the high road with these thistle-heads. [*Gallop off.*

[*They gallop across the stage, et exeunt.*

[*A loud alarm, with shouts and firing for some minutes—Selbiss is borne in wounded by two troopers.*

Sel. Leave me here, and hasten to Goetz.

First Trooper. Let us stay. You need our aid.

Sel. Get one of you on the watch-tower, and tell me how it goes.

1st Troop. How shall I get up?

2d Troop. Get upon my shoulder; you can then reach the ruined part.

[*First trooper gets up into the tower.*

1st Troop. Alas! alas!

Sel. What seest thou?

1st Troop. Your cavaliers fly to the hill.

Sel. Hellish cowards! I would that they stood, and I had a ball through my head! Ride one of you full speed—Curse, and thunder them back to the field.—Seest thou Goetz? [*Exit second Trooper.*

Troop. I see the three black feathers in the midst of the tumult.

Sel. Swim, brave swimmer—I lie here.

Troop. A white plume—Whose is that?

Sel. The Captain.

Troop. Goetz gallops upon him—Crash! down he goes!

Sel. The Captain?

Troop. Yes.

Sel. Brave! brave!

Troop. Alas, alas!—I see Goetz no more.

Sel. Then die, Selbiss!

Troop. A dreadful tumult where he stood. George's blue plume vanishes too.

Sel. Climb higher. Seest thou Lerse?

Troop. No; everything is in confusion.

Sel. No further—come down. How do Seckingen's men bear themselves?

Troop. So so—one of them flies to the wood—another—another—a whole troop—Goetz is lost!

Sel. Come down—tell me no more.

Troop. I cannot—Bravo! Bravo! I see Goetz—I see George—I see Lerse.

Sel. On horseback?

Troop. Aye, aye, high on horseback—Victory! victory! They fly!

Sel. The Imperialists?

Troop. Standard and all. Goetz behind them. He seizes the standard—he has it, he has it! A handful of men with him. My comrade reaches him—they come this way.

Enter GOETZ, GEORGE, LERSE, *and Cavaliers, on horseback.*

Sel. Joy to thee, Goetz!—Victory, victory!

Goetz, (*dismounting.*) Dearly, dearly bought! Thou art sorely wounded, Selbiss?

Sel. But thou dost live, and hast conquered! I have done little; and the dogs my troopers—How hast thou come off?

Goetz. For the present, well. And here I thank George, and thee, Lerse, for my life. I unhorsed the Captain—they stabbed my steed, and broke in upon me. George hewed his way to me, and sprang off. I threw myself like lightning on his horse, and he appeared suddenly like a thunderbolt upon another.—How camest thou by thy steed?

George. A fellow struck at you from behind; as he raised his cuirass in the exertion, I stabbed him with my dagger, down he came; and so I rid you of a backbiter, and helped myself to a horse.

Goetz. Then we stuck together till Francis here came to our help; and then we cut our way out.

Lerse. The hounds whom I led made a good show at first; but when we came to close, they fled like Imperialists.

Goetz. Friend and foe fled, except this little party of my own domestics, who protected our rear. I had enough to do with the fellows in front; but the fall of their captain dismayed them—they wavered, and they fled. I have their banner, and a few prisoners.

Sel. The captain has escaped you?

Goetz. They rescued him during the scuffle. Come, boys—come, Selbiss—make a bier of lances and boughs. Thou canst not to horse—come to my castle. They are scattered, but we are very few; and I know not what troops they may have in reserve. I will be your host and physician.—Wine tastes so well after action!

[*Exeunt, carrying Selbiss.*

This, however, is only a temporary advantage—the Imperialists gather round the fortress at last, and Goetz finds himself besieged. George, a favourite youth, whom Goetz is training in arms, is the bearer of the conclusive tidings.

George. They are near!—I saw them from the tower. The sun is rising, and I perceived their lances glitter. I minded them no more than a cat would do a whole army of mice. 'Tis true, we play the rats at present.

Goetz. Go to the battlements—Look to the gates—See they are provided with stones and beams. We'll find exercise for their patience, and their fury may discharge itself at the expense of their own nails. (*A trumpet from without. Goetz goes to the window.*) Aha! there comes a red-gowned rascal to ask me whether I will be a scoundrel! What says he? (*The voice of the Herald is heard indistinctly, as from a distance. Goetz speaks at intervals.*) A rope for thy throat! (*Voice again.*) "Offended Majesty!" Some parson has drawn up the proclamation. (*Voice concludes, and Goetz answers from the window.*) Surrender myself—surrender myself at all discretion!—With whom speak ye? Am I a robber? Tell your Captain, that for his Imperial Majesty I entertain, as ever, all due respect; but for himself, he may—— (*Shuts the window with violence.*)

(*A sharp discharge of musketry, answered by firing from the castle.*

SCENE—*The Kitchen.*

ELIZABETH *preparing food—to her* GOETZ.

Goetz. You have hard work, my poor wife!

Eli. Would it could but last!—but you can hardly hold out long.

Goetz. We have not had time to provide ourselves——

Eli. And so many people to feed!—The wine is well nigh finished.

Goetz. If we hold out a certain time, they must give us articles. We keep them at a fine distance—They may shoot the whole day, and wound our walls, and break our windows.—That Lerse is a gallant fellow—He slips about with his gun; if a rogue comes too nigh—Ba!—there he lies! (*Firing.*

Enter Cavalier.

Cavalier. We want live coals, gracious lady!

Goetz. For what?

Cav. Our bullets are spent: We must cast new.

Goetz. How lasts the powder?

Cav. There is yet no want: we spare our fire.

[*Firing at intervals—Exeunt Goetz and Elizabeth.*

Enter LERSE *with a bullet-mould.*

Lerse. Go, see for lead about the house—meanwhile I will make a shift with this. [*Goes to the window and takes out the lead frames.*] Everything is fair. So it is in this world—no one knows what a thing may come to; the glazier that made these frames little knew that the work of his hands was to give some fellow his last headache; and the father that got me little thought that the fowls of heaven, and the beasts of the field, were to pick my bones.

Enter GEORGE *with a leaden spout.*

George. Here's lead for thee:—When

we have used the half of it, there will none return to tell his majesty "we have not sped."

Lerse, (*cutting it down.*) A famous prize!

George. The rain must seek some other way—but never mind that—a gallant trooper, and a smart shower, will always find their road. (*They cast balls.*)

Lerse. Hold the crucible—(*Goes to the window.*)—Yonder comes a fellow, creeping forward with his pop-gun; he thinks our fire is spent.—He shall have the bullet warm from the pan. (*He loads his carabine.*)

George. (*Sets down the mould.*) Let me see——

Lerse. (*Fires from the window.*) Yonder lies the game!

George. One of them fired at me, as I got out on the roof to get the spout—He killed a pigeon that sat near me; it fell into the spout—I thanked him for my dinner, and stepped in with the double booty. (*They cast balls.*)

Lerse. Now let us load, and go through the castle to earn our dinner.

Enter GOETZ.

Goetz. Stay, Lerse, I must speak with thee—I will not keep thee, George, from the sport. [*Exit George.*

Goetz. They demand a parley.

Lerse. I will out and hear what they have to say.

Goetz. They will require me to enter myself into ward in some town on my knightly parole.

Lerse. That's a trifle—What if they would allow us free liberty of departure? for we can expect no relief from Seckingen. We will bury all valuables, where they shall never find them—leave them the bare walls, and come out with flying colours.

Goetz. They will not permit us.

Lerse. It is but asking.—We will demand a safe-conduct, and I will sally out. (*Exeunt.*)

SCENE—*A Hall.*

GOETZ, ELIZABETH, GEORGE, *and troopers, at table.*

Goetz. Danger draws us together, my friends! Be cheery—don't forget the bottle! The flask is empty—Come, another, my dear wife. (*Elizabeth shakes her head.*) Is there no more?

Elizabeth, (*low.*) Only one, which I set apart for you.

Goetz. Not so, my love!—bring it out; they need strengthening more than I.

Eliz. Hand it from the cabinet.

Goetz. It is the last, and I feel as if we need not spare it. It is long since I have been so much disposed for joy.—(*They fill.*) To the health of the Emperor!

All. Long live the Emperor!

Goetz. Be it our last word when we die! I love him, for our fate is similar; and I am happier than he.—He must direct his imperial squadrons against mice, while the rats gnaw his parchment edicts. I know he often wishes himself rather dead than to be the soul of such a crippled body as the empire. (*They fill.*)—It will go but once round—And when our blood runs low, like this flask—when we pour out its last ebbing drop, (*Empties the wine dropways into his goblet,*) what then shall be our word?

George. Freedom!

Goetz. Freedom!

All. Freedom!

Goetz. And if that survives us, we shall die happy: Our spirits shall see our sons, and the Emperor of our sons, happy! Did the servants of princes shew the same filial attachment to their masters as you to me—Did their masters serve the Emperor as I would serve him—

George. It is widely different.

Goetz. Not so much so as would appear. Have I not known worthy men among the princes? and can the breed be extinct?—Men, happy in their own minds and in their undertakings, that could bear a petty brother in their neighbourhood, without feeling either dread or envy; whose hearts were opened when they saw their table surrounded by their free equals, and who did not think free knights unfit company till they had degraded themselves by Court homage.

George. Have you known such princes?

Goetz. Well!—I recollect when the Landgrave of Hanau made a grand hunting party, the princes and free feudatories enjoyed themselves under the open heaven, and the vassals were as happy as they; it was no selfish masquerade, instituted for his own private pleasure or vanity—To see the great round-headed peasant lads, and the pretty brown girls, the sturdy hinds, and the respectable ancients, all as happy as if they rejoiced in the pleasure of their master, which he shared with them under God's free sky.

George. He must have been such a master as you.

Goetz. And shall we not hope that many such will rule together some future day—to whom reverence to the Emperor, peace and friendship with neighbours, and the love of vassals, shall be the best and dearest family treasure handed down from father to son? Every one will then keep and improve his own, instead of reckoning nothing gained that is not ravished from their neighbours.

George. And shall we then have no skirmishing?

Goetz. Would to God there was no restless spirit in all Germany, and still we should have enough to do; we might then chase the wolves from the cliffs, and bring our peaceable laborious neighbour a dish of game from the wood, and eat it together. Were that too little, we would join our

brethren, and, like cherubims with flaming swords, defend the frontiers of the Emperor against those wolves the Turks, against those foxes the French, and guard for our beloved Emperor both extremities of his empire. There would be a life, George! to risk one's head for the safety of all Germany.—(*George springs up.*)—Whither away?

George. Alas! I forgot we were besieged—besieged by that very Emperor; and before we can expose our lives in his defence, we must risk them for our liberty.

Goetz. Be of good cheer!

Enter LERSE.

Lerse. Freedom! Freedom! You are cowardly poltroons—hesitating, irresolute asses—You are to depart with men, weapons, horses, and armour—Provisions you are to leave behind.

Goetz. They will hardly find enough to tire their jaws.

The terms of this capitulation are broken in a shameful manner, and Goetz is wounded, and a prisoner, ere he has descended the hill on which his old castle stands. We now find him *on his parole* in the city of Heilbron, and there he appears to take his trial before certain commissioners, who, being under the influence of Weislingen, are not very likely to give the poor Iron-handed much fair play.

Enter Serjeant.

Serj. Goetz von Berlichingen waits at the door.

Commissioner. Admit him.

Enter GOETZ.

Goetz. God greet you, my lords!—What would ye with me?

Com. First, that you consider where you are, and with whom.

Goetz. By my faith, I know it well, my lords!

Com. You do but your duty in owning it.

Goetz. From the bottom of my heart!

Com. Be seated. (*Points to a stool.*

Goetz. What, there?—Down below?—I can stand—That stool smells of the criminal;—as indeed does its whole apparatus.

Com. Stand, then.

Goetz. To business, if you please.

Com. We'll go on in order.

Goetz. I am happy to hear it—Would every one did as much!

Com. You know how you fell into our hands, and are a prisoner at discretion.

Goetz. What will you give me if I know no such thing?

Com. Could I give you good manners, I would do you a good office.

Goetz. A good office! Can *you* render any?—Good offices are more difficult than the deeds of destruction.

Secretary. Shall I enter all this on record?

Com. Only what is to the point.

Goetz. Do as you please, for my part.

Com. You know how you fell into the power of the Emperor, whose paternal goodness overpowered his justice, and, instead of a dungeon, ordered you to wait your future doom, upon your knightly parole, in his beloved city of Heilbron.

Goetz. Well, I am here, and wait it.

Com. And we are here to intimate to you his Imperial Majesty's grace and clemency. He is pleased to forgive your rebellion, to release you from the ban, and all well-deserved punishment, provided you do, with suppliant humility, receive his bounty, and subscribe the articles which shall be read unto you.

Goetz. I am his Majesty's true servant as ever. One word ere you go farther—My people—where are they?—what is to become of them?

Com. That concerns you not.

Goetz. So may the Emperor turn his face from you in your need! They were my companions, and they are so—What have you done with them?

Com. We owe you no account of that.

Goetz. Ah! I had forgot—Never was promise kept by you to the oppressed. But, hush!

Com. Our business is to lay the articles before you. Throw yourself at the Emperor's feet; and, by humble supplication, you may find the true way to save the life and freedom of your associates.

Goetz. Your paper!

Com. Secretary, read it.

Sec. (*Reads.*) "I, Goetz of Berlichingen, make public acknowledgment, by these presents, that I having lately risen in rebellion against the Emperor and the empire——"

Goetz. 'Tis false! I never offended either.

Com. Compose yourself, and hear farther.

Goetz. I will not compose myself, and I will hear no farther. Let any one arise and bear witness. Have I ever taken a step against the Emperor, or against the House of Austria? Have I not, in all my feuds, conducted myself as one who felt what all Germany owes to its head, and what the free knights and feudatories owe to their liege lord the Emperor? I should be a liar and a slave could I be persuaded to subscribe that paper.

Com. Yet we have strict orders to persuade you by fair means, or else to throw you into jail.

Goetz. Into jail?—Me!

Com. Where you may expect your fate from the hands of Justice, since you will not take it from those of Mercy.

Goetz. To jail! You abuse the Imperial power. To jail! That was never his command. What, ye traitors, to dig a pit

for me, and hang out your oath, your knightly honour, as the lure! To promise me permission to ward myself on parole, and then to break your treaty!

Com. We owe no faith to robbers.

Goetz. Wert thou not the representative of my prince, whom I respect even in the vilest counterfeit, thou should'st swallow that word, or choke upon it. I was taken in honourable though private war. Thou mightest thank God that gave thee glory, hadst thou ever done as gallant deeds as the least with which I am charged. (*The Commissioner makes a sign to the Magistrates of Heilbron, who go out.*) Because I would not join the iniquitous confederacy of the great, because I would not grasp at the souls and livings of the helpless—'Tis in this lies my crime! I defended my own life, and the freedom of my children—see ye any rebellion in that? The Emperor and empire were blinded to our hard case by your flatteries. I have, God be praised, one hand, and I have done my best to use it well.

Enter a Party of Artisans, armed with halberds and swords.

Goetz. What means this?

Com. Ye will not hearken——Apprehend him!

Goetz. Is that the purpose? Let not the man whose ear does not itch come too near me: One salutation from my trusty fron fist shall cure him of headache, toothache, and every ache under the wide heaven!

(*They make at him—He strikes one down, and snatches a sword from another—They stand aloof.*)

Com. Surrender!

Goetz, (*with the sword drawn.*) What! Wot ye not that it depends but upon myself to make way through all these hares, and gain the open field? But I will teach you how a man should keep his word. Promise to allow me free ward, and I give up my sword, and am again your prisoner.

Com. How! Would you treat with your Emperor sword in hand?

Goetz. God forbid!—Only with you and your worthy companions. You may go home, good people: here deliberation is of no avail, and from me there is nothing to gain save bruises.

Com. Seize him, I say!—What! does your allegiance to the Emperor supply you with no courage?

Goetz. No more than the Emperor supplies them with plaster for the wounds which their courage would earn for them.

A Police Officer enters hastily.

Officer. The warder has just discovered from the castle-tower a troop of more than two hundred horsemen hastening towards the town. They have already gained the hill, and seem to threaten an attack.

Com. Alas! alas! what can this mean?

The meaning of the affair is, that one of Goetz's oldest and best friends, the Lord of Seckingen, has found means, ere this, to comfort Maria for the slight she had received at the hands of Weislingen, and that this brave Baron is now in the midst of Heilbron, at the head of two hundred mounted men, to set his brother-in-law of Berlichingen free from the clutches of these lawyers, and the Burgher-guard, in whom they have put their trust. The result is, that this expedition of Seckingen is crowned with success;—that Goetz is once more his own man;—and that, after a little negotiation, he makes his peace with the Emperor, (who, indeed, had all along had a private and personal leaning in his favour,) on condition that he shall keep himself and his followers strictly within the limits of his domain of Jaxthausen, until the whole affairs of these troubled districts shall have been effectually settled, and harmony restored all over the empire. To these terms Goetz submits, and, by way of shewing fight against the ennui of this quiet existence, the good man takes to composing his auto-biography. [This, by the way, is no fiction: the said auto-biography exists, and has been printed, and a most singular performance, as might be supposed, it is.]

Unfortunately for Goetz, there springs up an insurrection among the peasantry of a district not far distant from that in which he resides. The infuriated rustics sack, burn, and destroy everything, for miles around;—murder the gentlemen; and, in a word, it is a real *jacquerie*. The Imperial soldiers march against these outlaws, and a great deal of blood is shed on both sides, without any decisive advantage being gained. It occurs, unfortunately, to the peasants, that their want of complete success is owing to nothing but their want of a skilful leader, and knowing that Goetz had recently been an outlaw himself, and not doubting that insurrection in the abstract must always be a pleasant thing in his eyes, they determine to place themselves under the guidance of the iron-handed hero. They come upon him in great numbers, and will take nothing but himself for their general, or his head for their standard. In short—between threats of immediate violence to himself and his family, and the idea, which some of the in-

surgents are artful enough to introduce, and to make the most of, that he by his influence might be enabled to repress outrage and bloodshed on the one side, and on the other to obtain, in a quiet manner, redress of certain real grievances of which these peasants had reason to complain—the die is at last thrown, and the noble Goetz becomes the nominal leader of this rebellion.

We say the nominal leader, because in reality he is never their commander. They are eternally jealous of him—of his honour and of his pride—and they break forthwith the oath, which they had taken to him when he joined them, against rapine and bloodshed. Goetz feels, too late, that it had been better for him to die at once, than to throw himself into the arms of these ruffians. A violent scene of mutual recrimination occurs—Berlichingen strikes down the most insolent of the mob leaders, and rides away from them *solus* into the forest.

It rains and thunders at midnight in the forest. He comes suddenly in front of a gipsy hut—there is a fire before the hut, at which the mother of the tribe and a little girl are sitting.

Mother. Throw some fresh straw up the thatch, daughter; it rains fearfully.

Enter a Gipsy-boy.

Boy. A dormouse, mother!—and here, two field mice!

Mother. Skin them and roast them, and thou shalt have a cap of their skins.—Thou bleedst!

Boy. Dormouse bit me.

Mother. Gather some thorns that the fire may burn bright when thy father comes; he will be wet through and through.

Other Gipsy-women enter with children at their backs.

1*st Wom.* Hast thou fared well?

2*d Wom.* Ill enough—The whole country is in uproar—one's life is not safe a moment. Two villages are in a light flame.

1*st Wom.* So it was the fire that glared in the sky—I looked at it long; for flaming meteors have become so common.

The Captain of the Gipsies enters with three of his gang.

Capt. Heard ye the wild huntsman?

1*st Wom.* He passed by us but this minute.

Capt. How the hounds gave tongue!—Wow! Wow!

2*d Man.* How the whips clang!

3*d Man.* And the huntsman cheered them—Hollo—ho!

Mother. 'Tis the devil's chase.

Capt. We have been fishing in troubled waters. The peasants rob each other; we may be well pardoned helping them.

2*d Wom.* What hast thou got, Wolf?

Wolf. A hare and a cock—there's for the spit—A bundle of linen—some kitchen ware—and a horse's bridle.——What hast thou, Sticks?

Sticks. An woollen jacket have I, and a pair of stockings, and one boot, and a flint and tinder-box.

Mother. It is all wet as mire, and the clothes are bloody. I'll dry them—give me here! (*Trampling without.*

Capt. Hark!—A horse!—Go see who it is.

Enter GOETZ *on horseback.*

Goetz. I thank thee, God! I see fire—they are gipsies.—My wounds bleed sorely—my foes close behind!—Great God, thou endest dreadfully with me!

Capt. Is it in peace thou comest?

Goetz. I crave help from you—My wounds are stiff with cold—Assist me from horse!

Capt. Help him!—A gallant warrior in appearance and language.

Wolf. (*Aside.*) 'Tis Goetz of Berlichingen!

Capt. Welcome! welcome!—What we have is yours.

Goetz. I thank you.

Capt. Come to my hut.

(*Exeunt to the hut.*

SCENE—*Inside of the Hut.*

Captain, Gipsies, and GOETZ.

Capt. Call our mother—let her bring blood-wort and bandages. (*Goetz unarms himself.*) Here is my holiday-doublet.

Goetz. God reward you!

(*The Mother binds his wounds.*

Capt. I rejoice from my heart you are here.

Goetz. Do you know me?

Capt. Who does not know you, Goetz? Our lives and heart's blood are yours.

Enter Gipsy-man.

Gipsy. Horsemen come through the wood—They are confederates.

Capt. Your pursuers!—They shall not reach you—Away, Schricks, call the others: we know the passes better than they—We shall bring them down ere they are aware of us.

(*Exeunt Captain and Man-gipsies with their guns.*

Goetz. (*Alone.*) O Emperor! Emperor! Robbers protect thy children—(*A sharp fire of musketry is heard.*)—The wild foresters! Steady and true!

Enter Women.

Women. Save yourself!—The enemy have overpowered us.

Goetz. Where is my horse?

Women. Here!

Goetz. (*Girds his horse and mounts without his armour.*) For the last time shall you feel my arm—Never was it so weak.

(*Exit.—Tumult.*

Women. He gallops to join our party.

(*Firing.*

Enter WOLF.

Wolf. Away! Away! All is lost.—The Captain shot dead.—Goetz a prisoner.

(*The Women scream and fly into the woods.*

This, the final capture of Berlichingen, brings us near to the end of the fourth act of the drama. The fifth is full of action, however, and of interest—the scene, throughout, lying not, as heretofore, in woods, wilds, and castles, but in imperial dungeons, and the still more murky caverns, where the famous *Secret Tribunal* holds its mysterious meetings.

The wicked woman who seduced Weislingen from his vows of love and honour, having accomplished all the purposes for which she made him the victim of her artifices, has transferred her affections, (if such a term may be admitted) first to his servant Francis, and afterwards to a more noble rival, Charles, the heir-apparent of the Imperial throne. In order to pave the way for a union with the Prince, she persuades the page Francis that he alone is the lord of her desires, and engages him to the nefarious plan of poisoning the new husband, of whom she has had time enough to be thoroughly weary. Weislingen dies in the midst of pain, agony, and deadly remorse for his behaviour to his benefactor Goetz. The arm of the law is too weak to avenge him; but a terrible arm, never seen but in the blow it deals, is not wanting to supply the defect, and Adela's doom is pronounced by the invisible judges whose decree can neither be changed nor resisted. The reader must bear in mind, that Goetz of Berlichingen appeared long before the same materials were made use of by the authors of the well-known romances of Hermann von Unna, and Alf von Duillmann.

SCENE—*A narrow vault dimly illuminated—The Judges of the Secret Tribunal discovered seated, all muffled in black cloaks, and silent.*

Eldest Judge. Judges of the Secret Tribunal, sworn by the cord and the steel to be unpitying in justice, to judge in secret, and to avenge in secret, like the Deity! Are your hands clean and hearts pure?—Raise them to heaven, and cry, Woe upon misdoers!

All. Woe! woe!

Eld. Judge. Cryer, begin the diet of judgment.

Cryer. I cry for accusation against misdoers!—Whose heart is pure, whose hand is clean, let him accuse, and call upon the steel and the cord for Vengeance! vengeance! vengeance! vengeance!

Accuser (*comes forward.*) My heart is pure from misdeed, and my hand clean from innocent blood:—God pardon my sins of ignorance, and frame my steps to his way!—I raise my hand aloft, and cry, Vengeance! vengeance! vengeance!

Eld. Judge. Vengeance upon whom?

Acc. I call upon the cord and upon the steel for vengeance against Adela von Weislingen.—She has committed adultery and murder—She has poisoned her husband by the hands of his servant—the servant hath slain himself—the husband is dead.

Eld. Judge. Swearest thou by the God of truth, that thy accusation is true?

Acc. I swear!

Eld. Judge. Dost thou take upon thy own head the punishment of murder and adultery, should it be found false?

Acc. I take it.

Eld. Judge. Your voices?

(*They converse a minute in low whispers.*

Acc. Judges of the Secret Tribunal, what is your doom upon Adela von Weislingen, accused of murder and adultery?

Eld. Judge. She shall die!—shall die a bitter and double death!—By the double doom of the steel and the cord shall she expiate the double misdeed. Raise your hands to heaven, and cry, Woe unto her!—Be she given to the hand of the avenger.

All. Woe! woe!

Eld. Judge. Come forth, avenger. (*A man advances.*) There hast thou the cord and the steel!—Within eight days must thou take her from before the face of heaven: wherever thou findest her, let her no longer cumber the ground.—Judges, ye that judge in secret and avenge in secret like the Deity, God keep your hearts from wickedness, and your hands from innocent blood! (*The Scene closes.*

We must now come to the closing scene of Goetz von Berlichingen. He is alone with his wife in the prison at Heilbron.

Eli. I entreat thee, my dear husband, be comforted!—Thy silence distresses me—thou retirest within thyself. Come, let me see thy wounds; they mend daily.—In this moody melancholy I know thee no longer!

Goetz. If thou seekest Goetz, he is long since gone!—One by one have they robbed

me of all I held dear—my hand, my property, my freedom, my renown!—My life! what is that to what I have lost?—What hear you of George? Is Lerse gone to inquire for George?

Eli. He is, my love!—Raise yourself—you will sit more easily.

Goetz. Whom God hath struck down raises himself no more!—I best know the load I have to bear—Misfortune I am inured to support—But now it is not Weislingen alone, not the peasants alone, not the death of the Emperor, or my wounds—It is the whole united——My hour is come! I had hoped it would have come only with my death—But his will be done!

Eli. Wilt thou eat anything?

Goetz. No, my love!—Does the sun shine without?

Eli. A fine spring day.

Goetz. My love, wilt thou ask the keeper's permission for me to walk in his little garden for half an hour, to enjoy the clear face of heaven, the open air, and the blessed sun?

Eli. I will—and he will readily grant it.

The Garden belonging to the Prison.

LERSE *and* MARIA.

Maria. Go, see how it stands with them.

(*Exit Lerse.*

Enter ELIZABETH *and Keeper.*

Elizabeth, (*to the Keeper.*) God reward your kindness and mercy to my husband! (*Exit Keeper*)—Maria, what bringest thou?

Maria. Safety to my brother!—But my heart is torn asunder—Weislingen is dead! poisoned by his wife.—My husband is in danger; the princes will be too powerful for him: they say he is surrounded and besieged.

Eli. Hearken not to rumour; and let not Goetz remark aught.

Maria. How is it with him?

Eli. I fear he will hardly long survive thy return: the hand of the Lord is heavy upon him——And George is dead!

Maria. George!—The gallant boy!

Eli. When the miscreants were burning Miltenberg, his master sent him to check their villainy—At that moment a body of cavalry charged upon them: had they all behaved as George, they would have given a good account of them—Many were killed: and poor George—he died the death of a cavalier!

Maria. Does Goetz know it?

Eli. We conceal it from him—He ask me ten times a-day about him, and sends me as often to see what is become of George. I fear his heart will not bear this last wound.

Maria. O God! what are the hopes of this world!

Enter GOETZ, LERSE, *and Keepers.*

Goetz. Almighty God! how well it is to be under thy heaven! How free! The trees put forth their buds, and all the world hopes.——Farewell, my children! my buds are crushed, my hope is in the grave!

Eli. Shall I not send Lerse to the cloister for thy son, that thou may'st see and bless him?

Goetz. Leave him where he is—he needs not my blessing—he is holier than I.—Upon our wedding, Elizabeth, could I have thought I should die thus?—My old father blessed us, and a succession of noble and gallant sons arose at his prayer—Thou hast not heard him—I am the last.——Lerse, thy countenance cheers me in the hour of death, as in our most noble fights: then, my spirit encouraged you; now, yours supports mine.——Oh, that I could but see George once more, to warm myself at his look!—You look down and weep.—He is dead? George is dead?—Die, Goetz!—Thou hast outlived thyself, outlived the noblest——How died he?—Alas! they took him at Miltenberg, and he is executed?

Eli. No—he was slain there!—he defended his freedom like a lion.

Goetz. God be praised! He was the kindest youth under the sun, and a gallant——Now dismiss my soul.—My poor wife! I leave thee in a wretched world. Lerse, forsake her not! Lock your hearts carefully as your doors. The age of frankness and freedom is past—that of treachery begins. The worthless will gain the upper-hand by cunning, and the noble will fall into their net.—Maria, God restore thy husband to thee! may he never fall the deeper for having risen so high!—Selbiss is dead—and the good Emperor—and my George.——Give me some water!—Heavenly sky!—Freedom! freedom!

[*He dies.*

Eli. Only above! above with thee!—The world is a prison-house.

Maria. Gallant and gentle!—Woe to this age that has lost thee!

Lerse. And woe to the future, that cannot know thee!

Such is the conclusion of this performance. We know few dramas in which the catastrophe is more simply and pathetically complete. We shall not injure its effect by any comments.

One word at closing.—We have no doubt that many readers will be inclined to smile at what they will consider the apparent want of all due proportion and relation between the specimens of this piece which we have given, and the general remarks with which we introduced them. This picture of freebooting, insurrection, rapine, faithlessness, bloodshed, meant to make men in love with the days of Gothic antiquity! Such will be the cry. But all this, gentle reader, proceeds upon a totally false view of the

matter. No one ever wished to defend the lawlessness of those old times—no one in his senses ever wished to represent the era of barons, and burghers, and rapine, and rebellion, as better than the days of quiet, and subordination, and settled government. But an attempt was made in the last age in Europe, and made with astonishing skill as well as zeal, to persuade men that there was, in the days of their forefathers, everything to be ashamed of, nothing to be proud of. The most successful literature of our age has been directed to meet *this* attempt, and *this* only: And the author of Goetz von Berlichingen, has the honour of having been the first to give this direction to the most potent engine in the modern world. The lesson, the great lesson to be derived from this drama, and from all the works which have been composed in the same view—is simply this, that in spite of all the sneers of *philosophers*, the elements of virtue and excellence were predominant among those who formed the Gothic institutions of Europe; and, secondly, that in spite of all the outcry of demagogues, the modern world has been continually and progressively improving in everything that really concerns the wellbeing of men and of societies. We have no need to be ashamed of our ancestors; and, instead of hewing out entirely new institutions for our posterity, we ought to be contented with preserving for them those which we ourselves inherited—gradually amending and refining themselves, as these always have been, and always must be, in proportion to the increasing civilization and illumination of the world.

The translation, from which we have quoted so largely, appeared in the midst of the first volunteering enthusiasm in this country; and we are old enough to entertain a distinct recollection of the powerful impression which its fine warlike tone, and lofty character of sentiment throughout, made upon the minds of many, who were then, for the first time, beginning to think, as well as to sing,

"No music like my bugle-horn."

P. K.

THE SHEPHERD'S COT.

You ask me, do you, for the Shepherd's cot,
That with its honey-suckled walls, and roof
Of neatest thatch, stood, at the time you speak of,
Throwing its blue smoke o'er the orchard trees?
It was a figure of my youthful mind,
A spectacle that oft, in reverie,
I conjured up 'mid city noise and strife,
To whisper me of sweetest solitude;
And, as I wander'd 'mid these scenes, which bring
Still to the eye of memory such delight,
How could I otherwise than seek the spot,
Woven with ancient thoughts, and gaze upon it?
Renewing, in the landscape all around,
A bright acquaintanceship with boyish days.

In the park I stood; but lo! the orchard trees—
Wild plum, and cherry dark, and pear convolved—
Met not my view. I look'd to left—to right—
I saw the old hereditary forest;
But orchard there was none. Instead, behold
A wide and open plain, a level field,
Where oxen low'd, and melancholy sheep
Reposing, nibbled the autumnal grass;
Yet the tall ash-tree, from the ravage spared,
Stood in the corner, shadowing with hoar boughs
The shepherd's cot.—How alter'd!

Ruin grey
Had made an altar of its wasted walls,
O'er which aslant the mouldering roof-tree hung;
Piled on the gable chimney, sticks and straw
Told that the raven, undisturb'd, built there

Its loose nest, fearless of rude schoolboy's hand;
Into some patches of remaining thatch,
Rotten and dark, the glutinous houseleek struck
Its roots, and flourish'd with the dock. To rains
Open, and to the howling winds of night,
Stood the bare lattice boles, still whitening-stain'd;
Wall-flowers, long-seeded, green'd the window-sills;
And on the floor, once sanded o'er so nice,
Lay straw and stones, rank weeds and stagnant water.
'Twas desolate! and when I thought how oft,
How oft in happiness, and hopeful fear,
By the chimney in my boyhood I had sate,
While blazed the faggot, hissing as it glow'd
On winter eves, listening the old man's tale
Of legendary lore, wild sights, and sounds,
Dark superstitions dread, and tempests dire,
Such as in modern times the eye beholds not;—
When I thought how oft, at noon, the housewife kind
Proffer'd us, wandering schoolboys, her new cheese,
Tempting, and oaten cakes, and fragrant milk;
And how we lay luxuriously along,
'Mid sunshine, the green turf-seat by the door,
I sigh'd, and o'er my feelings lay a cloud
Of gloom, that only deepen'd as I sigh'd.—
The shepherd and his wife, his family,
Our rustic playmates, where was each, were all?
Deep is the tomb, and countless are its crowds,
Wide is the world, and much is scatter'd there!

Brief though our human life may be, my friend,
Its pleasures still are briefer. Surely they
Who hold that this fair earth is destitute
Of joys, do deeply err; or, if not, why
Is grief allow'd so oft to cloud the brow
For loss of what is valueless—so oft
Doth disappointment shadow us, for what,
Even if our hearts attain'd, is nothing worth?
Truly such doctrine errs—vicissitude
Makes both our misery and happiness,
Life's poison, and its antidote. Our fears
People with hideous shapes the shadowy future;
And, out from the abyss of coming years,
Conjures unreal phantoms, frowning all,
Children of doubt and death; while blue-eyed Hope,
With iris-hues, colours the fields of earth,
Pierces through the dark, and, triumphing in faith,
Sees gold-illumined pinnacles—bright joys—
Calm cloudless skies—and bliss without an end.

As the mind sinks and soars, (you have felt it so,)
Tinged by the mind, reality becomes
Darker or brighter, ever trembling, like
The needle to the pole, it follows still.
The wintry cloud that, with its sombre shade,
Seems to involve the universal sky,
Showers, and at length is scatter'd by the wind—
So pass our earthly sorrows; while our joys
Are like the bright forms of a summer heaven,
Beneath the reign of evening: all seems fix'd
In beauty, permanently fair, while lo!
Even as we gaze, change follows change; at length
The pageant, glorious in magnificence,
Wanes ray by ray, and tint by tint, and ends
In unillumined twilight, sad and cold!

MEN AND WOMEN;

Brief Hypothesis concerning the Difference in their Genius.

MR NORTH,

HEAVEN be praised!—the cause of woman has at last found a serious defender among the northern coalition—the men of Scotland—the Knights of the Black Wood. This is as it should be. I am glad of it. I have been looking, impatiently, for a champion to appear in that quarter, who would enter the tilting ground, in full panoply, with a lance of bright steel, sharpened; not with his collar open, his clothes falling off, a wreath of wet vine leaves rustling, smoking, and steaming about his temples; no, nor in white kid gloves, covered with bride-favours, boarding-school keepsakes, sky-blue ribbons, true-lovers' knots, flowers, &c. &c.; with a run-away sash fluttering at the end of a yard-stick, or an umbrella.

As I live, I haven't seen a spectacle half so exhilarating, this twelvemonth, as the opening of this new tournament, in favour of women—a young knight, (he must be young, and desperately brave,) leaping, with one blast of the trumpet, into the old place of contention; and throwing down his iron gauntlet before all the world, in defence of a wronged woman—a woman whose extraordinary power and superb talent have been, hitherto, almost universally misunderstood, and misrepresented—I mean Joanna Baillie. For many years, I have thought and spoken, and, on one occasion, written, of her dramatick genius and brave style of poetry, with very much the same kind of serious enthusiasm, and absolute confidence, which characterize the writer, who took up her cause in the late Number of your Magazine.

I have long regarded Joanna Baillie (ever since I read her De Montfort, indeed) as a woman of more simple, masculine energy—more amplitude of mind—and more beautiful boldness of thought, (without being rash, or passionate,) than any other woman, of whom we have any account; and I rejoice, therefore, to find her cause undertaken, as it is, against the unrighteous and perverse judgment of the Edinburgh Review—the melancholy indifference of the world—and the sad insensibility of men, to female power, so extraordinary as hers.

I hate blarney, and I hate sentimentality, everywhere; but nowhere so heartily, as where one is eternally meeting with both; to wit, where women are concerned.

I am for treating women like rational beings—not like spoilt children, who are never to be contradicted or thwarted, though we catch them playing with tilted coffee-pots, poisoned arrows, or lighted thunderbolts, in a powder magazine. I would have them reasoned with, ('pon my soul, I would) not laughed at; put aside, reverently, with an appeal to their good sense, not by a sarcasm, a bow, or a joke; dealt plainly with, not flattered; spoken to, peremptorily, when they deserve it, but kindly and respectfully, nevertheless. In one word, I would have women treated like men, of common sense. Take my word for it, whatever we may now think, we shall find them worthier of our love; and they will like us the better for it. I never knew a woman in my life, who did not relish sincerity, when it *was* unquestionable sincerity; one who would not bear admonition, at least, as well as men do; nor one of common sense* who did not choose her husband (if she had her own way) from among those, who were sincere with her, and would neither flatter, nor coax her.

I appeal, for the truth of this, to every man of much experience among women. Let him reflect; and he will find that (whatever were his object—their destruction, their friendship, or their love) plain dealing, and absolute sincerity, were the only things for him to depend upon, in the long run; that the favourites of women, who may be justly reckoned formidable, or dangerous, are seldom, or ever, young or handsome men; and yet more rarely, coxcombs or flatterers; and that every man, who has ever held women, whatever were their capacities, in a strong and permanent thraldom, will be found to have done it, by sincerity and boldness.

Now, if this be true, in any degree, (and who, of even moderate experi-

* Quere—If the period should not end here—to please most people?

ence among women, will deny it?) how unworthily do we behave, in treating them as we do? particularly, when we address ourselves to their intellectual faculties.

I am led into these remarks, by having met of late, in several of the periodical publications of the day, (yours among the number, for which that wicked O'Doherty will have to answer, yet,) a number of little, short, spicy impertinencies respecting women, which are excessively exasperating. Some, to be sure, are whimsical and striking enough; some, wicked and spiteful; some, very funny; some, very silly; and some, very startling; but all, every one, I believe, likely to do more mischief, than was intended, when they were first let off.

There are men, you know, who cannot be laughed or stared out of countenance, where woman is the subject of their ribaldry; and yet, if we get in a huff about the matter, it only makes them worse. "Poh, poh!" they say, "you take the affair altogether too seriously—it's only a little bit o' fun, you know!" Fun! to be flinging squibs and crackers about, in tea-parties; transmitting electricity by post; and hysterics, in the shape of a love-letter, (with fulminating powder in the seal,) a criticism, or a copy of verses, to this or that fine woman. Fun, indeed! very like the fun of the whale-fishers, blowing up whales in the family way—with Congreve rockets.

In fact, I had begun to think of undertaking some of these profane young gentlemen, myself; and had actually tossed up a considerable quantity of retribution, in my own mind, when your August Number (an au-gust number, it is, by the way,) came to me, and I found the thing already done so much to my liking, that I have abandoned all that relates to *particular* women.

Still, however, four or five pages, in aid of the good cause, may not be amiss; a cause, that concerns, directly and materially, one-half, if not two-halves, of the whole human family.

It is bad policy to depreciate women. I would sooner teach them to overvalue than to undervalue themselves, so long, at least, as they are our companions for life, and the mothers of our children. We all act according to our own standard of self-estimation; and, the more sensitive we are, the more are we influenced, in our behaviour, by the opinion of others concerning us. Women are more sensitive than we; and, therefore, more at the mercy of opinion. It is women, after all, that form our characters. I never knew an extraordinary man, whose mother was an ordinary woman; or whose wife was a fool, unless he married her in his dotage.

But among other pleasantries of the day concerning women, it has come to be said so frequently of late, that women are *inferior* to men, in their intellectual faculties; and said, in such a variety of ways, that, if the theory be not overhaled, in a serious manner soon, it may become a settled popular belief.

Wherefore, a word or two on that, *in* a serious way. I maintain that women are not *inferior* to men, but only *unlike* men, in their intellectual properties; and I believe that all the confusion of thought, which has arisen upon the subject, is owing to this one circumstance; that men have attempted to *compare*, for certain purposes, things which cannot be compared, for those purposes; and that all, who have written upon the subject, have mistaken what is *different* from a certain standard, (which very standard was unphilosophical and uncertain,) with what is *inferior* to it; that they have confounded *similitude* with *quality*, *resemblance* with *value*, in trying two different things, by one and the same standard, when they should have been tried by two separate standards.

Would it be philosophical to say that women are *inferior* to men, in their animal organization, because they are not the *same*? Are women more degenerated from their original standard? Are they worse fitted for their offices and appointments (in their physical properties) than men?

Things unlike cannot be compared, so as to justify any inference respecting the *inferiority* of either. Homer and Shakespeare are *unlike*; but who shall decide upon the superiority of either? The Thames and the Atlantic; the Transfiguration and the Laocoon; Demosthenes and Alexander; Handel's Messiah, and the enterprize of Columbus—they are all *unlike*. Yet who but a poet, an orator, or a madman, would, thereby, infer the superiority of either? How are they to be

compared?—(by a moralist or a mathematician, I mean,)—for poets, orators, and madmen, will compare anything; and take especial delight, in detecting resemblances, which are invisible to other men.

It has been said that women have less imagination than we have. Now, I believe it capable of *proof*, that women have *more* imagination than men. I am no flatterer of women; but I love the truth. I am no advocate for their intellectual superiority, take all their faculties together; but I believe that they are *equal* to men; and that, while they are inferior in some things, they are superior in others, *by nature*; that, while they have less of one quality, intellectual or physical, they have more of another, such as that of imagination, for example.

I hold that, as women are unlike men in their bodies, so are they unlike them in their minds; and that all the education in the world (notwithstanding the visions of Rousseau, Mary Wolstoncraft, and all their followers) would never make women more like men, in their intellectual organization, than in their animal organization. Do what you will; train them as you will, in athletick or warlike amusements, and there will always be as much *difference* between the minds, as there is between the bodies of men and women—a difference, that is essential and sexual. A little patience, and I shall endeavour to prove this.

Education will do much, but it cannot do everything. It may, now and then, produce a *woman* stronger in body, and stronger in mind, than many, who are thought strong *men*. But then, all the education in the world will never produce a woman as *strong* as the strongest man, either in mind *or* body; and all the training in the world will never make the female part of the human family *equal* in bodily or intellectual *power*—by power, I mean downright and absolute strength—to the male part of the human family. Education will never do this, until it shall be able to give a mane to the lioness, and plumage, or voice, to the female bird.

But then, the female will always be endowed with other properties, in a greater degree than the male; each will have some, of which the other is destitute, either entirely, or in part—but all will be fitted and designed for the mutual comfort of both.

Imagination, I believe, to be always in proportion to animal sensibility, and to the delicacy of animal organization; women, I believe, to have more animal sensibility, because they are more delicately organized, than men; and, therefore, do I believe that women have *more* imagination than men.

And I contend further, that, if women were educated precisely as men are; and, that, if they had the same opportunities and excitements, that men have—with no more discouragements—they would be more fruitful in works of imagination—in poetry, musick, sculpture, painting, and eloquence, than men are; but altogether less fruitful, in the abstract and profound sciences; in mathematicks, theology, logick, &c. &c.

But then, whatever were the education of women; and however fruitful they might be, in one department, or barren in another, I contend that there would always be an *essential*, *specifick* difference, between the productions of women, and those of men.

This difference would not be so apparent, in the common productions of either; but it would be, in a comparison of *all*, that women have produced, with *all* that men have produced; and thoroughly evident, and express, in the leading productions of both.

There might be women, who would write like men; and men, who would write like women. But then, the *first* among women, would write wholly different from the *first* among men. There would always be a *something* in the poetry, musick, painting, sculpture, and eloquence of women, to distinguish them from the poetry, musick, painting, sculpture, and eloquence of men, wherever the character of either was decided and peculiar enough, to make it distinguishable from other productions, in the same branch, by the same sex.

Take an example—Angelica Kauffman's pictures—all her men are women; so are those of Mr Westall—beautiful apparitions, with nothing to shock or terrify. A picture, by one of these painters, might, on some accounts, be mistaken for a work of the other; but would hers be ever mistaken, for the work of a giant in painting; or his, for that of a giantess?

The women of Rubens, now, are very often, (particularly, in his more vigorous compositions,) downright,

powerful men. Rubens was one of the giants. Nobody, therefore, would find any difficulty in distinguishing one of his women, from the woman of any female painter that ever did live, or ever will live. And yet easier would it be, to distinguish *his* men from *her* men.

But let Rubens have undertaken *such* women as Angelica Kauffman, or Rosalba Carriera did, (in her inimitable portraits,) and you would see, at once, that Rubens drew his women *from* men—just as Angelica Kauffman drew her men *from* women; that each took for models, those, who least resembled their own sex: that he painted from feminine men—she, from masculine women.

And so, do I contend, would be the manifestation of female genius, in every other department of art or science. It would be less courageous, magnificent, and sublime. But it would be more delicate, beautiful, and affecting. The woman would be found lurking in whatever she did. There would be more tenderness, more delicacy, more timidity in it.

Put all the men and women of the earth in training. Choose the greatest of men, and the greatest of women. Give them the same subject, for a drama, a poem, a painting, or an oratorio; and the result, I say, would be an unequivocal revelation of their several distinguishing sexual properties.

Let it be the DELUGE, for example. The woman would think only of the day before, the man of the day after, the destruction of the world. She would rely on the calm sunset—the tranquillity of the skies—the beauty of the blossoming herbage—the powerful and grand population of the world, before the giants were destroyed: He, upon the time, when the skies were dissolving—the whole earth in travail—and the whole animal creation shrieking upon the waters. She would pour in the melodies of evening, shower and star-light; he, the noise of thunder, the rushing of wind and flame.

She would imagine the distraction and sorrow of a mother, moaning over her half-drowned babe—her newly-born; the consternation and beauty of a wife, reaching over a precipice, at the drifting body of her husband; her dark hair flashing over the waters; or, the doating tenderness of some pale, fond girl, asleep in her dead lover's bosom, under a mass of overthrown trees, whose foliage was yet green; or, both in some haunted cavern, among sea-shells; the waters rising slowly about them, on every side, without being perceived.

But the male would put forth his power, in the fierce delineation of some youthful giant, overthrown by the waters, and bearing away the great branches of some tree, which had abandoned their hold; or convulsed, and wrestling, in the waters, with a shadow, perhaps, of unintelligible shape and proportions; or, of many beautiful women, swept away, as it were, while embracing at some festival; their long melancholy tresses (encumbered with drenched flowers, intertangled with glittering and obscene reptiles) afloat upon the still, dead wave.

And so, too, were the parting of Hector and his wife to be given for the subject of a picture,—though the execution of both might be wonderful, how *unlike* they would be! You may swear that the female Hector would be a younger man, with redder lips, a whiter forehead, and straighter legs; and that the male Andromache would have a sort of unnatural determination, and loftiness of stature, look, and bearing.

Educate men and women alike, in every respect,—give them the same opportunities, and the same occupations—make no difference between them,—and a giantess, like Joanna Baillie, or Madame De Stäel, may appear, now and then, among them; but then she will be, in certain points, only a *female* giant—no match for the male giants. She might be able to overlook the second class of men; but the first class would certainly overlook her. She would be, after all, in the masculine operations of her mind, or body, only a woman—"a giant among pigmies—a one-eyed monarch of the blind."

But then, our male giants would be, in the same way, but sad pretenders to the beauty and gracefulness of the female—their affection for their young, and their essentially feminine properties.

But, I have promised some endeavour at proof. I have asserted that imagination is always in proportion to

animal sensibility.—Is this denied? Look about you, and call to mind those persons, poets, orators, or musicians, who are most remarkable for imagination; and you will find them all, more or less distinguishable from other men, by the delicacy of their organs, or, in other words, by their greater animal sensibility—their more exquisite powers of sensation. Are they not, without one exception, volatile, hasty, capricious, and petulant? Do they ever pursue any one thing, steadily? Are they ever great proficients in science? Have you ever heard of a great mathematician, mechanick, or theologian, who was remarkable for his imagination, or at all remarkable for his animal sensibility,—or very irritable in his temper,—or exceedingly alive to the delicacies of touch, flavour, sound, sight, or smell?—never. For, if he had been so, he would never have been distinguished for abstract, severe, thoughtful science.

Call to mind that man, whom you believe to have the most imagination; and, my life on it, that you find him the most irritable creature alive, for his years and constitution—the most unaccountable in his whims—and the most exquisitely sensible to all that *can* affect the senses. Will not the ringing of a glass, carelessly struck; the catching of a nail in a silk handkerchief; any irregularity in the arrangement of the table; or any unhappy combination of colour in the furniture; or the smell of cheese, or new paint, (or anything else, when he is out of humour,) keep him in one eternal fidget? Yet you never knew this to be the case with a man of profound science—no; for, if it were, he could not pursue his investigation, for a single hour;—no—because men of profound science have little or no animal sensibility,—if they had, they could not study profoundly—they would be beset with continual allurement, provocation, and sources of uneasiness.

Milton was blind. So was Homer. Their poetry is all the better for it. And had they both been deaf, palsied, incapable of tasting or smelling, (after their minds were full of images, provided that their intellectual faculties were not thereby impaired,) their poetry would have been yet better. There would have been a more devout and blazing concentration, steadily, upon one point, of all their genius and power, without any interruption from appetite, or sense.

Very devout people shut their eyes, you know. So we all do, when we desire to think, steadily; and be alone with any subject. Now, if they could stop their ears, and seal up every other avenue to sensation, as easily as they could their eyes, would they not be able to think more steadily, and more intensely? and if we were able to become, in all our animal functions, like stocks and stones, at will, without hearing or smelling, tasting or feeling, would not our abstraction be more profound?

Nay, have we not, every one of us, continual proof of this? Do not men appear sometimes to lose all their animal consciousness, while deeply engaged in study, calculation, reading or composition?—Do we not find that those, whose senses are continually on the alert, are never severe thinkers? And, on the contrary, if we see a very *absent* man, as he is called; that is, a man who neither hears, sees, tastes, feels, nor smells, like other men, do we not immediately conclude, that he is a severe thinker, occupied in profound meditation? Men will hear their own names called, without knowing it; suffer their shins to be roasted alive, (like Sir Isaac Newton,) without feeling it; and endure the extremity of hunger, if their watches are wrong, without any suspicion of the cause.

And why? because no man of acute animal sensibility *can* think so severely; and those who are able so to think, *prove*, thereby, that, whatever their animal sensibility may have been, it *is* no longer sufficiently active, or troublesome, to interfere with the sublime abstractions of the mind, when such men become all intellect, all soul.

Now, let us try the question in another shape, for a minute or two. Suppose the organ of hearing, in some profound mathematician, to become as exquisitely sensible, as it is, under certain diseases (in what is called a nervous fever, for example,) when the ticking of a watch is enough to drive one distracted. Suppose the whole surface of his body to become as exquisitely sensible also, to the touch, as it is, in many disorders, when a breath makes the blood tingle; suppose the organ of sight quickened in the same proportion, so that every fluctuation of light and shadow, and every combination

of colour, should attract his regard, in spite of himself; and that every other bodily faculty and sense were exasperated and afflicted in the same degree. And all this, while his intellectual powers are as healthy and vigorous as ever—I ask how it would be possible for him to continue the character of a profound mathematician; or even to think, steadily, for a minute. Think steadily! why, one might as well expect a man to think steadily, in the situation of Regulus; or, after he had been flayed alive, anointed with honey, and left, in the hot sunshine, to be devoured by insects, like a St Domingo slave.

But what would I infer from this? Ans.—*This*, that where the intellectual faculties are equal, and other circumstances, (as education, age, &c. equal,) he who has the *least* bodily sensibility, will be able to think *most* abstractedly and steadily; and that he, who has *most* bodily sensibility, will be *least* able to think, either abstractedly, or steadily.

Let us now take another step. I have asked who are they, that are most remarkable for their imagination; and I ask again, if they are not men of delicate frame, and great sensibility of nerve, whose senses are surprisingly active and vigilant; continually taking impressions—and collecting imagery, for future purposes? I would ask also, when the poetical faculty is in flower? is it not most vivid and brilliant in youth? or when the subject is in love; or after some fiery revolution of the animal spirits, of a similar nature?—and, if the faculty of imagination does not become more and more reasonable, torpid, and ineffectual, as we grow older?—and just in proportion to the decrease of animal sensibility in our bodies? Is there a man alive, think you, of two-score, who can look back, with complacency, upon the poetry of his youth—or upon any other work of imagination, produced by him, in that season of sunshine? Probably not—and hence, I infer, that our estimate of imagination, as well as our imagination itself, undergoes a progressive change with our bodily sensibility—as we grow wiser and wiser. Full grown men are prone to regard works of imagination—even their own—as young men do, the frivolities and gay trifling of their boyhood.

Who ever heard of a robust, powerful man, with a fine imagination?—nay, who ever heard of a man, with coarse hair, steady eyes, and a thick skin, who was at all remarkable for the faculty of imagination? Either may be distinguished for grander properties; but neither will be, for the lighter ones of the mind.

All men, who have been greatly, and *peculiarly* distinguished, for splendour and activity of imagination, so far as I know anything of them, have been men of inflammable bodily temperaments; great irritability of nerve—with clear, changeable eyes, thin skin, and fine hair, like women.

We are now coming to a conclusion. I desire to make myself intelligible; and shall, therefore, avoid the use of terms and phrases, which are not universally understood. There is no need of great precision, for the present.

Now let us imagine a case, which must continually happen. Two children are born of the same intellectual capacities; one is robust, hardy, and not at all remarkable for animal sensibility—a healthy child, with organs of sensation like the multitude—nothing more. The other, we will suppose to be exceedingly delicate, tender, and sensible, with organs of sensation remarkably fine, active, and exciteable.

Give the first one a bauble to play with; and you will find it occupy him for hours, (after he has learned the use of his hands, I mean.) He will be insensible to everything else, for a time. All his faculties will be occupied upon that one thing. The ticking of a watch; the gingling of silver bells; or the colour of the coral; or the feeling of it in his mouth, will be enough to keep such a child quiet, for a considerable time. Why?—because, his animal sensibility being only of an ordinary degree, his attention is not disturbed by other sounds, and sights, &c.; and he is able to concentrate all his thinking faculty upon that one thing, which does engage him. Such a child, therefore, will be likely to think more abstractedly, and more profoundly, than if his animal sensibility were more acute; and will be more likely to excel in matters of science, research, and calculation, than his fellow, whom I shall presently describe. But then, while he will be more remarkable for a thoughtful, investigating temper,

steadiness of pursuit, perseverance, patience, and comprehensiveness, he will never be so remarkable, as that other, for the brilliancy, variety, unexpectedness, or rapidity of his intellectual combinations.

But give the same bauble to the other, and he will hardly stop to examine it. The first sound that passes his ear; the first gay colour that flashes on his eye; the first active, tingling sensation that intrudes itself in any way, through any sense, every one of which is on the alert, will carry him away; he is all eagerness, impatience, and caprice—he reaches for everything—cries for everything—crams everything into his mouth; while his eyes are taking in the colour of the coral, he will be blowing away at the whistle, shaking the bells, and pulling at his mother's watch chain. That child will never be profound. He will never think steadily enough, to become a great mechanick, theologian, linguist, or man of science. He will be chiefly remarkable for brilliant and hasty coruscations of intellect, spirited adventure, and splendour of theory—precipitation, showyness, and hardihood. Such a man, too, will be likely to turn out a poet, a painter, a musician, or an orator; and, in either case, he will force his own spirit, like a flood of fire, into every subject with which he comes in contact. He will never reason, never convince; but he will dazzle and confound, terrify and illuminate, all who hearken to him, by the flashing and brightness of his imagination.

It may be said, perhaps, that, on the contrary, in proportion to the animal sensibility of the child, will be the fixedness of his attention, upon any one subject—being more affected by it, he will be more engaged. To this, every person's recollection will furnish a complete reply. Place a man in the middle of the Louvre, (as it was)—a man of enthusiasm—a lover of the fine arts—a man of surpassing animal sensibility—and will any one masterpiece be able to fix his attention, as it would, if he had it *alone*, and apart from all the rest? But, in the midst of the dazzling confusion of colour and spectacle, that surround him, let the galleries be all lighted up; fill them all with incense; beautiful women, extraordinary men, banquetting, pageantry, and procession, so that every sense may be kindled to delirium, at the same instant, what will he hear, or see, or remember of any one thing? what, in comparison with some other man, who was blind, or deaf, or insensible to show and beauty; or, who had the faculty, no matter how acquired, of abstracting himself instantaneously, and concentrating all his powers of observation upon any one object?

These are precisely the two children: One sees, hears, feels, tastes, smells everything, and all at the same time, owing to the vivacity of his temperament; the other goes thoughtfully over one thing at a time, without feeling so intensely *altogether*, but feeling more intensely upon some division, some *part* of the spectacle. One sees double, in the ardour and intoxication of every sense; the other, singly and soberly. The first becomes a poet, or an orator; the latter, a reasoner, a mathematician. One looks for resemblances, types, apparitions, and shadows; the other will have nothing to do with resemblance—he must have proof—substantial, unequivocal, undeniable *proof*.

Well then, if this be substantially true, (and, what more can we ask for a new theory?)—if it be true, that people of the most imagination are always remarkable, for a nervous temperament, great animal sensibility, and a certain delicacy of animal organization; if it be true that (other circumstances being equal—as age and education,) people so distinguished, by delicacy of bodily structure, great animal sensibility, and a nervous irritability of temperament, have more imagination than their fellows, (and are more subject to the diseases and disorders of the imagination, as they certainly are—witness nervous women, and delicate men)—and if the faculty of imagination waxes and wanes with our animal sensibility—flourishing precisely in that season, when our animal temperament is most irritable, irritating, and active—(as in youth, or under disease, when the whole atmosphere becomes luminous with beauty, and crowded with a magnificent population; or when we have taken wine, musick, or opium, till our animal nature is inflamed,) and gradually decaying with our animal sensibility,—if this be substantially true, (and who will deny it?)—then have I established my first proposition—

that *imagination is always proportioned to animal sensibility, and delicacy of animal organization.*

My second, that women have more animal sensibility; and are more delicately organized than men, will require no farther proof, than the observation of every human being will furnish, at a glance.

The conclusion, then, is unavoidable, that women have *more* imagination than men.

But while I believe this, and consider it so evident, as to be incapable of dispute, I would add that their imagination is different from that of men; and that I do not allow them any superiority, in consequence of their having *more* imagination than we—any more than I allow young people to be *superior* to full-grown men, although the former have undoubtedly *more* imagination than the latter.

Another inference to be drawn from what I have said, is this, that we must expect women to be productive in those departments of literature, and the fine arts, where young men are, of similar animal sensibility. The delicacy of their organs, and, of course, the vivacity of their impressions, will prevent either from becoming profound—or so profound, as others, whose temperament is less irritable; but then, they will be, for that very reason, altogether more remarkable for splendour and beauty of imagination—adventure—chivalry—feverish enterprize, and surprising combinations of thought.

Perhaps, also, it will not be going too far to say, that, admitting the original *intellectual properties* and *capacities* of man to be alike in every man, this difference alone, of *animal* sensibility and *animal* organization, will be sufficient to explain and account for all the differences in the subsequent intellectual appetites, pursuits, and disclosures of men; and, perhaps, for all the phenomena attendant upon what we call the genius of men—a difference of *genius* being, after all, chiefly, if not entirely, owing to a difference of animal organization.

It is not fair then—it is worse—it is unphilosophical, and cruel, to ask, where we are to look for a Shakespeare or a Cervantes, among women?—Wait until women are educated like men—treated like men—and permitted to talk freely, without being put to shame, *because* they are women:—wait, indeed, until there have been as many female writers, as there *were* male writers, before Shakespeare and Cervantes appeared; and, so far as the *imagination* alone, of either, is concerned, I do not scruple to say, that they will be fully *equalled* by women.

OMEGA.

SONG.—"*There is not a breath.*"

THERE is not a breath on the breast of the ocean,
The sun-beams on yonder blue waves are asleep;
The bright-feather'd tribes of the sea are in motion,
Or bask on the verdureless brow of the steep:
The bark is at rest, by the breezes forsaken,
And the mariner anxiously plies at the oar,
Till the fresh stirring gales of the twilight awaken,
And waft him along to his cot on the shore.

Yet mournful I wander, though beauties surround me,
The glories of nature no raptures impart;
In her mantle of darkness affliction hath bound me,
And dried up the fountain of peace from my heart:
The hopes that were dear, and the dreams that I cherish'd,
Like the prophet from Carmel, have taken their flight:
And the shadows that brood o'er the bliss that hath perish'd
Encompass my path with disaster and night.

ΔΤΔ

THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND AND THE DISSENTERS.

We are not among those who could witness with pleasure the total annihilation of the Dissenters. We do not agree with them in doctrine; we dislike some of their conduct; but, nevertheless, believing, as we are taught to believe, that the creeds of many of them, in essential points, will lead to Heaven, we think they have their uses in more ways than are dreamed of; and that, so long as they are kept within a certain limit, with regard to power and numbers, they produce far more rational benefits than evils.

Speaking, in the first place, of religious matters—The dissenting ministers act upon the regular clergy, much as the Opposition acts upon the Ministry; and the loss of them would be almost as severely felt, in a religious way, as the loss of the Opposition would be in a political one. A national clergy can only be taken from the mass of mankind; it cannot be perfectly freed from the infirmities of human nature, and it necessarily needs those stimulants to right conduct and the due discharge of duty, which are needed by all bodies of men, whatever may be their character. Freedom from opponents and competitors—absolute monopoly—in our judgment, mainly produced those monstrous errors and abuses which have so long characterised the Roman Catholic Church; and we think the same cause would produce, to a very great extent, in any church, the same consequences. We doubt that any laws—any church regulations—any interference of the government, or of the laity—could prevent the evils; or that anything, save rival religious teachers, could operate with due effect upon a national clergy, so as to spur it to the discharge of duty on the one hand, and to restrain it from ecclesiastical tyranny on the other.

We are well aware that it is charged upon the Dissenters, that they destroy the knowledge and practice of genuine religion, and that they produce fanaticism and party animosity. Now, the greater part of the charge is abundantly refuted by the state of the country; and if we grant the remainder to be just, it is unworthy of notice, when placed in comparison with the benefits which flow from the Dissenters. In no country in the whole world is religion—not nominal and spurious, but genuine Bible religion—so generally understood and practised as in our own. The people of other states may be the slaves of their priests; they may be much more attentive in the observance of religious formalities than ourselves; they may be religious fanatics; but with regard to true religious knowledge and practice, they fall very far below us. In no other people do religious principles operate so unremittingly and powerfully; and in no other people do such principles produce such abundant portion of justice, integrity, benevolence, and virtue. Public morals in Ireland, France, Spain, Italy, &c. are in the lowest state; they have reached an elevation in Great Britain, to which they never previously ascended in any great nation.

In Ireland, and in every continental nation where the clergy have an actual or virtual monopoly, fanaticism of the worst kind abounds; but with us it is little known; it only shews itself among the most ignorant, and it assumes its mildest and most pardonable form. We, as a people, cannot be made to believe, that a clergy can work miracles, and exercise the other attributes of the Deity; we cannot be taught to hate and consign to perdition our fellow-creatures, because they belong to another religion; and our religious teachers cannot drag us after them beyond the point to which the Scriptures command us to follow. Where monopoly exists, and discussion is prohibited, it is the manifest interest of the clergy to establish superstition and fanaticism, and to assume the attributes of God; in an opposite state of things, contrary conduct is the manifest interest of religious teachers. If a minister of religion among us propagate doctrines glaringly at variance with the Bible and common sense, his opponents immediately attack him, expose his errors, and strip him of all but the most worthless followers. He can only hope to gain proselytes where he wishes to gain them, and where he must gain them, to keep his sect in existence—among the middling and respectable classes—by making his creed to harmonize in essentials with the Scriptures and reason. Our Joanna Southcotes and Prince Hohenlohes can only pick up a few disciples among

the dregs of the nation; and the monstrous absurdities with which they commence, are either gradually abandoned as they proceed, or the teachers themselves are abandoned. Even more powerful bodies of Dissenters have been long silently modifying their creed and conduct to protect them from attack, and to adapt them to the taste of the wealthy and intelligent. The Calvinists keep their more obnoxious principles in the back ground—and the Methodists openly condemn the field-preachings, groanings, convulsions, sudden conversions, &c. which were so highly in favour in the days of Wesley.

In Catholic nations the most gross fanaticism is combined with the most gross immorality; but with us, fanaticism is almost invariably united with peculiar purity of life. We are so well acquainted with the Scriptures—we know so well what the lives of religious people ought to be—that no sect can flourish or exist among us, which does not profess to hold vice and immorality in abhorrence. Fanaticism here may produce preposterous and even guilty errors with regard to belief; but it almost always amends the life, and renders essential service to public morals. The Dissenters undoubtedly create a certain portion of fanaticism, and a considerable portion of party animosity; but these kick the beam when thrown into the scale against the sobriety, integrity, and general good conduct which they produce among the lower classes of the community.

It is chiefly to the practical want of rival religious teachers—to the virtual monopoly enjoyed by the Catholic clergy—to the absence of religious discussion and controversy—that we ascribe the present benighted and horrible condition of Ireland. It is true, that two rival churches have long existed in that unhappy country; but while the one is followed by nearly the whole of the people, the other makes scarcely any proper efforts to obtain proselytes. In England, the government encourages the clergy to resist the Dissenters; wealth and dignities are showered upon those who distinguish themselves in behalf of the church; but in Ireland, the clergy are encouraged to remain passive in the most important part of their duty; and a clergyman could hardly do anything that would more effectually thwart his promotion, than to exert himself to the utmost in attacking the errors of Popery. The clergyman receives nearly the same income without, as with, a congregation; and in so far as he is acted upon by interest, it leads him to avoid all contest with his rivals. While this is the case, the Catholic priests are stimulated by interest and everything else to strain every nerve to fill their followers with detestation of their opponents; they are almost exclusively heard by the people; and as to morals, it is clear, from the state of their flocks, that they take no pains to teach them.

Ireland, therefore, has the evils of a religious opposition, if we may so speak, without the benefits. The two churches are much in the same situation as the Ministry and the Opposition would be placed in, were the former to be restricted from defending its own creed and attacking that of its adversary, and the latter to be possessed of almost boundless liberty. The toleration of which we boast so much is virtually denied to the regular clergy, while their opponents enjoy what amounts to much more than toleration. Were the Whigs and the Tories to be placed in the relative circumstances in which the two churches stand, the people of England would very speedily be all converted to Whiggism. The consequences are, that real and beneficial religious discussion and controversy are in a great measure unknown, and of course real and beneficial religious knowledge is unknown. The followers are engaged in strife instead of the leaders, and Ireland has religious war, but not religious argumentation and instruction.

The argument that the active exertions of the clergy against Popery would produce additional party animosity and turbulence, is below contempt. It is refuted both by experience and reason. In England, the zealous struggles between the dissenting ministers and the clergy, have stimulated both to sanctity of life, and the laborious discharge of duty. The discussions and controversies to which they have given birth, have destroyed the mischievous parts of ecclesiastical discipline and authority, have explained what seemed ambiguous, and reconciled what seemed discordant in the Scriptures—have cut off, or ren-

dered harmless, the rotten parts of almost every creed, and have at the same moment engaged the nation in the study of religious matters, and placed before it the most ample supply of instruction. If any reason exist, why the same cause should not produce in due season the same effects in Ireland, it is not within the range of our powers of vision. Nothing can permanently pacify and reform Ireland, but the overthrow of the fabric of Popish tyranny and superstition under which the people groan; and this cannot be overthrown if it be not attacked—if it be not, moreover, attacked by the proper assailants and with the proper weapons.

Having spoken of the religious benefits that flow from the Dissenters, we will now speak of the political ones, which are, in our judgment, of very high importance.

Our government is called one of checks and balances; the definition would perhaps be more perfect if it included the term—stimulants. Now it must be obvious to every man who can use his eyes, that the stimulants, checks, and balances, must operate duly upon the whole mass of the community, or they will never operate duly upon the government. The Opposition would be nearly worthless, if it did not stand upon, and receive support from, a large portion of the nation. All the component parts of the government to which the characteristics—stimulants, checks, and balances belong, must virtually derive their power of acting from the party and other divisions of the community. Those who support the Ministry, cannot at the same time support the Opposition; the House of Commons, the House of Lords, and the Crown, must have their respective parties to support them. Our Three Estates—our government of stimulants, checks, and balances—are in reality but the acting members of the grand parties into which the community at large is divided; and to assume that such a government could exist in anything but name, amidst a unanimous population, would be the most monstrous of assumptions. If we look into our history, we find that whenever the nation was generally unanimous, the stimulants, checks, and balances ceased to operate, and the Constitution was practically laid aside, to make way for the tyranny of a king or a faction.

The division of the population merely into Whigs and Tories, is very far from being sufficient for the preservation of our constitution and liberties. It ought to be divided into many parties, we could almost say the more the better, provided every one be faithful to the Constitution and laws. Were the population to consist principally of two, it would be almost impossible for the equipoize to be maintained between them; the one would frequently be powerless and passive, and the other would as frequently be without any effectual stimulant, check, and balance. The fewer parties we have, the greater is the danger that one of them will obtain mischievous preponderance. Every one knows that when a party comprehends the great majority of a people, has its passions inflamed by conflict and victory, and is irresistible, it will resort to the wildest measures of outrage and tyranny, even though the consequences ultimately fall on itself.

If we dissect the form of society in England, the operation throws a flood of light upon the secret of our liberty. In no other country in the world does it possess a frame so strong and so perfect. Every inch, from its prodigious base to its towering and splendid apex, displays the most solid materials and the most finished symmetry—the most accurate proportions of stone, cement, wood, iron, and gold—everything save flaw and defect—nearly everything that can render a fabric everlasting. In most other countries, society presents scarcely anything but a void between an ignorant labouring population, and a needy and profligate nobility; its parts have but little connexion, are disproportionate, and cannot balance and bind each other; but with us the space between the ploughman and the peer, is crammed with circle after circle, fitted in the most admirable manner for sitting upon each other, for connecting the former with the latter, and for rendering the whole perfect in cohesion, strength, and beauty.

This multiplicity of classes has its natural attendant, a multiplicity of interests. We have a mighty shipping interest, a mighty mercantile interest, a mighty trading interest, a

mighty manufacturing interest, a mighty moneyed interest, and a mighty agricultural interest. Most other nations have only two of these interests, which are disproportionate to, and cannot counterpoise, each other.

To render the form of society still more perfect among us, it is in addition composed of an infinity of distinct political and religious parties.

The consequences are, that while every class, interest, and party, are powerful for good, they are impotent for mischief; each throughout the whole is effectually controlled and bound to the proper line by its fellows. If the lower orders be turbulent and rebellious, the rich are so numerous and powerful, that they can generally keep them in order by moral weight and influence alone. Were the nobility to be animated with the worst views, it could accomplish nothing against the rest of the community. The rich are divided into numberless unmixable classes, and the vast majority would always oppose any portion of them that might seek unjust aggrandisement. Every class, interest, and party, is without preponderance, and the hope of obtaining it. The nobility, the country gentlemen, the clergy, the agricultural, manufacturing, and other interests, the labouring classes, the thick and thin Tories, the thick and thin Whigs, the Saints, the Methodists, the Calvinists, &c. &c., are each more or less mighty in their sphere for obtaining their due, and for purposes of general defence, but they are impotent for offensive objects of their own. The Tories are by far the most powerful party in the land, and yet they are but a regiment to an army, when weighed against the rest of the community.

While this is the case, society among us is profusely supplied with ministers of religion, who teach a religion of feeling as well as form—of conduct as well as opinion. Public morals are therefore in an excellent state in every class, conscience operates powerfully; in many of our parties turpitude is punished by the party without the aid of law; and men cannot publicly offend against integrity and good principles, without being gibbetted by public opinion.

This multiplicity of classes, interests, and parties, and this flourishing state of public morals, constitute, we think, a main source of our liberty and happiness. When we say this, we, however, admit, that other things aid them most essentially in producing both. They tend powerfully to give us the liberty of the immortal Burke: "*That state of things in which the liberty of no man, and no body of men, is in a condition to trespass on the liberty of any person, or any description of persons, in society.*" This, and this alone, constitutes liberty. If ever, by any moral earthquake, any one of our parties be enabled to preponderate over all the rest, and public morals be in a great degree destroyed, we may then, in spite of our laws and constitution, bid adieu to our freedom. The struggles of the minority, and the passions, interests, and lawlessness of the majority, will combine, without anything to oppose them, to plunge us into the worst kind of slavery—that of a faction. We are free, not merely because the power of the sovereign is limited, but because the power of party and faction is limited likewise.

While we admit that the constitution has largely contributed to give us this state of things, we think it is preposterous to ascribe it altogether to the Constitution. We owe much of it to our geographical situation, much to our personal disposition, much to our valour, much to our wisdom, and much to our good fortune. Our foreign possessions and trade, which the Constitution did not give us, formed, and now maintain, very many of our classes and interests. Our transmarine territories, which the Constitution did not give us, have contributed greatly to fill the country with men of fortune, and to give to the wealthy classes their numbers and power. Our country cannot be otherwise than immensely rich. We labour for a vast portion of other nations, and we monopolize a large part of the revenues of the world. The proprietors of our gigantic mass of colonies, dwell and spend their fortunes here; the numberless fortunes which are daily gleaned in these colonies, are brought here to be enjoyed, and we not only receive the rent of our own soil, but the rents of foreign estates, which, in point of extent, reduce our island to a speck, continually stream into our lap. Our people of large and moderate fortune are, of

course, almost as numerous as the poor; and a mass of wealthy, independent, intelligent bodies, connect the lower orders with the nobility, render both almost powerless for evil, and bind both to the due line of conduct.

So long as society was in this country what it *now is* in most of the continental nations—composed principally of the nobility and the lower orders, having no variety of interests of nearly equal weight, being almost wholly undivided in respect of religious and political parties, and possessing but a small part of the flood of foreign wealth, which now incessantly rolls into our coffers—so long our Constitution was rather a source of oppression than of liberty. The machine existed, but not the hands to give it proper operation. It was only when society among us assumed its present shape and *animus*, that the Constitution was put into due motion, that many of our best laws were made, that public opinion obtained circulation and power, that the community was enabled in a considerable degree to govern itself, and thus to deprive with safety the government of a large portion of its authority.

It was not the Constitution that planted in this country the Protestant religion, that divided the followers of this religion into such a number of bodies, and that prescribed to the Dissenters their severe discipline in respect of morality. Public morals, to a large extent, are indebted for nothing to the Constitution and laws, save neutrality. The Constitution existed for centuries before a seat in Parliament was an object of much ambition, before a sufficient number of proper candidates could be found, and before our variety of political parties was known. If the candidates for seats in Parliament were not so numerous, rich, intelligent, and well-principled as they are, we fear the House of Commons would produce as many evils as benefits. The history of the House, at any rate, justifies this apprehension.

In saying this, we wish not to detract from the Constitution; we think it the best that the world ever saw, or ever will see. We wish merely to point out the distinction between the *machine*, and the *power that gives it due motion*, in order that while the one is guarded, the other may not be abandoned to destruction, and that the silly fools may be silenced, who imagine that wherever a constitution is set up, general liberty must be its fruit.

While we readily admit that it would be possible to set up a constitution in any of the continental nations, we believe, from what we have advanced, that it would yield worse consequences than their present absolute governments in many of them. In very many of these nations we can find scarcely any of the great primary causes which give to our Constitution its value; but, on the contrary, we find many things that, if they existed here, would frequently render it useless, and not seldom highly mischievous. We are, however, qualifying these nations for the attainment of liberty as rapidly as we can. We are revealing to them our secrets of trade, giving them our best workmen, enabling them to obtain our machinery, admitting them into our monopolies, giving them our manufactures and commerce, sinking ourselves to their level, and attacking with all our might the bonds that unite us to our foreign possessions to serve them. If this do not in due time make them, not merely our equals, but our superiors—if it do not transfer to them a large portion of what we at present possess—if it do not make them whatever it may make ourselves, rich and great, and then free—what can? The generosity of all this, old as the world is, is unquestionably without example, but the wisdom of it is another matter. If one system have made us so wealthy, great, and glorious, we may surely be pardoned if we think that, by the laws of nature, an opposite one will make us the contrary.

So vitally connected as public morals are with general liberty, we are compelled to think that the Dissenters, by contributing so greatly to the former, contribute very essentially to the political interests of the nation. They provide a vast additional number of religious teachers and places of worship, their discipline jealously watches the moral conduct of every member, and punishes the most trifling irregularities of life, and they operate principally among the lower classes, over which the regular clergy have the least influence.

A monopoly over the consciences of a whole nation, can scarcely fail of establishing ecclesiastical tyranny. This

makes almost as wide inroads on individual rights and liberty as civil tyranny, and it almost inevitably leads to it. A clergy has its worldly interests as well as its spiritual duties; it is but a body of men, and, like all other bodies of men, it will ever strive to aggrandize itself to the utmost, and to render its authority as great as possible. To insure success, it will even lay the greatest number of fetters upon its followers practicable. Ecclesiastical tyranny and civil liberty are natural enemies, and the former is never secure until it renders—which it generally easily can do—the government despotic. Those who control the conscience can commonly guide the actions; religious influence and authority can generally be converted into political influence and authority at pleasure. The zealous churchmen, the Catholics, the Methodists, Calvinists, Unitarians, &c., almost to a man follow their ministers in politics. In truth, every religious creed links itself to a political one, and the adoption of the one is almost constantly the adoption of the other. The mass of men think but little even of interest when they are inflamed with party zeal, and led to believe that their escape from perdition depends on their obedience to their religious teachers. At this moment the great body of the Catholic laity in Ireland is, in submission to its church, fighting in the maddest manner against its own highest interests.

If, therefore, a clergy possess exclusive control over a nation's conscience, it will possess overwhelming political influence in that nation; its favour will be the first object of courtship in the eyes of the civil ruler; it will be enabled to dictate to him in matters relating to its own interest; its command will be, establish despotism, and the command will be too palatable to be obeyed with anything but alacrity. Such a clergy will in reality possess the actual sovereignty, and it must render the civil ruler a despot, to be a despot itself. The continental governments were at one time almost all of them of a limited form. The Popish Church obtained a monopoly in matters of religion, it then established ecclesiastical tyranny, it then obtained the chief portion of political power, and it then rendered the governments despotic. These things, we think, followed each other as matters of course, and we doubt that the governments could have regained lasting arbitrary power, after being once deprived of it, by any other means.

Every religious creed, as we have said, links itself to a political one. The ministers of each of our sects go in a body with their followers to one or another of our political parties, but they do not divide themselves between two. The regular clergy have powerful inducements to divide themselves between the Whigs and the Tories; but still, though many of them support the former, as a body they support the latter. With regard to their flocks, almost every zealous churchman, particularly in the classes below the upper ones, is a Tory. A body of religious teachers has generally a sufficiency of distinct political interests of its own, to render it reasonably unanimous in politics; and, in addition, religious unanimity, and the party bonds and spirit of a religious society, can scarcely fail of producing political unanimity. We therefore think, that if the Dissenters did not exist, and the regular clergy potsessed a virtual monopoly, one of our parties would preponderate over the rest of the community, and put our liberties, to say the least, in imminent danger. It matters not though this might be the Tories, for parties are governed by anything rather than their principles, when they are flushed with conquest, and irresistible. We believe the clergy to be as admirable a body as could be formed; but still they are but men; and we therefore think they would use monopoly as it has hitherto been always used by a clergy. As we think that society could not be sufficiently divided into manageable bodies, and that dangerous preponderance could not be kept from one or another of them without the Dissenters, we of course think that on these points the Dissenters render most important political benefits to the nation.

It is said, that the Dissenters regularly range themselves with the Whigs; but this is not the fact. Our dissenting population consists chiefly of the different kinds of Calvinists,* and the Unitarians on the one hand, and the

* Whenever we use this term, we must be understood to mean only such of our Dissenters as profess the tenets of Calvinism.

Methodists on the other. These are fiercely opposed in religion, and perhaps this is one cause why they are opposed in politics. The former are Whigs, the latter are moderate Tories; and the Methodists are a sufficient counterpoise, in weight and numbers, to the other sects. If we could divide the Dissenters between our political parties at our pleasure, we would alter nothing. The Whigs should have half of them, but they should have the half that consists of a number of distinct bodies. The Opposition must be powerful to be beneficial; but, irresponsible and lawless as it is, it ought not on any account to be composed solely of one compact body, animated only by personal interest or political zeal. It should consist of many bodies, and not a few of them should be perfectly independent of it, should be without any desire for political aggrandizement, and should have a manifest interest in abandoning it, whenever its conduct might militate against the public good. It is of the first importance that the Opposition Members should be, as far as possible, elected by conscientious men, by religious men, by men having neither interests nor propensities to lead them to abuse the elective franchise. It is likewise necessary that the Opposition and its followers should be plentifully supplied with religious teachers, holding its political opinions. In other states, where the clergy have a monopoly, the party opposed to the government is composed chiefly of deists. The clergy support the government, and therefore they are hated as political enemies, and deserted by those who oppose it. There are no other religious bodies for the latter to court or to attach themselves to, and they almost naturally become infidels. An Opposition that stands upon deism, may be powerful for a moment, but it will only be a public plague, and it will then vanish into air, or dwindle into a despicable shadow. It is indispensable for the preservation of public morals, that the two grand parties which our smaller ones form, the one as well as the other, should have a direct personal party interest in the maintenance of religion.

We are well aware that it is possible for the dissenting preachers to propagate the most pernicious doctrines from the pulpit—that it is possible for them to produce such a combination of religious and political fanaticism as would have the most fearful consequences; but their own interest, and the moral checks with which they are surrounded, render it highly improbable that they should do this. Almost all the more valuable parts of our system are as well able to destroy it as the Dissenters. The House of Commons could ruin us, and yet we must have it. The Opposition, for some years before the last session, was little better than a public curse, and yet no one will say that it ought to be put down. Every valuable thing that we possess, produces minor evils with its benefits. The sun scorches us, the rain drenches us; but what do they not do beside? Despotism is a plant so hardy as to require but little care, and to be almost indestructible; but Freedom is a tender, fragile exotic, which must have a mixture of almost every kind of compost to nourish it, and which can only be kept alive by culture equally skilful, costly, and hazardous. What we have said will, we think, only apply to a populous nation. If a population be small, it can rarely be divided into more than two parties; these will push party spirit to a pernicious height, and the one will generally be the tyrant of the other. It is especially inapplicable to our West India colonies. When the inhabitants of an island amount only to a few thousands, and have but little to divide them in politics, they ought to be, if possible, preserved from religious divisions. It is, in our judgment, greatly to be lamented, that the dissenting missionaries have entered the West India islands. The masters will cleave to the Church, the slaves will cleave to the Dissenters; the distinctions of rank and colour will be rendered more striking by the distinctions of religion, and the animosity which now rages will be reinforced by religious animosity, while religious unanimity would have softened the bad feelings on both sides, and contributed powerfully to produce that state of things in which only it will be possible to abolish slavery.

Having said so much in favour of the Dissenters, we must now say, that we are not among those who place all religions on an equality, and who seem to think that all bear alike upon government and public good. Putting

our church out of sight, our other religious bodies may be divided into three classes: One labours merely for proselytes, and entertains no wish for the overthrow of the Church; another, without professing to covet the Church's possessions, holds that no national church should exist; and a third labours to destroy the Church and to seize its possessions. The two first profess warm attachment for civil and religious liberty; the last insists upon monopoly, wars against popular liberties, and allies itself with despotism. It is impossible even for the mere politician to place these on an equality; he must regard the first with favour, the second with jealousy, and the last with hostility. What we have said in favour of the dissenting bodies, must be understood to apply to such of them ONLY as hold no religious principles hostile to Christianity, and no political ones hostile to the Constitution.

Our limitation necessarily excludes the Catholics. As it is understood that a mighty effort will be made in the approaching session to give to this body political power, we will state more fully the reasons which will not suffer us to number it with the beneficial dissenting bodies.

Every religious body, as we have already said, has its political, as well as its religious creed; and it clings about as unanimously and tenaciously to the one, as to the other. This is more especially the case with the Dissenters, from their being so highly organized as bodies, from their having so many enemies, and from their being, unlike the Church, almost the only guardians of their own interests. In giving power, therefore, to any religious body, its political creed must be as strictly scrutinized as its religious one. We must look for this creed not among a few moderate members of the body, but among the leaders and the vast mass of the followers; and we must, moreover, seek it, not in professions, but in general conduct.

The Catholic Church on the Continent is at this very moment, not in one country, but in almost every country, taking the most decided part in politics, and is zealously labouring not only to put down deism and democracy, but to preserve monopoly to itself, and absolute power to the civil ruler. This Church is the most bitter and active enemy that liberty, civil and religious, has in the world. This is not matter of conjecture or dispute; the proofs are overwhelming, and they are before every one. That the overwhelming mass of the laity follows the clergy, is equally beyond controversy.

To this Church the Catholics of these realms belong; with its head they are in constant communication, and to this head they give supremacy. The Catholic Church in Ireland is, we believe, called among the Catholics, the Irish mission; that is, it stands in much the same relation to the Church of Rome as the Methodist mission in Demerara stands in to the parent and controlling society in England. The new Pope has proved himself to be a furious bigot, and to be bent upon maintaining the worst pretensions of the Catholic Church, to the utmost of his ability.

If there were nothing whatever to quarrel with in the conduct of the Irish Catholics, this alone would be sufficient to cover them with jealousy—this alone could be sufficient to render the removal of the disabilities a matter of most doubtful policy. But, alas! their conduct will warrant anything rather than the belief that they disagree with their foreign brethren—with their Head, in political creed. While they clamour so loudly for what they call liberty for themselves, they cast from them with disdain the liberty of the press, the liberty of discussion, the liberty of opinion, and almost the whole of popular liberty. To protect and extend the bondage which the Clergy have established, the Laity would gladly overthrow our free constitution. At this very time the heads of the Laity, men who are rich, well educated, and who move in the best society, are investing the clergy with the attributes of God, resisting the distribution of the Scriptures, and straining every nerve to protect their more humble brethren from the inroads of just knowledge and real liberty. Although the Irish Catholics held themselves to be so much oppressed, and professed so much animosity towards the government, they would not support the Radicals, or the Queen, anxiously courted as they were by both; and they never would join our popular parties in any struggle, however just, in favour of popular rights and privileges. It matters not who fights for

them, it matters not who attacks their enemies, they are always a distinct party, looking with almost equal dislike upon all others. The Catholic Association eternally speaks of liberty; it is composed of demagogues of the first order, and yet it never can take up a single Whig or radical object that does not relate to its own particular benefit, while its first care is, to uphold ecclesiastical tyranny, and to restrain its poorer followers from the exercise of the greater portion of their political rights.

All this is perfectly natural. It would be just as wise to expect the Independents of Demerara to be Tories, when their governing brethren in England are Whigs, as to expect the Catholics of Ireland to be friendly to liberty, when the Catholics of Spain, Italy, &c. are the decided champions of despotism. The political creed must ever go hand in hand with the religious one, inseparably connected with it as it is.

The Catholics call themselves the friends of the constitution; but this is a small matter, when we remember that the Radicals assumed the same name. The principles of the former, say what they will, bring them into direct conflict with the constitution. The Pope, but a moment since, publicly prohibited the general circulation of the Bible. When the clergy prohibit their flocks from reading almost everything that the press circulates, and from entering a Protestant place of worship, can they be the friends of that constitution which establishes the freedom of the press, and religious liberty? When the Catholics pronounce the Protestant religion to be a false one—claim the whole of the possessions of our Church as a right—and demand a portion of them immediately—can they be the friends of that constitution, which makes the Protestant religion the religion of the state, and which gives to this religion the whole of the ecclesiastical wealth and dignities of the nation? If they had power to do it, will any man say that they would not destroy the liberty of the press, and religious freedom, and appropriate to themselves the whole that our Church possesses? The man who would say this would likewise say, that, because he hated beef, he loved oxen. A man must be the enemy of the constitution, who is the enemy of what it has established, and of what it produces. The demand of the Catholics for a portion of the possessions of the Church, is as direct an attack upon the Constitution, as the demand of the Radicals for universal suffrage and annual Parliaments. They may, no doubt, act conscientiously, but nevertheless their conduct and objects lead to political revolution.

Our Protestant sects were born after the establishment of religious and civil liberty; to these they mainly owed their birth, and they framed their respective creeds on the principle of maintaining both. Their existence would be endangered by the loss of either. They never lost anything by the Established Church, and they do not profess to desire anything that it possesses save its congregations. If they ask for political equality, they ask nothing else; and it is not very probable that, weak as they singly are, they would be able to obtain anything else if they received it. They are in the main more or less friendly to the general products of the constitution. But the Catholics were trampled in the dust by civil and religious liberty, and they can only hope to rise again by the injury of both. They possessed all that our Church now possesses, and they are most anxious to regain it. Political equality is but a small portion of what they now openly seek, and it is evident that they wish for this to enable them to obtain their other objects. They are the enemies, from both conscience and party interest, of many of the best fruits of the Constitution.

The foreign brethren of our Protestant sects are all zealously ranged on the side of civil and religious liberty; the foreign brethren of the Catholics, including their Head, are all zealously ranged on the side of religious tyranny, and nearly all on the side of civil despotism.

Our Protestant sects are influenced by no foreign head, and they can change their creed at their own pleasure; but the Catholics have a foreign leader, to whose principles they must conform. Catholicism must of necessity be always in sentiment, as far as practicable, the same in England and Ireland as on the Continent. It is idle to say, that the Pope has no other than spiritual authority in these realms. He who is the religious Head of a large portion of the people, must always possess prodigious political influence

in the nation, particularly if his followers have an equality of political power. Does the King derive no political power from his being the Head of the Church? Do the regular clergy draw no political power from their office? Do not the heads of the Methodists, the Calvinists, &c. possess what is tantamount to great political power? The Government, at this moment, seeks to put the Bible into the hands of the Irish Catholics; the Pope forbids it; and which will the Catholics obey? The Government permits them to read what they please, and to enter any place of worship whatever; the Pope prohibits it, under heavy penalties. The Government is endeavouring to establish in Ireland a system of general education, and the Catholics are in consequence travelling to Rome for instructions. If the Pope cannot sue in our civil courts, he can yet inflict, at his pleasure, tremendous punishments. One part of his late letter was fiercely levelled against our Constitution, and some of our best possessions. If this do not vitally affect our political interests, nothing whatever can affect them. A Catholic may declare, that the Pope shall not influence him in politics—a zealous Churchman may declare, that his clergy shall not influence his political opinions—a Methodist may declare, that he will not be guided in political matters by his preachers—and who will believe any of them? Let the minister say, that the political matter is likewise a religious one, and then whom will his flock follow in politics? Party feelings, and party interests, will always be sufficient to carry the Catholics, as they would any other body, after their Head, without compulsion. The Pope has most admirable means for taking our Catholics along with him in political matters. The heads of their clergy are in a great degree his creatures; the inferior clergy can be deprived of bread at pleasure by, and therefore they are in a great degree the creatures of, these heads; and the laity, as every one knows, are little better than the slaves of the general clergy.

If the Continental governments should use the Pope and the Catholic clergy generally, as their chief instruments in accomplishing any political projects, would our Catholics be inaccessible to their influence?

The Protestant sects are almost altogether confined to the lower and the middling classes; they have few followers among the rich commoners, and none among the nobility. They have very few men among them who would accept a seat in Parliament, and they can scarcely return one member for each body. But the Catholics pervade every class; they have powerful nobles, and rich and ambitious country gentlemen. Men anxious to get into Parliament abound among them; and if they returned members in proportion to their numbers, they would return little short of two hundred. Their Parliamentary influence would not be confined to Ireland,—it would speedily become great in this country.

Putting the Catholics out of sight, our sects and other bodies are each contemptible when weighed against the rest. We doubt if the most numerous of the sects reaches half a million, and if the whole exceed two millions, in number. Do the zealous Churchmen—those who would contend as warmly for the Church, as the Catholic for his place of worship—amount in the three kingdoms to four millions, reckoning the Established Churches of England and Scotland as one? Do the thick-and-thin Whigs exceed a million of families? Do the thick-and-thin Tories exceed two millions of families? A large portion of our population frequents both church and chapel, without having any decided preference for, or being controlled by, either; and a large portion, we regret to say, seldom sees a place of worship. A vast portion of us professes to be independent between the Whigs and the Tories, and a vast portion knows nothing of either.

The Catholics amount to six or seven millions—to one-third of our whole population. Putting the neutrals out of sight, they nearly equal the aggregate of the whole of our other sects and parties.

The most powerful of our Protestant and political bodies are almost wholly without discipline. The Church does not know its lay-members, and it has practically no control over them. A large portion of both Whigs and Tories are free from bonds and restrictions, and act altogether from choice.

The discipline of the Catholics is of the most comprehensive and perfect description. They are indissolubly knit together by party-spirit; and they are as effectually under the command of their heads, as pains and penalties, and

every variety of means resorted to for controlling mankind, can place them. On this point, the whole of our bodies, religious and political, fall far below them.

Some of our Protestant sects go with the Whigs, and others with the Tories. This is much the same in effect, as though each body was pretty fairly divided between the two parties. But the Catholics would form a tremendous distinct political party. The former make it a matter of sin to join in political broils that are merely of a party nature; but the latter, clergy as well as laity, have always been notorious for the love of political intrigue, and the thirst of political power. Our Protestant sects are comparatively enlightened, and they are actuated by no dangerous share of party-spirit; but the vast mass of the Catholics are men barbarous, fiery, incapable of calculation, the slaves of demagogues, and infuriated with party-spirit, political as well as religious. The great body of the former could hardly be drawn into very dangerous conduct by their leaders; but the great body of the latter could be led to anything. The sects, in any struggle for aggrandisement, could receive but little assistance from abroad; but the Catholics, in their contests for supremacy, would be assisted to the utmost by nearly the whole Continent—by the governments as well as the people.

The Established Church, as a political body, is effectually under the control of the general government; but the Catholic Church, as a political body, is in effect controlled by nothing within these realms.

If the Catholics be not now very numerous in England, the removal of the disabilities would speedily render them so. They have at present no very strong inducements for fixing themselves among us, and still we think their numbers must be very much on the increase from the continual influx of Irish labourers. But the case would be wholly different were they admitted to an equality of political privileges. They would then have every possible inducement for strengthening themselves as a party in England, and they would possess ample means for doing it. The English Catholics are, many of them, rich, they would have great patronage and influence, and they would have the population of Ireland to draw adherents from. A large number of public trusts would be at once filled with Catholics, who would plant their brethren as thickly around them as possible. The wealthy Catholics of Ireland would be irresistibly tempted to fix themselves where they could combat the most advantageously and profit the most, and nothing could prevent the body from becoming exceedingly numerous and powerful in England. Do not the Whigs constantly strain every nerve to render their body as numerous as possible? Do they not regularly expel every tenant and servant who will not vote as they wish, and fill the vacancies with persons of their own persuasion? Do not the Tories do the same? Are not the Methodists, the Calvinists, &c. eternally endeavouring to add to their numbers? And is there any man so besotted as to suppose that all this would not be done by the Catholics?

From what we have said, we believe that if the disabilities were removed, the following would be some of the consequences.

The Catholics would form a mighty distinct political party. They would never act with the Whigs, much less with the Radicals, except for objects of their own. With this exception, their weight, whenever it should go with our existing parties, would go with the Tories. Whiggism is abhorrent to the Catholic religion, and we do not know anything that the Catholics would be more hostile to than a Whig ministry—a ministry made up of puff of civil and religious liberty, and abuse of the tyranny of a priesthood. The accession of the Catholics to political power would be the exclusion from office of the Whigs for ever.

While this would be the case, the Catholics, in everything relating to the humbling of the Established Church, and the abolition of the checks on the Dissenters—in the chief things that militated against Catholic omnipotence—would be zealously supported by the Whigs and Radicals, and would be thus rendered irresistible.

The Catholics would hold but few opinions in common with the Tories. They would, with the latter, fight against Whiggism, Radicalism, and Liberalism—they would set their faces against deism and democracy; but beyond this the two parties would travel little together. That which is the

grand object of all parties, would be the grand object of the Catholics—party aggrandisement and supremacy. They would do what the members of the Established Church and both Whigs and Tories would most assuredly do in their circumstances—labour most assiduously to make their Church the national one, and themselves the ruling party.

The Catholics would immediately obtain a large portion of office. The members of Parliament whom they would elect, would displace an equal number of Whigs, Tories, or Independents, and they would be at once one of the most powerful of the parties that compose the House of Commons. If they voted with the Opposition, they would overturn the Ministry; they would not support the latter except on the usual terms, and to these terms the Ministers would, no doubt, gladly accede. Thus, while our Protestant sects can scarcely get a single member into the House, or obtain a fragment of office, the Catholics in the first moment would obtain a large share in the legislature, the executive, the magistracy, and almost every description of public trusts. They would become a leading portion of the general government. We should, of course, have a Ministry disunited, torn, by intestine feuds, or none.

All the arts that parties employ for their own benefit would be, of course, resorted to by the Catholics. They could not profit by the liberty of the press; it would be almost certain to do them great injury, and this would combine with their general principles in making them its enemies. While the press is the best friend of the Protestant religion, it is the worst enemy of the Catholic one. The Whigs canted for an age of their affection for the press, and then two years ago, when they found they were suffering from it, they made upon it the most scandalous attacks. The reformers in Scotland never laid down their arms until they stripped the Catholics of everything—the reformers in England acted in the same manner; if the members of our Church were in the circumstances of the Catholics, they would leave nothing undone to gain the Royal Family and the heads of parties to their religion, and to obtain the possessions of the Church—and is there anything in the history or principles of the Catholics to lead us to suppose that they would act differently? Assuredly not. They would strain every nerve to make a convert of the King, and to obtain the whole, or a part, of the property of the Church—they would do this, not more to benefit their religion, than to strengthen themselves as a party. Their Church would be their grand bond of union, and their main weapon of war, and they would protect the system of their clergy to the utmost: they would consequently make war constantly upon particular liberties. In proportion as the people might be ignorant and superstitious, in the same proportion they would be enabled to retain their followers and to gain more.

The whole weight of the Catholics would be thrown into the scale on the side of arbitrary measures; and, of course, the whole that the people have gained in late reigns upon the executive, would be immediately lost. A party would be established in every department of the government, that would eternally labour to undermine our civil and religious liberty.

The war which now rages between Protestant and Catholic in Ireland, would immediately commence in England. This war would not, like that between our Church and the Dissenters, relate chiefly to religious doctrines, but it would be as much a political war as that between the Whigs and Tories, and it would combine the extremes of religious and political fanaticism. Many millions would fiercely combat on each side, and the consequences would be most calamitous. Foreign governments would zealously support the Catholics, and they would obtain the most powerful means of interfering in our domestic affairs, and of weakening and distressing us.

If the Catholics obtained the ascendency, and were disposed to grant what they now everywhere refuse—in the republics of South America, as well as the monarchies of Europe—toleration, nothing could secure their power and preserve the public peace but the placing of the Protestants under the most galling restrictions and disabilities.

Putting the principles of the Catholics wholly out of sight, they are far too numerous as a party for the public weal. If they possessed an equality of power, they would be, to the government and the nation at large, unma-

nageable, and in a great degree uncontrollable as a party. A small increase to their numbers would enable them to preponderate over the rest of the community, to virtually destroy our freedom, and to place us under the tyranny of a faction. If the Unitarians, or the Calvinists, or the Methodists, or the Whigs, &c. &c. amounted to six millions, and pervaded every class of the community, what would become of the Church—what would be the operation of the Constitution—where would be the efficient Opposition—where would be the freedom to the King and nation with regard to the choice of a ministry—and where would be our general liberties? In the difficult circumstances in which we are placed, the only wise policy for us to pursue is, to continue the disabilities, and to labour to break up the population of Ireland into a multitude of weak, manageable, religious and political parties, like that of England. The seeds of such parties already exist in Ireland; let them be encouraged. Strengthen the weak and weaken the strong; swell out the small parties and reduce the large one. When the Catholics are reduced to two or three millions—to the level of our other leading parties—and are as much enlightened as the people of England and Scotland, then remove the disabilities, and let them take their chance in the general struggle.

That there are many excellent well-meaning people among the Catholics we willingly admit, but we cannot take our opinion of the party from their words and conduct. The moderate Whigs do not guide the Whigs as a body—the moderate Tories do not guide the Tories as a body—the moderate Calvinists do not guide the Calvinists as a body, and the moderate Catholics do not guide the Catholics as a body. In divinations, touching the future conduct of the Catholics, we must look at the character of their leaders, and the vast mass of their followers. In party strife, the moderate members of a party are always without influence over the rest, and they are constantly dragged along after the violent ones. A party always prefers its own good to that of the nation. The Whigs, for some years previously to the last one, to promote their party interests, pursued conduct that was directly calculated to plunge the state into ruin.

In all that we have said, we have been silent touching the past—we have been silent touching matters purely religious—we have spoken only of that which NOW IS, and of things which are either altogether or principally POLITICAL IN THEIR NATURE. We have merely assumed that the Catholics are conscientious men with regard to their peculiar creed, and that, as a party, they would act as all our other parties have invariably acted, and still act. Our reasoning may be erroneous, but bitter names bestowed on ourselves will scarcely be sufficient to overthrow it.

Our readers must understand that we have spoken favourably of our Protestant sects, strictly in reference to our whole system. The Opposition is most valuable, but it is only so because we have a Ministry; and the destruction of the Church would, in our judgment, be the annihilation of very many of the benefits which flow from the Dissenters.

The Established Church, for learning both religious and political, for scriptural purity of doctrine, for just and sober opinions, and for mildness of discipline, stands infinitely above all the chapels; and it is almost our only national agent for keeping down religious faction, and preventing religious doctrines and authority from assuming an improper and dangerous character. The Dissenters, in both doctrine and discipline, are almost wholly beyond the control of the law, and their preachers are generally men of little education, of little learning, of no political information, of no knowledge of the world; enthusiasts, and anxious to push their creed and authority to the utmost point. The regular Clergy are themselves under the control of the state, in what they teach and establish, and they indirectly control the sects, in what these teach and establish. The regular Clergy are almost our sole religious teachers who can use the press with any effect; they keep public opinion in a just direction with regard to religious matters; they prevent fanaticism from being mischievous, and they tie up the hands of the dissenting preachers from dangerous conduct. They have had the chief hand in reforming Methodism

and Calvinism; and they are the chief means of preventing our lower and middling classes from being overrun with fanaticism, bigotry, strife, and religious tyranny; and our upper ones from forsaking religion altogether.

In spite of the wretched theories of the times, the rich and great, whose temptations to vice are the most powerful, would be almost wholly in effect without religious instruction, if no religious instructors were rich and great. A minister must mix with his hearers out of the pulpit, as well as preach to them in it; he must be the private friend, as well as the public instructor; he must be on an equality with them in all the essentials of worldly equality, in order that he may have due influence over them, and that he may not be the parasite and the tool, instead of the guide. When men were equal, it was proper that the clergy should be equal; but when the former divided themselves into classes, it was proper that the latter should be so divided, to give them admission into, and due influence in, every class; and moreover to secure them the proper means of acquiring just knowledge.

Proper political, as well as proper religious knowledge and conduct, are of the very highest importance in those who guide the conscience of a nation; and we do not think that these would either possess the one, or follow the other, if their heads did not mix in the highest society. A large portion of the necessary knowledge and conduct even of a clergyman must be learned from men, and not from books. The Dissenters, with all their zeal and industry, cannot reach the upper circles, and he must know but little of human nature who cannot see that the case would be very different if a portion of their ministers possessed wealth and title—The Heads of our Church move in the best society, they have access to the best sources of intelligence, opinion, and feeling, and this enables them to keep the clergy in the just line of conduct. In truth, they are, in a very great degree, the guides of the Dissenters; they guide the Church, and by the Church, as we have already said, the Dissenters are to a great extent governed.

If America be quoted upon us, we will answer, that its religious bodies resemble our own, and that they are in constant communication with, and draw their conduct from, their brethren in this country. That, therefore, which is the virtual guide of our religious bodies, is, in reality, the guide of the religious bodies of America. It is not for us to say how long this will continue, but that it will have an end is sufficiently certain. America as a country is yet but an infant, and he will make but a sorry statesman who shall draw his creed from its history. Another century will establish very different opinions, touching its form of government, from those which now prevail, or we are egregiously mistaken.

We stated at the outset, that the Dissenters were only beneficial so long as they were kept within certain limits, with regard to power and numbers. It will, we trust, be seen from what we have said, that as the Church is under the control of the state, as it forms almost the only instrument by which the state can control the Dissenters, and as its influence over them is wholly moral, it ought to be the preponderating religious body. If the Dissenters predominated, they would practically give law and conduct to, instead of receiving them from the Church; and we should be convulsed by mischievous religious factions, instead of being instructed by moderate religious parties. The Dissenters would, moreover, obtain a most dangerous share of positive political power. Hitherto they have been too weak to elect members of parliament from among themselves, but they would then be enabled to return a large number of representatives of their own persuasion, and the consequences, we think, would be very calamitous. Methodists, Calvinists, &c. are excellent members of society, but their doctrines render it impossible to mould men into wise, acting statesmen. The conduct of the Scottish Covenanters, of the English Puritans, and of our present dissenting bodies, with regard to slavery in our colonies, abundantly proves that the Dissenters are incapacitated for taking a leading part in guiding the affairs of the nation. If the Dissenters had a powerful party in the House of Commons, this would have the effect of ranging the different bodies on one side in politics out of it, and of filling them with political rancour. Our religious parties would then, instead of acting

the part of moderators to our political ones, push them into every kind of excess; and religious fanaticism, instead of acting as a check upon political fanaticism, would combine with it to produce every kind of public evil.

That the Dissenters are at present passing the proper limits, seems to us to be undeniable. They have increased prodigiously in late years, they are still increasing; and of course as they gain numbers and weight, the Church loses both. A few steps more would give preponderance to them, and all the evil consequences of such preponderance to the nation. If they cannot be weakened, they ought at any rate to be prevented from becoming more powerful; but then, what must be the means? Laws could not do it, Parliament could not do it, the government could not do it. The Dissenters, in their religious character, are literally lawless, and the time is past for making laws to restrain them, even if such laws could be reconciled with liberty.

We nevertheless think, that we possess ample means for preventing the Dissenters from becoming dangerously powerful. BUILD A SUFFICIENT NUMBER OF NEW CHURCHES—PURGE THE CLERGY OF WORTHLESS AND DISCREDITABLE MEMBERS—PROVIDE EVERY CHURCH THROUGHOUT THE KINGDOM WITH A PIOUS, ZEALOUS, ELOQUENT CLERGYMAN—LET DIVINE SERVICE BE PROPERLY PERFORMED, IN VILLAGE AS WELL AS TOWN AND CITY—ATTEND TO THE INTERESTS OF THE CHURCH IN ITS COLLECTIVE CAPACITY, AND THE LEGITIMATE NEEDS AND DESIRES OF CONGREGATIONS, INSTEAD OF THE BENEFIT OF INDIVIDUAL CLERGYMEN.—If this be done, the Church will never be injured by the Dissenters, and it ought to be done if no Dissenters existed. Whatever may be said of doctrines, it is not the difference of doctrine which draws the body of the people to the chapel. Scarcely one in ten of the great mass of Dissenters can point out how they differ in creed from the Church. They mistake superior oratory for superior doctrine; they think the instruction of the dissenting preacher excellent, because it is emphatically and powerfully delivered, and they fancy the service of the Church to be defective and erroneous, because it is badly performed.

With regard to the building of additional churches, government most wisely directed its attention to this in the first moment of peace, and we trust it will persevere in spite of all opposition. If the people have not churches to go to, they will, of necessity, become Dissenters, and if the churches be not built by the state, they will scarcely be built at all. Those who say that they ought to be erected as the chapels are, know but little of the matter: there are causes which render it almost impossible. The dissenting bodies have generally each a common fund, from which they can take sums in aid of building chapels; but the Church has no such fund. The Dissenters can make productive collections in all their chapels to assist in building new ones; but the Church can make no such collections, for its briefs procure hardly anything. Many of the dissenting ministers, those of the Methodists in particular, receive their salaries out of the common fund; and if a small part of the requisite sum for building a chapel can be raised by subscriptions and collections, the remainder can be borrowed upon it, and the money arising from the letting of the pews is devoted to the payment of the interest and principal; but the stipend of the clergymen of the new church arises almost wholly from the letting of the pews, consequently no money could be borrowed upon the church, for there would be no revenue for paying either principal or interest. If the Dissenters had to build their chapels wholly by voluntary contributions, they would build but few.

It is a truth too self-evident to be denied, that every part of divine service ought to be properly performed. The prayers ought to be properly read, the psalms ought to be properly sung, and the sermon ought not only to be good as a composition, but it ought to be properly delivered. Shakespeare fills us with disgust from the lips of a bad performer, and our transcendently beautiful liturgy and the best sermon are heard with impatience and pain from the lips of a bad orator. A clergyman who is not a reasonably good orator is not qualified for the pulpit; he cannot perform in a proper manner the most important of his duties; he cannot withstand the competition of the Dissenters; and he cannot avoid

losing that flock which the Church commits to his keeping. Every clergyman who is a bad orator, no matter what his life and learning may be, immediately loses the body of his congregation when the dissenting preacher raises his voice to oppose him; and people will scarcely go to hear him even if he have no competitor.

On this matter we think our church government is exceedingly defective. Our candidates for holy orders are compelled to qualify themselves with regard to learning, doctrine, and character, but not with regard to oratory. One of the main qualifications—that which is necessary to give due effect to all others—is entirely disregarded, and the poorest orator may, without any difficulty, become a clergyman. The natural consequence is that a very large number of our clergy are most wretched readers and preachers. Some have impediments, and cannot be understood; others have no voice, and cannot be heard; and many, who have proper powers, will not exert them. This holds good to a very great extent in the country. In the churches of the metropolis, particularly those of the west end, eloquent preachers are numerous, but the readers are generally miserable ones. How any man can read our service in an idle, lifeless, unemphatic, hurried manner, we cannot conceive, and still we rarely can hear it read differently. This is deeply to be lamented; such a service, if read with due feeling, emphasis, and solemnity, could scarcely fail to rivet the attention, and reach the hearts, of any congregation whatever.

The Dissenters manage these matters differently. With them, no man can be admitted as a regular preacher who has not preached some time previously on trial. They make oratorical ability, as well as proper life and doctrine, a *sine qua non*, and the consequence is, that the worst of their regular preachers would, as an orator, put to shame a very large number of our clergy.

Declamations against "itching ears," "criticizing," "schism," &c. are useless, however just; people, in these days, care not a straw for them. The fact is this—the prejudice which formerly existed among the lower and middling classes against the Dissenters has vanished, or rather, thanks to the Whigs! it has directed itself against the Church; dissenting ministers and places of worship have become so numerous, that the people almost everywhere can choose between the Church and the Chapel; the people place these on an equality with regard to truth of doctrine, and they prefer the chapel wherever it offers the most attractions to the senses. The population cannot be compelled to attend the Church; it will no longer adhere to it as a matter of duty without reference to the character of the minister; the clergyman and dissenting teacher are placed on equal ground, and involved in active competition; and the best orator will assuredly carry the day. The superior learning and mental ability of the clergyman will not prevail with the mass of mankind against the superior oratory of the dissenting preacher. This is the fact, and it is useless to descant on what it ought to be. The proof may be found in the deserted state of every church in the kingdom, where the clergyman is a bad orator; in truth, every private party will furnish the necessary evidence. The empty ungrammatical nothings of the man of good voice and emphatic delivery are listened to with pleasure, while the correct and beautiful thoughts of the man of bad voice and enunciation are disregarded.

This must be remedied, and it will not be remedied by railing against the Dissenters and those who follow them. Human nature cannot be changed, and we must frame our institutions according to what it is, and not according to what it ought to be. The Dissenters have prevailed chiefly by superior oratory, and superior oratory must be the chief means of resisting and humbling them. Make the clergyman a more animated and eloquent preacher than the dissenting minister, and the latter will have but few hearers. A vast number of those who regularly attend the chapels are not members of them; they do not know the difference of doctrine between the Church and the Dissenters; they have no decided partiality for the latter, and they would be drawn back to the Church immediately by a zealous, eloquent clergyman. Several of the London churches, particularly those of St Pancras and St Mary-le-Bone, where not a single seat can be taken, abundantly prove that the Dis-

senters would not be numerous if our officiating clergy were all reasonably eloquent. It is a matter of necessity to provide the new churches with powerful preachers to insure the letting of the pews, and the consequence is that they are filled as soon as opened.

A remedy might be easily applied. Let the heads of the Church reject all candidates for holy orders who cannot give proofs that they are competent orators. This will prevent all from preparing themselves for the Church who do not possess the requisite powers, and it will incite those who possess such powers to cultivate them. Such a rule would be natural and just; it would stand on that principle which ought to dispose of all public trusts—qualification. It would benefit alike both the Church and the people; and, what is of some consequence, it would be as popular a measure as could be devised. It is of the very highest importance to the state that every clergyman should be properly qualified for the pulpit; and we say once more, that bad oratory is a positive disqualification. A bad orator virtually drives his flock to the chapel, and he thus robs the Church, and makes the Dissenters more powerful. Some of our Bishops are sufficiently scrupulous with regard to doctrine, and surely it is of far more importance to prevent a congregation from being altogether lost to the Church, than to prevent it from being misled in minor points of belief.

We must now say something of our church singing. This important and attractive part of our service is almost totally neglected. In the London churches, even those of the most fashionable parts, we can rarely hear any one sing save the charity-children. This is not only a violation of duty, but it renders that useless which might be of essential service to the Church. The Dissenters pay particular attention to singing—we have known chapels pay one hundred per annum to the leaders of their singers—and they profit largely from it. Their singing draws great numbers to the chapel who would otherwise never see it.

We are not here called upon to name the motives which ought to lead people to a place of worship; every one, alas! knows that these motives have no influence over a very large part of mankind. The young, thoughtless, gay, pleasure-seeking portion of us, will not seek a place of worship from religious feelings, and, therefore, divine worship should possess every attraction compatible with religion that can captivate human nature. It fortunately happens that the more perfectly divine service is performed, the more attractive it is even to the irreligious. The wicked, as well as the pious, can find a powerful charm in sacred eloquence and music; these cannot produce pleasure of a sinful kind, and they can scarcely produce it at all without creating a certain degree of devotion. Independently of this, it is our duty to our Maker to employ all our eloquence, science, skill, talents,—all the gifts with which he has endowed us,—in worshipping him. Convinced as we are that if the psalms were properly sung in our churches, it would not only be the discharge of a neglected duty, but it would contribute materially to render the congregations more numerous, we trust that some attention will be at length paid to the subject, and that a deficiency, which has been long, loudly, and justly declaimed against, will be removed.

In the new churches a liberal number of free seats are properly provided for the poor, but in the old ones the poor are in a great measure excluded. This ought to be remedied; for, on the ground of convenience, as well as justice, the poor ought to have equal accommodation in all churches. Notwithstanding the new ones that have been built, the vast majority, we might almost say nine-tenths, of the lower orders of London and other large places, are still virtually excluded from the Church. This is the case when the lower orders are precisely that portion of the community which can be the most easily entrapped by the Dissenters, and which the Dissenters can lead to almost any lengths of fanaticism and hostility to the Church and the government. Would it not be wise to purchase, with a part of the money that is voted for the building of new churches, a certain number of pews in the old ones, to be converted into free seats for the poor? A small sum would be sufficient; a very great public benefit would be gained for comparatively nothing.

We are ourselves intimately ac-

quainted with several country villages that contain from one hundred and fifty to three hundred inhabitants, in which no clergyman resides, in which divine service is never performed at the church more than once on the Sabbath, and in which, on every fourth Sunday throughout the year, it is never performed at all. There are, we believe, many villages throughout the country similarly circumstanced, and there are few places in the country in which church service is performed more than once in the week. In these villages the Dissenters have service three times on every Sunday, and perhaps twice in the week beside. What is the consequence? Only half the population of any place, but more especially that of a village, can conveniently attend divine service at the same time, of course half the inhabitants must go to the chapel, or absent themselves from public worship altogether; and on the *blank* Sunday the whole must attend it, or have no divine service at all. The inevitable consequence is, that the inhabitants are in a manner compelled to frequent the chapel; they become familiarized with it; they acquire a partiality for its service, and lose their relish for that of the Church; the dissenting preacher fills them with the belief that the clergy do not preach the gospel; the chapel is crowded, and the Church is deserted. What hastens this consummation is, that, while the chapel has all these mighty advantages over the Church, the clergyman is perhaps the most miserable orator that could offend human ears. We who write are yet comparatively young, and still we can remember the time when these villages contained no Dissenters, and when the inhabitants were violently prejudiced against them. At present, a considerable number of the inhabitants are members of the chapel, the whole attend it, and nearly all are more or less prejudiced against the Church.

If no remedy be applied to this, we are convinced that no long period of time will elapse before the vast mass of our country population will become either regular members of the chapel, or its decided friends and the enemies of the Church. Such a state of things ought not to be if no Dissenters existed; it is in truth a disgrace to a country so rich, great, intelligent, and religious as our own, for it does not provide half the requisite portion of religious instruction for the people. Divine service should be *twice* performed in every parish, not merely on three Sundays out of the four, but on every Sunday throughout the year, to give the *whole* of the inhabitants an opportunity of attending it; and as every parish has its own separate living, it ought to have its own separate clergyman. If a clergyman have two parishes under his care, and some have three, he cannot reside in both; he cannot preach twice in either, and it is impossible for him to discharge his duty and guard the interests committed to his keeping in the one in which he does not reside. He cannot ingratiate himself with his parishioners, watch over their conduct, visit the sick, and relieve the distressed; and he cannot prevent his flock from being taken from him by the Dissenters.

The evil is not incurable. We conscientiously believe that if the government, on the one hand, would abolish *all pluralities whatever*, and they ought to be *all* abolished, for they are alike injurious and disgraceful to the Church and the State, the people, on the other hand, would readily give the money for at once raising the small livings to the proper standard. The sum necessary could not be very large, for we have no wish to see a country clergyman roll in riches. He ought not, in our judgment, to have less in any case than 150*l.*, nor more than 300*l.* per annum, except in special cases. We have already said, that we wish to see the clergy divided exactly as society is divided, and too much income raises the village clergyman above the class in which he is destined to labour, to the infinite injury of the Church and the country.

We are decided enemies to the performing of duty by deputy in all cases. Our ministers of state, judges, and almost all other public functionaries, are compelled to labour assiduously in their own proper persons for their stipends, and why are not our clergymen? Why are these of all other public servants to be permitted to make a sinecure, so far as regards themselves, of their holy office? We cannot look at the vast political as well as religious importance of the duty of the clergyman, without being convinced that he

ought to be the most active and industrious of all to whom public trusts are confided. Our curate system has been alike injurious and disgraceful to the country. It has rendered the master slothful and negligent, by enabling him to provide himself with a slothful and negligent deputy; it has sunk our officiating clergy to the feelings and need of paupers; it has robbed the poor of that which the Church ought to bestow on them; and it has multiplied the Dissenters in all directions. In almost all other cases, it is the interest of the master to provide the most efficient servant possible; but it is actually the interest of the incumbent to provide the most inefficient curate that he can find. The latter must be got for the lowest possible wages, and he must, on no account, be equal to his employer in eloquence and piety. This employer must, whatever may be the consequence, be the first man whenever he may condescend to appear in his pulpit. The new law is we hear grossly evaded, and it will always be evaded. A clergyman, when his labour is excessive, should be permitted to provide himself, not with a substitute, but with an assistant, and beyond this the curate system should be abolished.

The dissenting preachers are compelled to retire from the pulpit when they are incapacitated by age and infirmities for discharging their duty properly; our ministers of state, judges, &c. are compelled to retire from office when they are similarly incapacitated; and we think there would be neither hardship nor degradation in placing the clergy under the like regulations. The worn-out clergyman might retain for life a portion of the proceeds of his living when the amount would admit of it, and a superannuation fund might supply all he might lack of an adequate income. What we recommend may perhaps be impracticable, but it would not be so if common sense and justice could prevail over prejudice and interest, and if the interests of the people and the church, in its collective capacity, could be as much attended to as those of the clergy.

We wish that the Heads of the Church were somewhat more vigilant in watching the conduct of the inferior clergy. A clergyman is but a man, and like all other men he needs spurring to the discharge of his duty. In the country he has his living for life; if he be a curate, he has no one to please but his employer, who cares nothing about his conduct; provided he perform divine service the requisite number of times, he is independent of his congregation; the press and public opinion cannot reach him, and he is almost wholly without those stimulants to exertion which operate upon almost all other public servants. A clergyman may punctually perform divine service, and still he may perform it in such a manner that it will benefit no one; his life may give the lie to his prayers and sermons, and thus he may do far more injury than service to religion and the church. He may be reasonably efficient in the pulpit, and he may lead a moral life; and still he may neglect the visiting of the sick, the relieving of the distressed, and those other smaller duties the fulfilment of which is of such essential importance. When this is the case, the Heads of the Church ought to watch the conduct of the officiating clergy with sleepless anxiety. Wide as the difference is between positive offences and the neglect of duty, the latter ought not on any account to be tolerated.

With regard to amusements, far be it from us to say that a clergyman should have none, but still he ought to shun many that may be permitted to the laity. The world assigns different conduct to different men, and its regulations cannot be violated with impunity. We should look with scorn upon a secretary of state who should be the leading dancer at a ball, who should regularly associate with fox-hunters, and who should be a constant lounger at the opera. We should do this, because we should think that such conduct was utterly inconsistent with the dignity and duties of his official station, and that the mind which could devote itself to such pleasures could not be such as the statesman ought to possess. On this principle, public feeling forbids many amusements to the clergy, which are perhaps in themselves innocent; and it is perfectly justified in so doing. The mixing in scenes of levity, jollity, and dissipation, must inevitably unfit the clergyman for the performance of his solemn, sacred, and important duties.

There are several other points which are nearly as important as those on which we have briefly touched, but we must reluctantly leave them unnoticed. We will say one word to the laity. If those who so zealously cry up the Establishment and declaim against the Dissenters, would, with their servants and dependents, regularly attend the Church, they would render it essential service, and we fear, that on this head, many of them are very culpable. Why do our Church of England Nobility, and our Church of England Ministers of State, give their "*grand dinners*," and other entertainments, on the Sabbath? The servants of these people are compelled to labour more industriously on the Sunday than on any other day of the week; and as to their attending a place of worship, it is out of the question. What Sunday buying and selling does not this produce; and where is the limit to its operation in the way of example? Why do not our Prelates do their duty against this monstrous and scandalous evil? We do not say this from puritanism. We are commanded to say it by the Bible, the Church of England, and the political interests of the nation. Public morals form the root and life-blood of our constitution and liberty; and whatever militates against the former, militates in an equal degree against the latter. Sunday-labour deprives our lower orders of the best of their few enjoyments, and it strikes at the foundation of one of the most beneficial regulations of society.

If we have said sufficient to offend all parties, the testimony of our conscience will prevent it from giving us much uneasiness. If the admission of the Catholics to power produced mighty public evils, these would ultimately fall on the Catholic as well as the Protestant. If the Dissenters obtained the preponderance, this would at last be destructive to their own interests as religious bodies. We are laymen, but there is not a clergyman in the Establishment who is more zealously attached to the Church of England than ourselves. We believe that it has the strongest claims upon our love for both past and present benefits, and we are convinced that it is a vital part of our system, and that its destruction would be the destruction of the whole. We wish not only to see it exist, but to see it powerful and triumphant—the sun of our religious system, giving light to, and guiding the chapel-planets, and pouring the blaze of religious truth upon the people at large, both directly and by reflection. There is, however, no royal road to success of any kind; and the Church can only live, conquer, and flourish, by following the hackneyed rules which must guide the private individual. It must oppose effort to effort, and qualification to qualification; it must renew what has been destroyed, supply what is deficient, and adapt its offensive and defensive means to the altered shape and condition of society. Of the clergy we think very highly in very many particulars. There are, perhaps, too many worthless characters among them; but, as a body, they cannot be excelled for purity of doctrine and blamelessness of conduct; many of them, particularly of the country portion, might, however, be rendered more efficient in their spiritual character. To the serious consideration of all whom it may concern, we now leave what we have written.

Y. Y. Y.

AMERICAN WRITERS.

No. II.

Two or three omissions, and one or two alphabetical irregularities (hardly to be avoided, in the first concotion of an index, without assistance,) have been discovered—by ourselves—in two or three of our late papers, concerning the affairs of NORTH AMERICA.—Our justification is—for we never make an apology—that we write altogether from recollection, without a book of any kind; a note, or a hint, of any name, or nature, to freshen our memories with. Books, indeed, except as a reference for dates, words, and figures, three things which we carefully avoid, wherever they *can* be avoided, with decency—believing, on our oaths, that there is nothing so insupportable, in *this* world, as unnecessary precision—books, indeed, would be out of the question; for, we profess to supply that, which cannot be found in any book or books, whatever. And as for notes and memoranda, about matters and things in general, we are of those, who take them, as they do perceptions of beauty—sound and colour—flavour and hue—*only* upon the invisible tablets of the heart and mind; *only* into the *lighted* chambers of both.——We use no *camera obscura*; make no drawings—no sketches—blot no paper with hints, every one of which, over a sea-coal fire, or *in* it, as the case may be (*that* generally depending upon another question—as whether it be in print or in manuscript; the property of the author or the purchaser, &c.)—at some future period may become the nucleus of a chapter—perchance, of a volume.—We like to carry our young till they are fully grown, where nature intended them to be carried—not in memorandum-books, cotton, raw-silk, or hand-baskets—within us, not without—in our hearts, not in our hands:—and would be delivered of them, if not precisely as Jove was, of his, in panoply complete—at least, not before their teeth and claws are grown, so that they can take care of themselves. A short season of gestation is bad enough—but whelping in a hurry is the devil—one full-grown cub of the lion (as we have well nigh said before) will outlive a litter of lap dogs.

We make no apologies, as we *have* said before; but—we do what is better, we make atonement; correct our irregularities, and supply our omissions, just so fast as they become obvious to ourselves—but no faster.

We shall do it, on this occasion (after a few minutes,) because we pique ourselves, not a little, upon our scrupulous impartiality, truth, exactness, and plain dealing, in our treatment of whatever concerns the United States of North America:—a country, about which, all circumstances considered, there would seem to be not only a lamentable mis-apprehension, but a lamentable ignorance, in quarters, where one might look for better things; for positive and exact information,—instead of rigmaroll (serious or profane)—for manly and severe criticism, instead of loose rambling, and superfluous recrimination:—among those who are extravagantly partial to whatever is American, chiefly because it is *not* English—and partly, because it *is* American; and among those, who are as decidedly partial to whatever is English—chiefly because it *is* English, and partly, because it is *not* American.——Many laughable, some serious, some provoking, and some extraordinary errors, concerning one another, *do* prevail, at this hour, among both of these great parties—on both sides of the Atlantic:—errors, which, if they be not speedily seen to, with a strong hand, or a sharp knife, will sow their own seed; multiply and perpetuate their poison; drug the very atmosphere with mischief; overgrow and strangle whatever is wholesome or precious, in the neighbourhood of our posterity, on both sides of the water.——This must not be—shall not be—if we can prevent it: and we shall try hard.——Let Americans be what they pretend—Americans. Let our men of Great Britain, be what *they* pretend—Britons—let each *prefer* his own country, as he would his own mother; let each be *partial*, if you please, in any reasonable degree, to his own country,—for that is natural—(nay, to be otherwise, were so *un*-natural, that we should suspect any man's heart, and pity his understanding, who should not be somewhat partial—so far as affection, or judgment, but not veracity, were

concerned—to his own country; just as we should, *his* understanding and heart, who should not be *partial* to his own mother:)——but, while we say this; while we encourage a natural partiality, in every man's *heart*, for his own country, and his own mother; and are ready to forgive much—very much, that proceeds from an affection so honourable to humanity, even when it influences the *head*——Yet, we see no reason for encouraging anybody in running afoul of other people's countries and mothers:—and are not very willing, either to overlook or forgive, the folly and wickedness of that man, be he who he may, who, in the superfluity of his affection and zeal, for what relates to his own country, and his own home, is eternally breaking in upon the repose of every other man's country and home.——Defence is one thing—attack another. A brave manly quarrel, in withstanding aggression, is always creditable:—but, where we are the aggressor, shameful. Family feuds are absurd: national feuds, worse. Nothing was ever gained by either—not even reputation.

Would you flatter the Americans?——Don't puff them—don't exaggerate—stick to the truth. There is no flattery in falsehood. Acquaint yourselves thoroughly with your subject: and, whatever else you do, speak the plain truth. Poetry, declamation, rhetoric, and all that, are out of place; wit, is mischievous; and humour, profane, (unless employed for seasoning; and *only* for seasoning,) on a subject of such importance. Nothing can be worse, for the stomach of this public, nor in much worse taste, than to dish up anything American—game or not game; wild meat,* or not—with a superabundance of sweet sauce, or Cayenne pepper.——No—if you treat of America at all, do it soberly—righteously—in the main, however, you may have to sprinkle it, now and then, with fire and brimstone, for the palate of the over-fed.

And so, too——if you would be severe on the Americans; severe, we mean, to any good purpose, either for yourself, or for them—for your country, or for theirs; severe, beyond the petty tingling sarcasm of the hour; severe, beyond the miserable severity of that miserable insect, which *cannot* sting but once—and then, dies;——that noisy nothing, which, when it is exasperated, strikes in a hurry—and is glad to escape in a hurry—always losing his weapon—often his life—never drawing blood—and sometimes backing out, like the scorpion, by downright suicide—or, as the fashion is, to call it now, by derangement, visitation, or accidental death:—if you would be severe on the Americans, in a better way—a way more worthy of yourself, if you are a man—speak the truth of them. *Nothing cuts like the truth:*—or, as the QUARTERLY would have it, in a late criticism, NOT ANYTHING—cuts like the truth.

In one word—Let us understand what we are talking about, whether we praise or condemn these brother Jonathans, these western Englishmen; these children of *our* fathers—on the other side of the world.——To illustrate our observations, to some purpose—from recent occurrences—we would ask what can be more absurd, in the estimation of a statesman; or more wicked in that of any person, of common-sense, or common humanity, than to hear the people of America called our *inveterate* enemies; our *implacable* enemies—and, worst of all, our NATURAL enemies.——Our *natural* enemies!—for what?——Why, forsooth, because (if they can help it—which is very doubtful) they won't let *us* manufacture for *them:* and, because, if they *can* (which is, also, very doubtful) they *will* manufacture for themselves.——Does that make them our *natural* enemies?—we have no fear—nor they, any hope, (unless their heads are turned), of their ever being able to out-manufacture us; or to undersell us, in any but their own markets: nor even there, without a system of taxation, which, whatever may be the ultimate good, operates in a very equivocal manner, *now*, by obliging one part of the community to maintain the other, without an equivalent;—that is, by obliging the consumer to feed the manufacturer, by purchasing of him, at much higher prices than he *might* purchase elsewhere.

* As the late case of MR JOHN D. HUNTER—for example; of whom a word by and by.

This is their look-out—not ours ——They won't employ us for ever—granted—but what right have *we* to complain?—They do not become our *natural* enemies, by refusing to employ us—it is only by out-working us; or underselling us to a third party.—O, but they *are* our natural enemies, nevertheless.—Why?—Because they multiply so fast—empire upon empire—from ocean to ocean.——Alas! if they were not their *own* enemies—the most unnatural of all enemies—they would roll back again to their ancient boundaries—retreat into their citadel, the thirteen Original States—or, at least, build a wall of brass about them, for a place of refuge, in the time, that *will* come.—They are, now, in a fair way to fall asunder by their own weight—or perish, like a monster, by exhaustion of the heart, while the extremities are preternaturally enlarged.—New England is the heart of the confederacy—New York and Pennsylvania, the back-bone—but, at the rate they are now going on, they will soon want a dozen such hearts, and as many more such back-bones, to keep them in shape.

Some people talk of staying the northern inundation, by making use of Mexico.—This cannot be done—the very idea is absurd—childish—Mexico would be swept away, before it could muster on the frontiers—but if it could, why should it be done?—Is it either wise, necessary, or expedient?—*Are* the people of the United States—are they indeed our NATURAL enemies?—If they are, it is time to look about us—and if they are, in the name of God, where are we to look for our natural friends?——If we cannot look to them, who are of the same blood, and the same religion; whose language is the same; whose laws are the same; whose very form of government is more like ours, than any other government upon earth; whose literature is the same; whose antipathies and prejudices are the same—where shall we look—to whom?——

One word more—the people of North America know their own interest. They do not want anybody to flatter them. They do not want *miss* WRIGHT, nor *miss* anybody else, (whether she wear a hat, or a bonnet; slippers, or spurs,) to go all over the world, prattling and gossiping about any of their institutions—for no better reason, five times out of six, than because the *she*-traveller in America, has been treated everywhere, with pound-cake, hyson tea, and the debates in Congress.—They know, for they are a shrewd people, take them all in all, that highly-coloured, romantic stories—and superfine rhapsodies, about anything, which *is* really excellent, only serve to make it ridiculous: that eulogy, however well meant, or delicately flavoured, is pretty sure to do more harm, than good; that intemperate praise, provokes intemperate ridicule, or censure; eulogy, satire—and that, the bitterness and asperity of the counteracting dose, are *intended*, wisely enough, to overcome the nausea, which is natural to him, who has unexpectedly, or accidentally, swallowed a small quantity of unadulterated eulogium—*accidentally*, we say, because nobody—not even the subject of eulogium, will swallow it, if he *knows* what it is.

"Praise undeserved, is censure in disguise."—This is a favourite copy-slip in America.—"Heaven save us from our friends! *we* will take care of our enemies"—they say, also, when they read such beautiful books, as have been made about them lately.—They know well, that the droll, stupid blundering of Messieurs FEARON, FAUX, and Co., on one side of the water; the worse than blundering—the lies—of the 'NEW-ENGLAND-MAN,' on the other; and the everlasting misrepresentation, falsehood, and confusion of the newspaper-gentry, on both sides, are soon laughed out of countenance; overborne by weightier proof; smothered in their own dust, or consumed in their own acrimony.

The brother Jonathans will never think the worse of us—whatever they may think of our common sense, if, on taking up one of our papers, they come upon a paragraph headed 'AMERICAN ABSURDITY;' and containing an extract from one of *their* papers,* wherein they had spoken very handsomely of two or three English

* Speaking of AMERICAN PAPERS—one word on a late MIRACLE, taken out of the NORFOLK BEACON; which seems to be doubted here, while it is going the

travellers; (recommending them with emphasis, to the hospitality of the Americans;) and expressed a proper anxiety for the promotion of a good understanding between America and Great Britain:——No—nor will they think a whit the better of MR MATTHEWS, when they come to hear that after the *first* night's representation of his 'JONATHAN IN LONDON' he left out—precisely the best thing in it*—in consequence of a little shuffling in the pit, made, probably, by some junior Americans—(fresh from the dinner table)—who never well understood what they were shuffling about,—at least, we should hope so, in charity.

But enough. We have been surprised into these remarks, by the occurrences of the day.—Let us proceed, now, on our course. In speaking lately of the AMERICAN PAINTERS, we omitted one, who *is* an American; one, who passes for an American; and some three or four, actually in London, of whom we knew little or nothing.—We shall dispatch the whole of *them*, therefore, in double quick time.

R. SULLY: (nephew of T. SULLY, touched off, in our August number.)—PORTRAIT. A native American (Virginia)—young—enthusiastick; and willing to work hard: has good notions of drawing; has been under a capital master (his uncle, T. S.); handles the crayon remarkably well—for an American; has had some prac-

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rounds. We care nothing for the 200 persons, that saw it; nor for the testimony of the Rev. gentlemen that sware to it: but, we rely upon the probability of the story.—It proves itself.—What is it?—Only that the face of Miss Narcissa Crippen, on the 19th of August, 'say, about 8 o'clock' (she being *so* 'operated' upon by some '*spirit*,' at a *camp-meeting*,) 'became too bright and shining, for mortal eyes to gaze upon,' &c. &c.—'It resembled the reflection of the sun upon a bright cloud'—'The appearance of her face *for forty minutes* was truly angelic—(no doubt, only observe the *reason*)—during which time *she was silent*'—(this, we take, to be the MIRACLE).—'After which, she *spoke*—when her countenance *gradually faded!*'—There!—that is all. Now, we ask what there is improbable (bating the *silence*—which we have high authority to believe *possible*—for the same length of time, where women are supposed to be—to wit—in heaven)—in all this?—Do you still doubt?—make the experiment for yourself. Persuade any woman, if you *can*, to hold her tongue for 'forty minutes;' and see if *her* face doesn't *shine*—aye, and *fade away*, too,—when she opens her mouth.

* The passage was to this *effect*. We were not present on the *first* night; but we are assured of what we say—and *know* "of our own knowledge," as the law-people say—that, whatever it was, it is left out *now*. The English negress tells the Yankee "nigger"—a slave—that, having set foot on English ground, he is *free*.—"FREE!—What it that?"—says he—"I have heard a great deal about *him*, in America; but never knew what *he* meant."—Now—why is this passage left out?—Is it untrue—absurd—or what?—*Does* an American slave *know* anything about what liberty *means*—in America? No—he does not. Why, then, do the blockheads leave it out?—Because other blockheads have chosen to kick up their heels about it.—What!—is it come to this?—Are we to be intimidated in this way, by boys?—Are our publick performers afraid of speaking the truth?—Are we to feed the Americans with sop and caudle?—The young of the British Lion, with pap?—No—let us rather give them that—if it be medicine—which will take the hair off—try what they are made of—their "bone and gristle,"—about which Edmund Burke said so many fine things—Ay, and give it, scalding hot, when justifiable, though it take the skin from their plated ware—raise a blister on the solid metal, below, whatever it be, gold or brass, iron or steel, set fire to their tinsel, and shew what there is underneath.—Grant everything in favour of the United States; grant everything against ourselves; grant, if you please, that *we* keep slaves in our colonies; that *we* introduced them into America (which is not strictly true, by the way:) that Virginia herself, made the first proposal that ever *was* made, for the abolition of slavery, (as the Marquis of LANSDOUNE asserts, on the authority of 'Mr JOHN RANDOLPH of ROANOKE,'—a very splendid—very honest—and very crazy gentleman, who *represents* Virginia, in the Lower House of Congress:) that the work of emancipation is going on, gradually in America: that slavery is *unknown* throughout NEW-ENGLAND, and some of the other States: that there has been everything but open war to prevent it, in certain of the new States: that America was the *first* power to declare the taking of slaves, *piracy*; grant all this—Yet—yet—enough remains of *inconsistency* in herself—and of *truth* in the sarcasm, to justify it *entirely*.

tice in painting from life; and, if he have patience, will undoubtedly make a figure.

BOUMAN——PORTRAIT. A native American, we believe: now in London: a worthy man; but we *know*, of ourselves, little or no good of him, as a painter.—The only head of his (except his own) that we ever saw, was a very hard, positive sort of a thing. Good judges here, however, tell us that he has improved surprisingly.—We are glad of it—nothing is more probable—we only know that he is industrious, and *began*, rather unfortunately, with copying Rembrandt.

MASON——PORTRAIT. A native of New-England—now in Paris: we have not seen any of his work—but, our notions are, that the chances are exactly three to one against him, as a painter.—He is young—somewhat satisfied, with himself—rather lazy—and his father is rich.

WATMULLER——HISTORY AND PORTRAIT. This gentleman passes, in America (since he painted his DANAE,) for an American.—He is not—he is a Swede. His portraits are singularly beautiful; but we never saw his DANAE. It has been spoken of as a masterpiece—nay, as a picture, dangerous even for a woman to look at. The plain truth is—we believe—that such a naked woman, so full of languor, richness, and beauty, has not often been met with, in this world.

KING—CHARLES, B.—PORTRAIT: "Located" in Washington: a student of WEST at the same time with SULLY.—Very clever. Makes good faces—distinct—hard and forcible; and, sometimes, a rich picture. Works most of his time upon the great men of Washington, and the "heads of department:"—works hard, "improves" every hour; and *will be* very good.

VANDERLYN——HISTORICAL. Studied in France—painted MARIUS; (a noble, strong, superbly-finished picture,) and ARIADNE; (a rather beautiful affair) in Paris.—For one of which, he obtained a prize, we believe.—He is a native American—a little Frenchified in his notions of painting; but, nevertheless, a man of decided, strong talent.—We have all heard of Aaron Burr, in this country—the American Cæsar—a very dangerous, and very extraordinary man.—When Vanderlyn was a boy; an apprentice to a blacksmith (as the story goes—and we have good reason to believe it substantially true,) Aaron Burr fell in his way, by accident, while he was travelling: saw some of his pen-and-ink drawings, which he mistook for engravings: tried, instantly, to obtain his discharge from his master, who was inexorable (on the discovery of his prize;) and, failing, counselled the boy, if he *should* ever run away from his master, to come to him. Not long after, Vanderlyn appeared; grew up under Burr's patronage—went over to France—and, when Burr fled for his life, to this country, after having shot Alexander Hamilton—when—after having had his hand upon the presidential chair, and his foot, within one step of the American throne—he became, instantaneously as it were, an outcast, and a wanderer, in a foreign country—he was found and supported, in his misery, by VANDERLYN, the blacksmith's boy.

JARVIS is not an American. He is an Englishman. EICHOLT is either a German, or born of German parents. PEALE, (CHARLES,) father of Rembrandt, founder of the Philadelphia Museum, (an institution honourable to America,) and a respectable, solid portrait-painter—is, also, an Englishman. He was a saddler. Jarvis painted fire-buckets till he was about nineteen, when he saw, and copied one of Stewart's pictures. He is now in the foremost rank of *American* masters. *Thus*, the chief American painters are English, by birth or study, or both; and most of them were mechanicks. *Thus*, all the statesmen were lawyers; and almost all the authors are New-Englandmen, (Yankees,) and lawyers into the bargain. There are only three landscape-painters of any note; two of whom (SHAW and GUY) are Englishmen; the other, DOUGHTY, an American. SHAW is very good; but a mannerist and a plagiarist. GUY is middling; but steals very judiciously; and almost always from the same source;—CLAUDE, in his water, seamist, and vapour. DOUGHTY is young; was a tanner and currier; has made great progress; and will be something extraordinary.

Thus much for our omissions. Now for two or three errors—two of which are *not* ours.—Mr C. HARDING was not born, as we said, in Kentucky; he

only 'broke out' in Kentucky. He was born—somewhere—in the back parts of New York. We are sorry for it; we wish he'd been born where we said—it would have saved us, what we hate, a correction. In our MAY Number is an article upon the AMERICAN PRESIDENTS, which has gone the rounds of Europe; and as, in every case, the translator seems to have been confoundedly puzzled about one or two particular passages, we have thought proper to correct it;—as thus, for "Mr Jefferson's *fame* at *Muclichico*," read *farm* at *Monticello*, (Mr J.'s country-seat); and, for "*continuance*," p. — (our MAY Number was borrowed, for an hour or two, some weeks ago, and we cannot recollect the page,) read *countenance*.

Thus much to relieve our conscience; avoid the recurrence of some irresistible translations; and pave the way for our AMERICAN WRITERS;—whom we now re-introduce without ceremony.

BEAZLY, or BEASLEY, Dr.—This gentleman wrote a large handsome octavo, some three years ago, to prove, among other matters—*firstly*, that one JOHN LOCKE was in his right mind, when he made his book—*about*—if we are not mistaken—the Human Understanding; *secondly*, that all our Scotch metaphysicians, (Brown, perhaps, excepted,) had miserably mistaken the said John Locke; misquoted him shamefully; and misrepresented him like the very——we won't say what—as Dr B., if our recollection serves, is a clergyman of what is called the "Church of England"* in America; and is, or was, a Professor, (perhaps of ethicks,) or one of the government, at Princeton College, New Jersey, to boot—where, if Salmagundi may be trusted, "all the Professors wear boots:" and, *thirdly*, that some of the best authenticated apparitions and ghosts, that have ever been heard of—are—*probably*—mere humbugs; while others are only delusions; and the rest very true—to a certain extent—in a certain way. Nor is this all. Surprising as the work may appear so far, the best part of the story is to come. The book is a very clever book, done up in good style; and Mr B. or Dr B. *does* prove—*firstly*—that John Locke *was* in his right mind—in times and places when and where, to tell the plain truth, (for which we take no little credit, by the way, to ourselves,) WE had often had *our* doubts;—and, moreover, that he, the said John Locke, knew very well what he was driving at, many a time and oft, when—WE did not, while studying him, (although, to come up to the scratch manfully, we confess, that we never spoke of the matter at the time, lest it might, one day or other, turn out, as it *has* in more than one case, that John Locke was right, and ourself wrong, after all; he surprisingly clear, and ourself a blockhead—pass that, if you please, to our credit).—Well, having proved this *firstly*, (to our satisfaction, and surprise of course,) he goes on to prove, *secondly*,—and what is more, *does* prove, secondly, some droll blunders, to be sure, upon our chief metaphysicians—our high priesthood; some of which are only to be accounted for,—charitably or decently,—by supposing, that our said chief metaphysicians had never seen "Locke on the Human Understanding;" quoted from some other book, by mistake—which had been so lettered by mistake; or copied from one another, what had been hastily written down, by somebody, from recollection,—and put a wrong name to it; and, *thirdly*, Dr B. *does* prove, not only as much as he undertook to prove respecting apparitions, &c. &c.—but (after the fashion of his countrymen, who do everything *so* thoroughly) rather more. It reminded us of Dr HAYDEN; who *proved* the *universal* deluge, and the Bible, at the same time, from the water-rolled pebbles on *one side* of a brook (Jones's Falls) in America; of IRA HILL, who proves that there was an *universal* deluge—in Europe,—*because* all North America arose instantaneously out of the water; and that all North America arose instantaneously out of the water, *because* there was an *universal* deluge in Europe, and because there is no other way of accounting for it;—

* EPISCOPAL CHURCH.—It is not a little remarkable, but we are assured (and believe it) from good authority,—that this Church, without any privilege or patronage, in any way, (except what is private,) is now increasing *faster* than any other in America. We *know*, that, in a worldly point of view, it is always more respectable there.

and of PAUL ALLEN, (all three native born Yankees,) who, while attacking slavery, went rather out of his way to prove, that the Africans were nothing more nor less, "according to the received opinion," than the children of CANAAN, whom the Almighty, by the mouth of Noah, doomed for ever to slavery (Gen. ix. 25.) saying, "Cursed be Canaan. A servant of servants shall he be unto his brethren."

BIGELOW.—A Yankee: formerly editor of a magazine, or journal, in New York—now, nobody knows where: one of those rolling-stones that gather no moss, which are so common in America. He was a bold, saucy, unprincipled writer; and was the *first* of those who ventured, headforemost, at BYRON. Mr B. began with Lord B.'s "LAMENT OF TASSO, OR PROPHECY OF DANTE;" wrote a furious, blackguard, clever article, to prove that Lord Byron left out his rhymes. He gave examples, *which* proved—either that Byron was writing blank verse at the time; or that he, the critic, had mistaken a stanza for a couplet—we forget which.

BOLMAN—Dr, a pampleteer: wrote, very sensibly, upon many questions of importance; and somewhat about a metallic currency, and the precious metals, at a time (during the late war, in America) when there were no precious metals in the country; (out of Massachusetts, and that neighbourhood)—not enough silver and gold, if they could have been diluted to the consistence of moonshine, to wash over a thousandth part of the scoundrel trash that was in circulation, for money—of course, there was a fine opportunity for speculation, hypothesis, and theory, among the newspaper-people, and pamphleteers—concerning a *substitute* for money. Dr B. did some good, nevertheless: and one or two of his pamphlets would be worth looking into, now; and that, as we take it, is no common praise for any pamphlet or political squib, some ten or a dozen years after it has burnt out.

BROWN—CHARLES BROCKDEN.—This was a good fellow; a sound, hearty specimen of Trans-Atlantic stuff. Brown was an Amenèan to the back-bone—without knowing it. He was a novelist; an imitator of Godwin, whose Caleb Williams made him. He had no poetry; no pathos; no wit; no humour; no pleasantry; no playfulness; no passion; little or no eloquence; no imagination—and, except where panthers were concerned, a most penurious and bony invention—meagre as death,—and yet—lacking all these natural powers—and working away, in a style with nothing remarkable in it—except a sort of absolute sincerity, like that of a man, who is altogether in earnest, and believes every word of his own story—he was able to secure the attention of extraordinary men, as other people (who write better) would that of children;—to impress his pictures upon the human heart, with such unexampled vivacity, that no time can obliterate them: and, withal, to fasten himself, with such tremendous power, upon a common incident, as to hold the spectator breathless.

His language was downright prose—the natural diction of the man himself—earnest—full of substantial good sense, clearness, and simplicity;—very sober and very plain, so as to leave only the *meaning* upon the mind. Nobody ever remembered the words of Charles Brockden Brown; nobody* ever thought of the arrangement; yet nobody ever forgot what they conveyed. You feel, after he has described a thing—and you have just been poring over the description, not as if you had been reading about it; but, as if you, yourself, had seen it; or, at least,—as if you had just parted with a man who *had* seen it—a man, whose word had never been doubted; and who had been telling you of it—with his face flushed. He wrote in this peculiar style, not from choice; not because he understood the value or beauty of it, when seriously and wisely employed—but from necessity. He wrote after his peculiar fashion, because he was unable to write otherwise. There was no self-denial in it; no strong judgment; no sense of propriety; no perception of what is the true source of dramatic power (distinctness—vividness.) While hunting for a subject, he had the good luck to stumble upon one or two (having had the good luck before, to have the yellow fever) that suited his turn of expression, while he was imbued, heart and soul, with Godwin's thoughtful and explo-

* Or, as the QUARTERLY would say—Not anybody.

ring manner: and these one or two, he wore to death. The very incidents, which were often common-place, are tossed up, over and over again—with a tiresome circumstantiality, when he is not upon these particular subjects.—He discovered, at last perhaps, as many wiser men have done—when there was no use in the discovery—that it is much easier to suit the subject to the style, than the style to the subject;—no easy matter to change your language, or cast off your identity—your individuality—but 'mighty easy,' as a Virginian would say, to change your theme.

BROWN was one of the only three or four professional authors, that America has ever produced. He was the first. He began, as all do, by writing for the newspapers—where that splendour of diction, for which the Southern Americans are so famous—is always in blast: He was thought little or nothing of, by his countrymen; *rose*, gradually, from the newspapers to the magazines, and circulating libraries; lived miserably poor; died, *as* he lived, miserably poor; and went into his grave with a broken heart.

He was born in Philadelphia; lived in Philadelphia—or—as his countrymen would say, with more propriety, 'put up'—(as he *did*—with everything—literal starvation—and a bad neighbourhood, in the dirtiest and least respectable part of the town)—'tarried'—lingered in Philadelphia; and had the good luck—God help him—to die in Philadelphia, while it was the 'ATHENS OF AMERICA'—the capital city, in truth, of the whole United States.

He was there, during the yellow fever of 1798—(Hence the terrible reality of his descriptions, in ARTHUR MERVYN, and ORMOND)—a pestilence, that, like the plague of London, turned a city into a solitude—a place of sepulture—till the grass grew in the streets.——He had no means of escape—he had a large family—a wife (to whom he was greatly indebted for the accomplishment of his works—a very superior and interesting woman) and several children—daughters.——Yet—yet—he had no means of escape. The fever raged with especial malignity in his neighbourhood—he, himself, and several of his family, were taken down, with it—but, whither were they to fly?—*how?*—in dead carts, with a yellow flag steaming over them—to the hospitals, where the 'detestable matter,' of which he speaks, was accumulating by cartloads.——No, it was better to die at home—with his own family—dissolve in his own house, at least;—and keep out everything—even to the very sunshine and air of heaven, both of which were smoking with pestilence—by barring the windows—securing the doors—and making the whole house dark.

He lived in 'Eleventh Street'—(we mention this for the information of his townsmen—not one in a thousand of whom know it: of his countrymen—not one in a million of whom, out of ATHENS, ever would know it, but for us)—between 'walnut' and 'chesnut'—on the eastern side—in a low, dirty, two-story brick house; standing a little *in* from the street—with never a tree nor a shrub near it—lately in the occupation of—or, as a Yankee would say, "*improved*" by, an actor-man, whose name was Darling.

By great good luck, surprising perseverance, and munificent patronage—for America*—poor Brown succeed-

* A few facts will shew what is reckoned 'munificent patronage' in America. Two hundred dollars (about 45*l.*)—payable partly, or wholly, in books—the *best* of paper money by the way—are *now*, even to this hour, considered a good price, for a good novel, in two American volumes, (which make from three, to four, here.) When R. WALSH, *Jr.* ESQUIRE, was the Jupiter of the American Olympus, (having been puffed in the Edinboro', for some blackguard thunder and lightning about Napoleon, whose character neither party ever understood,) he was employed by a confederacy of publishers, to *edit* a Quarterly Journal. They paid nothing to contributors, of whom Walsh made continual use—spared no trouble—stuck at nothing, in the experiment;—paid him fifteen hundred dollars (340*l.*) a-number—and failed—of course. Allan was to have had three thousand (680*l.*) for the AM. REVOLUTION—but he never wrote a word of it.—NEAL and WATKINS wrote it. ALLAN got nothing; WATKINS the same: NEAL, 1000 dollars, in promises—which produced some 3, or 400 dollars—(75*l.*)—It is in two vols. 8vo. BRECKENRIDGE got 500 dollars (110*l.*) *cash*, for the copyright of his AMERICAN WAR: NEAL 200 dollars—(45*l.*)—*cash*, for the copyright of KEEP COOL—a small novel: 2 vols.; his first literary essay.—COOPER published the SPY on his own account. It has produced about *six hundred pounds*—in every way, to him: but

ed—(much, as the Poly-glott Bible maker succeeded, whose preface always brings the tears into our eyes—in burying all his friends—outliving all confidence in himself—wasting fortune after fortune—breaking his legs, and wearing out his life, in deplorable slavery, without even knowing it.)—Even so, poor Brown succeeded—in getting out—by piece-meal, a small, miserable, *first* edition—on miserable paper (even for *that* country)—a *first* volume of one or two of his works—the second *volume* following, at an interval—perhaps of years—the second *edition* never—never, even to this hour.—Yet will these people talk of their *native* literature.

There has never been; or, as the QUARTERLY would have it—there has *not ever* been, any second edition, of anything that Brown ever wrote—in America, we mean. We say this, with some positiveness (notwithstanding the most unprofitable uproar lately made about him there,—for which we shall give the reasons, before we have done with Brother Jonathan—cut where it may—hit or miss)—because we *know*, that, very lately, it was impossible to find, even in the circulating libraries of his native city (Philadelphia) any complete edition of his works:—Because we *know*, that, when they are found, anywhere (in America) they are odd volumes—of the *same* edition, so far as we can judge—printed 'all of a heap'—or samples of some *English edition*:—Because a young Maryland lawyer told OURSELF, not long ago, that he had been offered an armful of Brown's novels—(by a relation of Brown's family)—which were lying about in a garret, and *had* been lying about, in the same place, the Lord knows how long—if he would carry them away—or, as he said, 'tote 'em off, ye see.' But, being a shrewd young fellow—not easily 'cotch;' having heard about an executor *de son tort*, for meddling with a dead man's goods—and suspecting some trick (like the people, to whom crowns were offered, on a wager, at sixpence a-piece,) he cocked his eye—pulled his hat over one ear—screwed up his mouth, and walked off, whistling 'Tain't the truck for trowsers, tho'—

Some years ago, WE took up CHARLES BROCKDEN BROWN; disinterred him; embalmed him; did him up, decently; and put him back again—(that is—one of US did so.)—Since then, poor Brown has had no peace, for his countrymen. We opened upon the North American creature—making him break cover; and riding after him, as if he were worth our while. *Then*—but never till then—(we were the first)—did they give tongue, on the other side of the Atlantic.—We puffed him a little. They have blown him up—'sky-high.'—We went up to him, reverently—they, head-over-heels. We flattered him somewhat—for he deserved it; and was atrociously neglected. But they have laid it on with a trowel.—He would never have been heard of, but for us.—They are determined, now, that we shall never hear of anything else.—We licked him into shape: they have slobbered him—as the anaconda would a buffaloe (if she could find one)—till one cannot bear to look at him. We pawed him over, till he was able to stand alone—in his own woods—they—till he can neither stand nor go; till we should not know our own cub, if we saw him.

The talking about him began, clumsily enough—and, as usual, with a most absurd circumspection, in the North American Review: All the newspapers followed—of course—all the magazines—tag, rag, and bob-tail: And then, just in the nick of time, came out proposals from a New-Yorker, to publish a handsome edition of BROWN'S NOVELS; at less, we believe, than one dollar (4s. 6d.) a-volume—'worthy of him—worthy of the age——and—worthy of America,'—by *subscription*.

There the matter ended. Nothing more was done—of course. The family were scattered—very likely to the four winds of heaven;—and what if there *was* a niece living in Philadelphia—*that* was no business of theirs. They talked about his books; but nobody thought of subscribing. They called him the "Scott" of America—and there the matter ended.

It was one thing to make a noise; another to pay money. His countrymen had kicked up a dust, about his grave—talked of the "star-spangled banner"—and what more would

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would not have sold for *fifty* in MS.——Think of that—when Mr Irving gets *fifteen hundred pounds*—for the *second edition*—of some tolerable stories, which altogether, would not make *one* volume of a Yankee novel.

ye expect of *his* countrymen? The whole community were up in arms—people were ready to go a pilgrimage to his birth-place—if there were no toll to pay—but not one in a million can tell, to this hour, where he was born—where he lived—where he died—or what he has written. They had ransacked the circulating libraries, anew; looked into such of his novels, as they could find, most of them for the first time, and the "balance," for the last time; dried out the grease—righted the leaves—wrote over the margins—dog-eared what was agreeable—hurried through a part—skipped the rest—smuttied their fingers—paid a 'fippenny bit' a-head—and what more would you have?

They had bragged of their national spirit, as being unexampled—(they were right—it *is* unexampled): of their national genius, which had been able to "*extort*" praise from us——in spite of our teeth;—they had made a plenty of noise about poor Brown; hurraed, like fine fellows, for American literature——and what more would any reasonable man—who knows them thoroughly—desire?

Brown wrote Arthur Mervyn; Edgar Huntly; Clara Howard; Wieland; Jane Talbot; Ormond; and some papers, which have since been collected, and called the Bibloquist.

Clara Howard and Jane Talbot are mere newspaper novels; sleepy, dull common-sense—very absolute prose—nothing more.

Arthur Mervyn is remarkably well managed, on many accounts; and miserably in others. It was the first, the germ of all his future productions. Walbeck was *himself*——he never equalled him, afterwards—though he did play him off, with a new name and a new dress, in every new piece. Explanations were designed—half-given, but never finished: machinery, half disclosed—and then forgotten, or abandoned.—Brown intended, at some future day, to explain the schoolmaster, that seduced the sister of Mervyn, into Walbeck:—Incidents are introduced, with great emphasis, which lead nowhere—to nothing; and, yet, are repeated in successive works.——Thus—(we speak only from recollection—and have not seen one of the books for many a year)—in Arthur Mervyn, Edgar Huntly, and, perhaps, in Jane Talbot, a sum of money comes into the possession of "another person"—who converts it, under strong temptation, to his own use.——Let us pass on.

Edgar Huntly was the second essay—Ormond, the last. About Wieland we are not very certain. These three are unfinished, irregular, surprising affairs. All are remarkable for vividness, circumstantiality, and startling disclosures, here and there: yet all are full of perplexity—incoherence—and contradiction. Sometimes, you are ready to believe that Brown had made up the whole stories, in his own mind, before he had put his pen to the paper; at others, you would swear that he had either never seen, or forgotten, the beginning, before he came to the end, of his own story. You never know, for example, in Edgar Huntly, whether ——— an Irishman, whose name we forget—a principal character, is, or is *not*, a murderer. Brown, himself, seems never to have made up his own mind on that point. So—in Wieland—you never know whether Brown is, or is not, in earnest—whether Wieland was, or was not, supernaturally made away with. So—in Ormond—who *was* the secret witness?—to what purpose?—What a miserable catastrophe it is——Quite enough to make anybody sick of puling explanations.—Now, all this mystery is well enough, when you understand the author's *intention*. Byron leaves a broken chain—for us to guess by—when his Corsair is gone. We *see* that he scorns to explain. Byron is mysterious—Brown only perplexing. Why?—Because Brown undertakes to explain; and fails. Brown might have refused as Byron did. We should have liked him, if he had, all the better for it; as we do Byron. But we shall never forgive him, or any other man, dead or alive, who skulks out of any undertaking, with an air—as if not he, but other people are to be pitied.——We have our eye on a case, in point; but—no matter now.

Brown wanted material. What little he found, though it had all the tenuity of pure gold, he drew out, by one contrivance and another, till it disappeared in his own hands. So long as it would bear its own weight, he would never let go of it; and, when it broke—he would leave off spinning, for a time, as if his heart had broken with it. He would seem to have al-

ways taken up a new piece before he had thrown off the old one (we do not mean that Old One, whom it is rather difficult for any author to throw off, after he has once given himself up to, the harlotry of the imagination)—to have clung, always, to one or two favourite ideas—the Ventriloquist—and the yellow fever——as if they were his nest-eggs: one might have written, with as much propriety, at the *end* of any story that he ever wrote, as in almost any part of it—after the fashion of Magazines—"TO BE CONTINUED." This grew, of course, out of a system which prevailed, then—and is now taking a new shape in the twopenny publication of costly works, by the number. He was a story-teller by profession. Like ****** He knew, very well—as did Hajji Baba—that nobody will pay for a joke, if he can help it; that, lunging point foremost, with an epigram—is like running hilt first with a small sword; that no man likes working for a dead horse; that, if you want your pay for a fat story, you must go round with your hat, before you have come to the knob. He was a magazine writer; and rather 'cute. There was no stealing *his* bait. If you nibbled, you were in, for the whole—like a woman in love—hook, trap, and all. Money-lenders; gamblers; and subscribers to a story—which is "*to be continued*," nobody knows how long, are all in the same pickle. They must lend more; play higher; and shell out, again—or all that has been done, goes for nothing. You must have the last part of a story—or the first, is of no use to you: (this very article, now, is a pretty illustration)—our author knew this. He never let go of more than one end of a story, at a time—even when he had sold out. It is amusing to see how entirely he would forget where his own traps lay—while he was forging bait; his own hooks, while he was counterfeiting the flies. The curious box—broken to pieces, at night, so mysteriously (in the SLEEP WALKER) is in point. We could cite fifty more cases. The SECRET WITNESS is hardly anything else, but a similar box—knocked apart, in a mysterious manner—the Lord knows wherefore. So with WIELAND: In every case, you leave off, in a tease—a sort of uncomfortable, fidgetting, angry perplexity—ashamed of the concern, that you have shewn—and quite in a huff with him—very much as if you had been running yourself to death—in a hot wind—after a catastrophe—with the tail soaped.

Yet, our conclusion respecting CHARLES BROCKDEN BROWN, is this. He was the Godwin of America. Had he lived here—or anywhere, but in America—he would have been one of the most capital story-tellers—in a serious way, that ever lived. As it is, there is no one story of his, which will be remembered or read, after his countrymen shall have done justice to the genius that is really among them. They have enough of it—and of the right sort—if they will only give it fair play. Let them remember that no man will be great, unless he work hard; that no man will work hard, unless he is obliged—and that those who do so work, cannot afford to work for nothing, and find themselves. It would be well for his countrymen to profit by—not imitate—we despise imitation even of what is excellent—it would be well for them to profit by his example. We want once more, before we die, to look upon the face of a real North American. God send that we may!

Brown's personal appearance was remarkable. He was a tall man—with a powerful frame—and little or no flesh. It was impossible to pass him, in the street, without stopping to look at him. His pale, sallow, strange complexion; straight black hair—"black as death;" the melancholy, broken-hearted look of his eyes; his altogether extraordinary face—if seen once, was never to be forgotten. He would be met, week after week—month after month—before he died, walking to and fro, in some unfrequented street of his native town, for hours and hours together—generally at a very early time in the morning—lost in thought, and looking like a ship-wrecked man. Nobody knew him—nobody cared for him—(till WE took up his cause)—he was only an author—yet, when we have described him, everybody in Philadelphia will recollect him. After having walked, in this way, for several hours, he would return to his desolate, miserable, wretched family, and fall to writing, as if he had not another hour to live. We do not know his age—nor the time of his death, precisely. But it must have been about

1813—and he was not far from 35. He went off in a lingering consumption, with a broken heart—and a spirit absolutely crushed.

I saw him, said Mr SULLY, the painter, whom we have given a sketch of, in our August number—I saw him, a little time before his death. I had never known him—never heard of him—never read any of his works. He was in a deep decline. It was in the month of November—our Indian summer—when the air is full of smoke. Passing a window, one day—I was caught by the sight of a man—with a remarkable physiognomy—writing, at a table, in a dark room. The sun shone directly upon his head. I never shall forget it. The dead leaves were falling, then—it was Charles Brockden Brown.

IRVING, in his "TALES," has purloined a head, and a scene, from Brown—probably, without knowing it; as Brown purloined from Godwin—if so—why, so much the better for all parties. It has been the rage of late. In WIELAND, there is a description of a murderer's face, appearing in a deserted house—at night. Irving makes *direct* use of this head, in the negro, looking over the rock; and, *indirectly*, in his account of the picture, which, in its frightful distinctness, is not only very like Brown, but wholly unlike Irving. Yet, what are we to expect of a "traveller" who does not even pretend to know his own property; whose "trunk," as he says himself, is full only of odds and ends—belonging to other people? Geoffrey used once, to remind us, in his veneration for the antique, of the man who had an old jack-knife, which he held in *such* veneration—that, in progress of time, he put—first a handle to it—and then a blade: Now, he reminds us of a very dear friend, who complains, that he never says a good thing, but he is in doubt, immediately, about its being his own; is always fancying that he must have read it, or seen it, or heard of it, before—and what is harder yet—he says, "whenever I whisper the thing, to my particular friends—they always appear to think so, too." It *is* a deplorable case, to be sure. More of Irving, however, in due season; and yet we cannot give him the go-by, without a question or two. Geoffrey is a devilish good fellow after all, in the genteel-comedy way; and, sometimes, in broad quiet humour, as we mean to shew, after our own fashion, by and by. But—but—if we are not mistaken, he wrote a very fine thing, about Mr T. CAMPBELL, in America—by way of *introduction* to Mr C.'s *poetry*. Mr I. then came over the water; or, as they say on t'other side—"came out"—and Mr C. wrote some very pretty thing—in London—about Mr I., of course. Mr I. then wrote a paper or two—could he do less?—for the NEW MONTHLY. But—now, we are coming to it—and if it *be* true, it *is* too bad—we speak only from hearsay, not having seen the NEW MONTHLY of late; they *do* say that a certain "*some* periodical," which Geoffrey had been *told* about, or heard of, but had never seen—as containing a certain story, "in print," which Geoffrey himself tells, and, they *do* say, spoils in telling—*is* the NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE itself, edited by Mr T. CAMPBELL himself. If so, what a predicament! how very uncomfortable for some folks!

But let us finish with BROWN. IRVING is not alone under this charge of purloining from him—his face and eyes.—There are NEAL and COOPER—both of them have stolen his catamounts, and played the devil with his Indians. NEAL, however, is content with "catching the idea"—and working it up, till it scratches his own fingers. But Cooper—so far as he can—steals the broom ready made! Neal is altogether too much of a poet. He overdoes everything—pumps the lightning into you, till *he* is out of breath, and *you*, in a blaze.—In his lucid intervals, he appears to be a very sensible fellow; but, in his paroxysms—there is not a page of his, that wouldn't take fire, in a high wind. He writes volume after volume, to the tune of three or four a-month; hardly one of which it is possible to read through: and yet, we could hardly open at a passage, without finding some evidence of extraordinary power—prodigious energy—or acute thinking. He is, undeniably, the most original writer, that America has produced—thinks himself the cleverest fellow in America—and does not scruple to say so.—He is in Europe now.

So, with COOPER. The only catamount, that ever he ventured upon, was a tame one, which had escaped out of Brown's clutches, first, with

his nails paired; and out of Neal's office, at last, with a bell on.—However—all in good time. We shall soon come to him; and if people wish it, knock up the whole alphabet of American writers, sixteen to the dozen, in a couple of hours.

Carey—Matthew: An Irishman: formerly the most respectable publisher in America; now retired, in favour of his boys. He has written upon everything—always respectably; and, sometimes, with remarkable cleverness. He is a laborious collector of facts; and a good reasoner. His Olive Branch has gone through a dozen or twenty editions in America. It was a political book, which came out "very providentially," and with a good effect—just when the two great parties of the country, were ready to go to loggerheads, and break up the confederacy. It is a disclosure of their "faults on both sides." Another work of his, about Ireland, with a *Latin title*—which we beg leave to forget—is a book which might be republished here to advantage. It is full of historical facts; and, allowing a little for the superfluous heat of an Irishman, where the wrongs of his country are concerned, we would speak of it, as a book, which might be read, *at home*, with serious advantage.

Coffin—a Yankee: writes under the title of "the Boston Bard."—Phœbus, as Lord Byron says—Phœbus, what a name!—We have seen so much of his poetry, of late years, in the American papers, that we are half afraid, now, to open one,—unless our fingers are fire-proof:—and, whenever we find a piece with his name to it—we always cut it out—at arm's length—and put it by. It saves phosphorus:—and is useful in many ways, as in lighting segars, &c. &c. Still, however—we do confess, (rather reluctantly,) that we have seen some poetry of his, which *was* beautiful and sincere.—We don't happen to recollect any, now; and, if we did, would not quote it, believing that some of our own, though not counted off, will read better, here. So—pass him over to immortality.

Coleman—Ed. New York Evening Post: a lawyer: a pretty clever fellow, in his way: a good law reporter—but, in the *belles lettres* business, about which he is eternally gossiping to the annoyance of everybody, but his own family,—in that 'are matter, as a Yankee would say, he cuts thick on the skull, I guess.—Some twenty-five years ago, he was delivered of half a pair of twins—and is doing well, yet; although the other half has never appeared.—Mr Jefferson, himself, was the father—and the midwife. The half that *was* born, is a very respectable affair; and is christened Lex Mercatoria Americana—Vol. II.—We should hardly mention Dr C., were he not considered by the people of New York—rather high authority—in polite literature. Nothing *can* be more unfortunate, either for Dr C.; the people of New York; or polite literature;—for, to speak plainly—after the manner of men—(the men of old Kentuck)—his notions, about that 'are sort o' truck, are a little of the damn'dest.

Comedies—See Drama. No such thing in America. One Mr White has written two or three; but we have never seen or read them. They are spoken well of—in America.

Cooper—Novelist: formerly a midshipman in the United States navy: wrote Precaution; The Spy; The Pioneers; and The Pilot.—Style without peculiarity—brilliancy, or force—very much improved of late: considerable dramatick power; very fine talents in filling up a picture:—imitates the great Scotch Novelist—not so much, in any one thing—as altogether: has done his best.—Precaution is mere newspaper stuff.—There is hardly a fine passage in it—with which *our* memory is afflicted. The Spy—the most popular novel ever produced in that country, by a native, is very good—as a whole: but rather too full of stage-tricks and clap-traps. Thus, the Spy himself—(who is a failure, by the way—a dead hum—anything might have been made of him, after the allusion to his father—nothing *is*)—appears whenever he is *not* expected—it is a pretty rule in the drama—bad in a novel: and swallows, among other matters, a protection, given *to* save his life—just when the time arrives, *for* which it was given; and where nothing else *can* save him:—the disguises; the pathos; the love-parts; the heroicks—are all contemptible. In other matters, it is a capital novel. Pioneers—(observe the order in which these works have appeared—it looks well, for a young author,

who grows bold with success)—a heavy piece of repetition in all the best characters: some noble scenes: and a pretty considerable share of lead. LEATHER-STOCKING is true—WE have known such a fellow.—PILOT—have never read it properly: style greatly improved—some passages quite beyond Cooper—beyond our hopes of him, we mean. Mr C. is a man of sober talent—nothing more. There are no fine individualities about him. Nobody would know a work of his, by the work, itself. Talk as you please about *mannerism*. Extraordinary power *cannot* conceal itself. The stature of a giant *cannot* be hidden.

DANCE—a Yankee—a lawyer, of course; Editor of the NORTH AMERICAN; ruined himself—and well nigh damned the work, by a beautiful article on HAZLITT'S POETS, (1819)—EVERETT followed him, in the office—a bad one—little pay, and hard work;—one gets more kicks than coppers, in it. Dance is pure, and sound—uncommon genius—very lazy—*very*—hangs fire—is timid; and, when he has a chance for a dead shot, shuts the wrong eye: wrote the IDLE MAN; a sleepy, strong, quiet, indolent paper. He has written, altogether, in many years, about as much as he should have written, with his ability, in one month. Like BRYANT, he *will* "carve heads upon cherry-stones"—simpletons—who cares for the otto of prose?

X. Y. Z.

MEMOIRS OF JOSEPH BRASBRIDGE.*

"Quacks put forth bills; Jackpuddings make harangues;
And thief at Tyburn talks before he hangs."
"Oh, this writing and reading!"

IT is a terrible thing, to be sure, for the peace and quietness of a neighbourhood, when a gentleman, who has lived fifty years in it, makes up his mind to tell all that he knows about everybody. Friend or foe, such a rogue sees no distinction of persons. Saint or sinner, your only hope is never having seen him in all your life. Whether you have fired his house, or cajoled his cookmaid—married his niece, or stood godfather to his son Jacky—so that he does but know your name,—even though he can't spell it,—the loquacious tale-spinner will have a touch at you.

But the suffering of the few is the gain of the many. He who inhabits at No. 98, in Fleet Street, can hardly write two hundred pages about what happens from No. 1 to No. 97; about the wart, for instance, that appeared, in the year of the comet, upon the top of Mrs Tickletoby's nose—or the corn that was cut every Wednesday, all the war, upon Sir John Go-by-the-ground's great toe, without adding something to the entertainment of the pleasant many, who are always ready to laugh, and don't much care whom, or what, they laugh at. It was well said by a great philosopher, (Dr Colquhoun, or some such other "learned Theban,") that one half the world might "burst in ignorance," for all it knows about the affairs and arrangements of the other. Some curious people, perhaps, were *au fait* in the details of Dyot Street. Here and there one might have a guess as to those of Bond Street; but who, until the appearance of friend Brasbridge's octavo, knew anything about Cheapside, or Ludgate-Hill? The Mayor of Garratt used to pass for a good, pleasant farce; but who took it for a piece of veritable biography? We laughed, all of us, about the "Nightingale Club," and the party at "the Nag's Head in the Poultry;" but who ever guessed that "Major Molasses," or "Master Muzzel," had a being independent of Samuel Russell, or Robert William Elliston? When the world heard of "The Deputy's" being "knocked down" for a "song," did it ever suspect that the joyous strain was actually elicited? or, when the glass of "salt and water" was called for,—we put this to society at large,—did anybody ever sup-

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* Memoirs of Joseph Brasbridge, written in his 80th year. 1 vol. octavo. Printed for the author, and sold by Simpkin and Marshall.

pose that, under such circumstances, actual deglutition ever took place?

Why, in plain candour, we ourselves, who know everything, knew nothing about haberdashers, walking-stick traders, and brace-makers. We were free, in our youth, of the straw-bonnet shops, and knew a trifle of the "millinery;" but we have walked along the Strand for weeks together, (*qua* the hosiers,) in a state of the most unsatisfactory uninformation. There was an open shop to be seen, and a counter, and a wigsby, and sometimes a wife (behind the counter) every morning. And there was the same shop shut up, and the wigsby and wife no longer behind the counter, every evening.

But we fancied, and dreamed, and speculated, over, and over, and over again, about what could be acted in the region beyond "the shop"—in the kitchen, the garret, the scullery, the beer-cellar, or the best bed-room! How was it (this was a point we never could resolve) that people who snipped ribbon came to be "lord-mayors" and "aldermen?"—Cheesemongers!—of what material, and how constructed?—their instincts, habits, length of life, disorders?—The race, how continued?—Oviparous, or viviparous?—We shall actually make up our minds to fill up this *hiatus* in the Encyclopedic information. To take a particular specimen, (say of the "mercer,") and pursue it through all its revolutions and gradations.—"Dicky!"—"Sprinkle the front in a minute, sir."—Shew you your silk in a minute, miss."—"*My* name is Twiddletape, ma'am!"—This went direct to the "Common Council," the "Shrievalty," and the "Mansion House." But then, that irregularity in the species puzzled us; the commencement, not as "'prentice," but as "errand boy!" and the passage thence, first to "porter," then to "clerk;" and so, by a kind of back-stairs promotion, to the heights of state and dignity. In short, the very truth is—two, that *were* "living men," and button-makers, had already, in defiance of laws and iron coffins, been turned inside out. We were farther, in our philosophic fury, meditating experiments upon the living linen, or other draper; and had actually given orders about kidnapping an old gentleman who keeps a stocking-shop just east of Temple-Bar,* that we might take a peep at his internals for the benefit of his country, when, by the grace of God, to spare us this painful task, up starts Mr Joseph Brasbridge, *ci-devant* silversmith of Fleet Street; and, after living in the bowels of St Bride's parish for fifty years, quits his "prison house," and sits down to expose the secrets of it.

"Oh! (once more) this writing and reading!" It debauches all ranks and all intellects. Here is a gentleman now lives to the ripe age of eighty, and yet must twaddle "in boards" before he dies. Example, villainous example! He reads the London Magazine—we know he does—it could never be else.—But, to the purpose.

"Sweet," says the poet, "are the uses of adversity!" ay, and very strange they are sometimes too; for sorrow, in more than one sense, may make a man a "sad dog!" and even so it was with our friend Brasbridge, who, had he never been grievous, as he tells us, would never have been gay. He "starts in business"—"towards the end of the year 1770," with every danger of becoming a sober, careful tradesman. The dignity of constable seems to wait upon him; and that of churchwarden one does not see how he can escape.

But fate relents; he may not be obscure. A domestic grief—"*Dry* sorrow drinks our blood!" and what can we do but drink negus in return? Our friend musters his manhood, blows his nose, damns the gravy spoons, and sends "Dr." and "Cr." to the devil; takes to "the Pewter Platter," and "the Cheshire Cheese," and posterity marks him for its own.†

But the first of the glories which our author records, and of which *part*

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* All our friends will know this shop; there are hats sold in it, as well as night-caps; and we recollect the same four beavers in the window ever since the riots in 1780. We said that the house was *east* of Temple-Bar, to mislead public curiosity; but in reality it is just *west*.

† "Posterity *marks* him!"—Flat Munster.—C. N.

magna he himself was undoubtedly, is the glory of the "Highflyer Club," which was held at the "Turf Coffee House," and of which every member, if he did not reach to the "top of the tree," seems to have done his best to do it. There was Mr Tattersall, the grandfather of the present sporting character—"beloved by all who knew him." Whitfield, the comedian—"with only one weakness," his attachment to the letters T. B.," which stood for "T'other bottle." Then there was "Mr Colburn of the Treasury," "whose very look inspired cheerfulness and good humour." "Bob Tetherington"—(Ah! Port was a liquor then!)—"as merry a fellow as ever sat in a chair," and "Owen, the confectioner," who used to "write songs, and sing them!"—James Smith—egad, Theodore Hook, would never have got three bars together out against him.

This shining character, we learn with horror, (page 16 only,) was on the point of being lost to good company for ever. Coming from Margate by the "Hoy," and after reaching all the way to Blackfriars Bridge in safety, he mistakes the platform "for the stairs," and is on the point of tumbling into the water. This consummation, however, is happily frustrated by the energy of Mr Brasbridge himself, who "calls out" at the critical moment, and he of the comfits is preserved. Upon the recollection of which achievement, our friend's *bonhommie* seems to expand; and he overflows at once with several anecdotes to prove that "benevolent actions" always "bring their own reward."

Of this truth (says he) I will give an instance or two, directly, though only in trifling matters, that happened to myself.—

"I was going into the pit of Drury-lane theatre, and chanced to arrive at the door at the very same moment with the late Mr Chilcot and his son. He had just had his pocket picked of all the money he had about him. The door-keeper would not admit him without he would leave his watch as a deposit. I begged him to permit me to pay six shillings for him and his son; he desired to know where he could repay me. 'Never mind that, sir,' I replied: 'when I meet you, I will ask you for the money.' He would not, however, accept my offer, without receiving my address; I therefore gave him it, at 98, Fleet Street. The next day he brought me the six shillings, and the day following he came again, and gave me an order for plate to the amount of forty or fifty pounds, which I declined; remarking, at the same time, that he was the most grateful man I had ever met with, to think of repaying so trifling a civility in so munificent a manner; and that it almost seemed as if, in offering it, I had an insight into his disposition, and wished to give myself a claim on his kindness, and lead him to buy what he might not want. He assured me that he was actually intending to make the purchase, and merely gave me the preference in laying out the money; and this preference he continued to shew me to the end of his life, always taking every opportunity to serve me."

This is not an unnatural incident, and it is told with some garrulous *naiveté*.

"The next instance of an act of courtesy being repaid a hundred-fold to me, originated in an incident which some might have fretted over, but which I was wise enough to make the best of, at the moment it happened. One day, when my journeyman was left alone in the shop, a person, accompanied by a boy, came into it for a pair of pinchbeck sleeve-buttons, sold at that time for eighteen-pence or two shillings a-pair. When I returned home, I saw that the glass cases which contained a quantity of gold buttons and trinkets, had been cleared of all their contents, even to the cotton that they lay upon. I asked the young man if the shop had been robbed?—till that moment he had not perceived the loss; but he then immediately recollected the man who had come in for the buttons; and, convinced that he was a party concerned, was going to run after him. I would not, however, let him do so, but told him that we would have nothing more to do with that branch of the trade, and that I felt myself much obliged to the man for clearing me of my old stock. Shortly afterwards, a gentleman came in to purchase a pair of sleeve-buttons, having lost one of his own in the street: I told him I had given up selling them, but that he was welcome to take a pair if he would accept them. He said he wanted two pair. I told him he was welcome to ten, if he liked them. He

accordingly took two pair, expressed his thanks, and departed.—Some months after, he came again, with a very elegant woman, who was, I found, his wife. He asked me if I recollected him; I told him I certainly had had the honour of seeing him in my shop before, but I could not recollect precisely when. He then reminded me of the sleeve-buttons, and added, 'Since that time, sir, I have had the misfortune to have my house burnt down; but why should I call it a misfortune, since at least it affords me an opportunity of shewing my gratitude: I have brought my wife, Lady Catherine Stanhope, here, to give you an order for plate, feeling assured that you will use her well.'"

This matter can hardly take rank, we are afraid, under the head of "benevolence;" but the next is one which does our silversmith honour.

"One instance farther only I will relate, and that more to recommend forbearance and lenity of judgment to tradesmen, who may find themselves similarly situated with myself, than to draw attention to my own behaviour. An elegant woman came into the shop one day, and asked to look at some trinkets. She did not find the sort she particularly wanted; but when she left the shop, I missed a valuable one, which my journeyman was certain she must have taken. I was of his opinion with respect to the fact, but I was not less certain that it was unconsciously; and, at any rate, I resolved that she should never hear any more about it from me. Just as I was saying so to my journeyman, the lady herself came back in the utmost agitation. She had discovered the trinket hanging to the lace of her cloak, which had most probably caught it up whilst she was stooping over the case to examine the articles. I told her, that, though I had not the honour of knowing her, yet her countenance and manners sufficiently convinced me, that any action that might have appeared wrong in her must be purely the effect of accident."

We now leave the "Highflyer" Club, for the "Christopher," at Eton, to which house our historian rides on a Sunday, to go out with the King's stag-hounds on Monday. A man who hunts will have to buy horses; and a man who has to buy horses will be taken in. This happens to Mr Brasbridge, who tries a cause against a dealer before Mr Justice Mansfield. His lordship's judgment, in matters pertaining to the stable, is treated rather irreverently; but (with your biographer) all is fish that comes to net—if a judge had ordered our author to be driven in the tread-mill, as he went round, he would have told an anecdote about him.

"Lord Mansfield was very desirous of long life, and, whenever he had old men to examine, he generally asked them what their habits of living had been. To this interrogatory an aged person replied, that he had never been drunk in his life. 'See, gentlemen,' said his lordship, turning to the younger barristers, 'what temperance will do.' The next, of equally venerable appearance, gave a very different account of himself; he had not gone to bed sober one night for fifty years. 'See, my lord,' said the young barristers, 'what a cheerful glass will do.' 'Well, gentlemen,' replied his lordship, 'it only proves, that some sorts of timber keep better when they are wet, and others when they are dry.'"

This is not quite a first-rate joke; but, in public assemblies, a little wit goes a long way.

At the "Christopher," at "Eton," as at the "Highflyer" Club, we meet a goodly company. There is "Mr Ramsbottom," the "brewer and distiller," who takes a most astonishing leap over a new staked hedge. "Honest Tom Pope," the "Etonian bookseller," of whom there was "an admirable portrait at Stationers' Hall." The same worthies appertain too, it appears, to a "card club," at the "Crown and Rolls, Chancery Lane;" which is commemorated by an incident more tragic than those hitherto related.

"Another member of this club was a Mr Russell, a very steady gentlemanly man, who never could be prevailed upon to bet half-a-crown, and yet he finally ruined himself by gambling. A country gentleman came to lodge with him whilst the lottery was drawing; he brought a good round sum of money with him, and took back three times as much. His way of making it was by insuring a certain number of tickets in the lottery, and, if they did not come up by a particular day, his insurance money was dou-

bled or trebled; the next year he came again, and by representing his scheme as absolutely certain of success, poor Russell was induced to join him. Fortune, however, frowned upon the partnership; they lost everything; the projector cut his throat; but Russell sold a reversionary interest he had in an estate to make up his losses, and ventured into the field once more with a person of the name of G—, who had been his shopman. They laid a scheme for gaining in London the earliest intelligence of the state of the lottery in Dublin, by means of G—, who was a light weight and a good horseman. He went over to Dublin, and waited for the drawing of the first slip: as soon as that was drawn he set off; and the tide happening to suit, he got on to Chester, where his horse was waiting for him; relays were planted on the road; he galloped off to London, and arrived there a day and a half before the express could reach it, on account of having to wait till the day's drawing was closed, as well as from the extraordinary speed G— had used. He and Russell had not, however, money enough between them to insure a sufficient number of undrawn tickets to mix with the others. Of course, suspicion was awakened, detection took place, and the office would only return them what they had actually paid."

Eventually, poor Russell, in his turn, commits suicide; and this carries our author to "the Globe, in Fleet Street," which, conjointly with a sixpenny card club, held at the "Queen's Arms, in St Paul's Churchyard," give rise to a great variety of interesting reminiscences. There is much chuckling over a "Mr Goodwin, of St Paul's Churchyard, a woollen-draper, whose constant salutation, when he first came down stairs in the morning, was, to his shop, in these words, 'Good morrow, Mr Shop; you'll take care of me, Mr Shop, and I'll take care of you.'"

"Mr Curtis, a respectable stationer, who, from very small beginnings, left his son ninety thousand pounds in one line, besides an estate of near three hundred a-year," is also referred to in terms of high respect.

And the Reverend Doctor Cozens, an "elegant writer," and "admired preacher," in his day, (who assisted Mr Brasbridge in drawing up his advertisements,) shews an acquaintance with the science of quackery, which, if he had but been a doctor of medicine, would have made him the greatest man in the world.

Page 50 drops us for a moment into "The Free and Easy under the Rose;" founded "sixty years since, at the sign of the Queen's Arms," still in St Paul's Churchyard.

This house "was originally kept by Bates, who was never so happy as when standing behind a chair with a napkin under his arm; but, arriving at the dignity of Alderman, tucking in the calipash and calipee himself, instead of handing it round to the company, soon did his business."

Anon, too, we get a pleasant allusion to another house—the "Spread Eagle in the Strand," famous for the resort of young men after the theatre; of which the landlord (honest soul!) used facetiously to observe, "that his was a very uncommon set of customers, for what with hanging, drowning, and natural deaths, he had a change every six months."

But all this was about the time of the French Revolution; and even the discussions at "The Free and Easy under the Rose" lapse now and then into a sort of political tendency.

A member named "Darwin," who is accounted not so wise quite as King Solomon, brings an inflammatory paper one evening into the room, entitled, "The Farce of the Guillotine, with the King's head in a basket." Our author, however, whose public opinions, it is only justice to say, seem always to have been of the most orthodox description, "rings the bell," and desires the waiter to "go for the city marshal." At this terrible name only, sedition becomes aghast; Mr Darwin makes a precipitate retreat with the King's head, basket and all; and is content to mulct himself in "a dinner for six," by way of being reconciled to the society.

The same Darwin "was very intimate with Mr Figgins, a wax-chandler in the Poultry, who was also a member of the 'Free and Easy.' They almost always entered the room together, and, from the inseparable nature of their friendship, I gave them the names of Liver and Gizzard; and they were ever afterwards called the Liver

and Gizzard of the Common Council. Mr Figgins had afterwards the honour of receiving knighthood from the fair hand of Miss Boydell, when her uncle, that worthy patron of the arts, was the Lord Mayor, and she officiated as Lady Mayoress. She called him up to her, and said, 'Now, Mr Figgins, I will knight you;' and, giving him a smart rap with her fan over his head, which would have very safely borne a blow from a much heavier weapon, she said, 'Rise up, Sir Benjamin;' all the company laughed heartily, and Sir Benjamin retained his title among his acquaintance ever after."

This is a charming little *souvenir*; and cannot fail to be agreeable to all the parties mentioned. Mr Figgins is the gentleman who stated somewhere, that *red herrings* were caught in the *Red* sea.

But the deuce is in these politics when they get into the Free and Easys. Friend Brasbridge, though he is on the right side, becomes almost as impertinent, sometimes, as if he were in the wrong. A certain Mr Lothroi, a Frenchman, gets into the club, who appears to Mr Brasbridge to be a "very suspicious character"—he "strongly suspects" him of being in England, "without a proper licence." Under these circumstances, he does what he thinks his "duty," and what most of his neighbours seem to think rather officious; he sends in earnest for the "city marshal" this time, and delivers up *Monsieur* to be taken before the Lord Mayor. Mr Lothroi gives a satisfactory account of himself at the mansion-house, and is discharged, (which is not exactly the sort of termination which one man who has brought a charge against another desires.)

A little disposition to be *Monsieur de Trop* in people's affairs, does seem, however, to form part of our worthy citizen's character. He has a cousin —*one* "Mrs Lewis," a lady of some property, who takes a fancy (but third persons must be interfering) to an honest gentleman of no property at all.

"The case," to tell it in Mr Brasbridge's own words, was this—

"I was informed by a person, who had in fact introduced the parties to each other, that my good cousin was in danger of making a match with a man every way very much her inferior. I immediately set off for Bath, and bolted in upon the parties, who were sitting in the comfortable enjoyment of a *tete-a-tete*. I stated very roundly the business I had come about; the gentleman stormed and blustered, the lady trembled and began to weep; but, however, she had prudence enough left, to think that it was better to remain in a state of widowhood, than to make a match such as I shewed her this was likely to prove. Had the gentleman been from a sister kingdom, I might have expected a bullet in my thorax for my interference."

This, perhaps, might have happened.

"If I had been called out, I should have chosen little Deputy Harding for my second, because, if a tree had been near, he could have sheltered himself behind it. Happily for us both, however, no satisfaction was demanded, except defraying the lawyer's bill, for drawing up the writings, and the coachmaker's, for erasing the widow's lozenge, and quartering her arms with those of her intended bridegroom upon the carriage: the liveries were also to be paid for, and the expenses of sundry excursions into the country, and parties of pleasure, in which the enamoured couple had probably formed their plans of future felicity. The sum total of all these damages, the wear and tear of hearts not included, was sixty pounds; and, this being settled, I bore the lady off in triumph, the next day, to London."

This merciless meddler not only takes away the poor woman's husband, but makes her pay for a great supper. She marries somebody else, however, (out of spite,) within four years after.

"We slept the first night at Hungerford; my poor dear cousin declared she had no appetite for any supper; the deputy, therefore, contented himself with ordering a mutton-chop, but when I came in, I desired the landlord to bring his bill of fare, from which I selected, in addition, a couple of chickens, some sausages, and a tart. 'And, pray, who is to pay for all this?' inquired my cousin, who was always an economist, or else she would not have amassed such a fortune as to make her worth looking after, mind that, reader.—'You, to be sure,' I replied; 'who else ought? Have I not left my shop, and run away a hundred miles

from it, all for your sake, and to look after your interests?"

Years go round, however, and either the politics, or the necessity for looking after the old woman, or God knows it might be the stag-hunting, and the brandy and water; but something or other has induced Mr Brasbridge all this while, to be transferring the "cares" of his shop, (*i. e.* we presume, the conduct of it,) to his eldest "prentice." The result our readers may imagine! Mr Ashforth, the "prentice," has, himself, a taste for the "Free and Easy." He dresses; learns to sing a song; and becomes paramount, upon the *pavé*, from "the wax-work" shop, down to Waithman's corner.

"His Sunday dinners at the Crown and Anchor cost him a guinea a-time!" says Mr Brasbridge, with a sigh. "He spent twenty shillings (page 68) in one evening for old Hock!"—"He subscribed to many different assemblies; kept an expensive lady, and a fine horse; had his letters addressed, as well became so fashionable a gentleman, To William Ashforth, Esq.;" and "gave his copperplate card," (this was too bad certainly,) at Mr Brasbridge's own shop, "98, Fleet Street."

All this while, our pernicious prentice has the "run of the house," and the "care of the cash." The business, as well it might, gets less and less profitable every day. Our friend owes the rogue's father "five hundred pounds;" which gives him room to boast that "he has his master under his thumb." He rules the roast in the family—sits with his hat on in the shop—and takes no more notice of the rightful silversmith than "of the man that swept the crossing."

The history of the bankruptcy which follows, takes up a good deal of our book; and even the recollection of it seems rather to shake the equanimity of the writer's temper. He takes vehement proceedings against Mr Ashforth, whose port-drinking propensities, he insinuates, had consumed L.1500 of his money. Forty-six pounds, however, is only recovered; and this looks a good deal like a difference in account.

The affair involves him too, and not unnaturally, in little disputes with many whom he had thought his friends.

A "Mr Smith" purchases the lease of his shop, (98, Fleet Street;) "and, by one of the ingenious deceptions too common in modern trade, contrives to interweave the word *late* after his own name in the curve of the B in Brasbridge, so that to the passer-by it appeared as if we were in amicable union of interests; many of my customers frequented the shop as usual, imagining that they were serving me under the firm of Smith and Brasbridge."

This angers Mr Brasbridge, who, in the meantime, had taken a house next door; and a battle accordingly takes place.

"After my name had been up in this doubtful conjunction with Smith for about five years, the house was repainted; and I, thinking I had a right to use my own name as I pleased, begged leave to run up the painter's ladder, when he descended, and efface it with a broom."

Next day, Mr Smith gets the name repainted as conspicuously as possible; and sends the painter to Mr Brasbridge with his bill for the job.

"On my refusing to pay it, he summoned me to the Court of Conscience; and told the commissioners that my name 'stunk' in the parish of St Brides."

The commissioners remark, (according to our friend,) that "Mr Smith himself seems very fond of 'stinking fish;' and advise him to go home to his shop and 'mend his manners.'"

A fire then happens at the "next door" to our friend—not next door at Mr Smith's, but next door (we like to be accurate) the other way. Mr Walker, upon this, a sugar-baker, who had lent L.200 on Mr Brasbridge's lease, sends, in a sort of manner, to hint that restitution would be agreeable. "This," says Mr Brasbridge, was what I call "keeping an eye upon the thimble." But he pays him off, as usual, with an anecdote—

"I remember John, (Mr Walker,) when he was shopman with a grocer and chandler in Wells Street, Rag Fair, for a stipend of L.16 per annum, which he thought himself very happy to get. He died worth L.200,000, most assuredly not gained by lending money on doubtful security."

Again, when Mr Makepeace, of Sale Street, won't sell our biographer a pair of candlesticks, we find that he is "as much degenerated from his excellent

father in feeling, as he is in stature and appearance."

Mr Blades, too, the glass-man, displeased our author in acting as his assignee; accordingly it is noted, that "he was brought up in an ale-house, by his uncle, who was the landlord of the White Horse, in Carnaby Market."

We defend people, however, sometimes.

"I must beg leave, however, to say, that Mr Alderman Thomas Smith did *not* go to the dogs. He left to his two sons and an amiable daughter the sum of twenty-five thousand pounds among them. And to prove that I think it no disparagement for a man to rise from a humble station, I will say of this worthy man, (whose memory I respect too much wantonly to throw a stain upon it,) that he was originally servant to a gentleman in Doctors' Commons. He afterwards got an exciseman's place, next kept a public-house, then turned brandy-merchant, ran through the usual routine of civic honours, and finally reached the dignity of Lord Mayor of London."

Page 160, brings us to the time of "the riots," when our author carried arms.

"I was near Mr Kennet the Lord Mayor, who saw the Roman Catholic chapel burnt; and his remark upon it was, 'That's pretty well, gentlemen, for one day; I hope you will now go to your own homes.' Among the rioters, one dressed in a white jacket stood with a pickaxe at the door of Akerman, the keeper of Newgate; he was pretty confidently said to be the infatuated son of a respectable corn-factor; and whilst he thus maintained the post of guard, his companions set fire to the gates of Newgate. I went to the top of St Bride's steeple to see the awful spectacle of the conflagration of the Fleet prison; but the flakes of fire, even at that great height, fell so thickly as to render the situation untenable."

Mr Kennet is rebuked for his pusillanimity; but "he had begun life as a waiter, and his manners never rose above his original station."

Mr Alderman Pugh, the dealer in soap, "Came to town first in the humble capacity of drawer and porter at the Hoop and Bunch of Grapes, in Hatton Garden. He then went to live with Alderman Benn, to take care of his horse and cart; and for his good conduct was admitted as under-clerk in the counting-house; and, being a married man, his master augmented his salary, in the sum of ten pounds, on the birth of every child. He was afterwards taken into partnership, and on the death of his old master, the son not liking his father's business, the whole of it devolved upon him, and he conducted it very prosperously."

Return after this to politics, in the shape of a furious castigation of Waithman the linen-draper, towards whom our author (as a next door neighbour should) seems almost to have been born with an antipathy.

"I believe Mr Waithman made his first essay in 1792 at Founders' Hall, Lothbury, called by some, at that time, the cauldron of sedition: it was during the mayoralty of Sir James Sanderson. Sir James ordered half a dozen constables to bring the spouters before him; but the orators, hearing of their approach, held their tongues, took to their heels, and the assembly instantly dispersed.

"About the same period that Mr Waithman made his debut at Founders' Hall, there was a meeting of merchants, bankers, and traders, held at Merchant-Taylors' Hall. Mr Waithman did not venture to present himself at this meeting. He was not at that time so rash as he afterwards proved himself, when he drew up on Kensington causeway to oppose the heroes of Waterloo. Bearing in mind with Falstaff, that 'Discretion is the better part of valour,' he would not even venture into Grocers' Hall, when a meeting of Mr Pitt's friends was assembled there; but most appropriately mounting a tub in Grocers' Alley, he from it harangued the gaping crowd, who, poor souls, unwittingly gave him credit for the truth of all his assertions."

After this, some ward motes are held; and Mr Brasbridge puts himself forward.

"At one of them, I had the rare good fortune to abash Mr Waithman himself. I demanded to have the resolution read again. After making two or three ineffectual attempts to procure silence, I succeeded in making myself heard; I did not honey my words with the epithets of the worthy or honourable gentleman, but said at once bluntly and plainly, 'Gentlemen, I wish to have the resolution

read again, for the laboured harangue of that person,' pointing to him, 'has put it all out of my head.' A loud laugh throughout the church proclaimed that it had been put out of the heads of all the assembly."

It is not, however, in the Forum only that our author knows how to distinguish himself.

"The citizens had been always in the habit of sweeping the refuse of their shops into the streets; but when an act of Parliament passed to make this punishable, I resolved to do my part towards removing such a nuisance. Accordingly, my eye being attracted by a heap of sweepings from Mr Waithman's shop, I sent the street-keeper to tell him, that I did not wish to do anything unneighbourly, but that if I did not see them removed within two hours, I should call at the Mansion House and lay an information. My hint was effective: the rubbish was speedily removed; and thus my beginning as a reformer, was, at least, as successful as Mr Waithman's."

Great credit is given (page 189) to Alderman Hammerton, for strewing the streets with gravel when the late King went to St Paul's, on recovery from his illness. Indeed, "a very appropriate compliment," says Mr B. "it was from a paviour, who had literally paved a great part of them with his own hands."

The writer himself, too, in this glorious day, fills his house "from the shop to the attic;" and honourable mention is made of "a pipe of wine;" with store of "hams," "fillets of veal," and "rounds of beef," provided for the occasion. This is over and above, the reader should take notice, "eighteen quartern loaves for sandwiches," and "six gallons of cherry bounce for the outside visitors!"

"Whilst of tea, coffee, chocolate, and Le Mans biscuits, I do not suppose any coffee-house in London, on that day, dispatched a greater proportion."

"Mister Evans" is not among the invited on this occasion, and therefore he won't let "Mrs Evans" and "Miss Evans" come!—by which means, says our good host, "I saved (besides the cherry bounce) two places. Mr Evans's politics were of a crooked cast; but retribution awaited him.

"He was in the habit of spending his day at the house called the Coal-hole, in the Strand; and in his way home, late at night and half-seas-over, he used to enjoy ringing violently at the bell of a chemist and druggist, whose door he passed. The porter, to be revenged on him, lay in wait one night, and beat him so unmercifully, that he was obliged to be led home, and to wear bandages over his eyes for a long time afterwards." "He had a son a very worthy man; but he, poor fellow, inherited from his father a halt in his political gait."

Page 205 talks about Hamptonwick, and Sir John Fielding's powers subsequent to his loss of sight; which exceed, we dare say, anything of which his best friends ever suspected him. Sir John is fond of angling, and (though blind,) "could catch a fish as well by the steadiness of his hand, as he could ascertain the guilt of prisoners by the nicety of his auricular organs; for *he could always judge by the tone of voice, whether the parties speaking had really committed what they might be accused of!!!* Sir John used to be attended by a boatman of the name of Stedman, who, when the float began to sink, used to call out, 'Sir John, strike,' but by the time Sir John had struck, the fish had often escaped. He then ordered the man to say, 'Strike, Sir John,' and the time saved by the transposition made such a difference, that Sir John ever afterwards caught as many fish as he used to lose."

Much interesting information follows about "Mr Kenton, commonly called Ben Kenton," who was brought up in Sir Thomas Cass's charity school, and afterwards made L.300,000 by keeping the Crown and Magpie in Whitechapel. Likewise about a "Mr Hill, a breeches-maker at Hounslow," who improves his finances in a very extraordinary manner. Mr Wilcocks, a bookseller in the Strand, gets, God knows how, many hundred thousand pounds, through a still more "unlooked for and improbable channel."

"A surgeon in Gough-square had purchased for dissection the body of a man who had been hung at Tyburn. The servant girl wishing to take a look at the defunct, previously to his coming under the dissecting knife, stole up stairs to the room where she expected to find him extended. To her surprise and horror she beheld him sit-

ting up, on the board, and instantly facing about, she was down stairs again in a moment."

The surgeon conceals this resuscitated subject in his house, and sends him privately away to America. The man afterwards (to break a proverb) makes a fortune, and leaves it to his benefactor; through whom it comes to the hands of Mr Wilcocks.

It is the consolation of people growing old, Mr Brasbridge observes, to talk of what they recollect when young; and a strange variety of heterogeneous notices (some of them, however, rather curious) leads us towards the end of our book.

"I recollect the first broad-wheeled waggon that was used in Oxfordshire, and a wondering crowd of spectators it attracted. I believe at that time there was not a post-chaise in England excepting two-wheeled ones. Lamps to carriages are also quite a modern improvement. A shepherd, who was keeping sheep, in the vicinity of a village in Oxfordshire, came running over, to say, that a frightful monster with saucer eyes, and making a great blowing noise, was coming towards the village. The monster turned out to be a post-chaise with two lamps."

Again—

"Before the members of Parliament were limited in their privilege of franking, they carried it to a most abusive extent. Messrs Thomas and John Stevenson, wholesale silk-mercers in Queen-street, Cheapside, used to buy franks for their business-letters at forty-eight shillings a-gross, of the poor relations of members of Parliament, who supplied them on purpose to sell." This was too cheap altogether, not more than twopence postage probably ["single"] between London and Dublin.

Admonitions follow against smoking tobacco, and going to sleep after dinner; but our author, notwithstanding the approach of age, continues to be what the Fancy term "a rum customer." Only two years since he goes to consult with "Mr Luxmore" about an impending dropsy; and a very singular sort of patient it appears Mr Luxmore finds him.

"As to Mr Luxmore's advice, however, I found myself neither better nor worse for it: The fact was, that it was loaded with so many appendages, that it disgusted me altogether. I went to Mr Luxmore, stated my case, and paid my guinea; for which Mr Luxmore bowed, and prescribed, and informed me, that he always got his medicines made up himself. When these nostrums appeared, they came not smelling of the apothecary's shop, in phials of a size befitting the delicate stomach of an invalid, but in two jolly quart bottles, savouring much more of the porter shop in appearance, than of any scientific compound. To these Brobdignaggian draughts was affixed a charge of one pound eight, which, considering as a most disgraceful imposition, I straight refused to pay. He (Luxmore) had the insolence to send me word that he would summon me for it. I replied by an invitation to him to come to my shop, where I kept a horn for the purpose of administering a drink to my horse, and would make him take his own medicine. To this he rejoined by a summons, which I attended, followed by a porter bearing a large hamper, which contained the draughts, or potions, by whatever name they might be called. At the sight of them the gravity of my judges relaxed; and, when they heard my statement of the case, they awarded Mr Luxmore seven shillings for his nostrums, and I returned home perfectly satisfied."

We are not quite sure (in spite of this success) that a gentleman is entitled to be cured of the dropsy for a single guinea; but Mr Brasbridge has too much logic for us to dispute the point with him. He concludes his story at Henil Hill, where he seems to be living cosily with "Mrs Brasbridge," (having made over the fatigues of 98, Fleet Street, and its profits, to "Mr Hopkinson,") in "very good humour with himself and with the world," and quite willing to continue his part in this terrestrial scene, as long as it shall please the heavenly powers to keep him here!

The manner of Mr Brasbridge's book reminds us a good deal of Lady Morgan, in the freedom of its style, and guarded accuracy of its statements. The great principle that it illustrates, seems nearly, or altogether, to be this—that, to grow rich, a man must be bred in a charity school, but that he must eschew the temptation of stag-hunting; in other words, that he should be born a beggar, but avoid, as far as possible, being set on horseback.

We were surprised to find, in a "Chronicle for St Bride's Parish," no notice taken of Mr Sheriff Parkins, or of the black man who sweeps the crossing at the corner of Bridge Street, Blackfriars. But, as an exposition of counter wit, and high life in the Ward of Candlewick, there has been nothing so good that we know of since Beaumont and Fletcher's "Knight of the Burning Pestle."

PROFLIGACY OF THE LONDON PERIODICAL PRESS.

No. II.

As we had anticipated, our exposure of the infamous attack on Sir Walter Scott, made by one of the vermin in the London Magazine of February 1823, and the skulking cowardice of its suppression, has had its due effect. We quoted the suppressed passage, in which every word of insult that could occur to the brain of the wretched calumniator who wrote it, was heaped together with a singular and rabid ferocity; and we added, that the "chatter of booksellers' shops" had attributed it to Mr Taylor of Fleet Street.

How has the charge been answered? Why, thus, in the last London Magazine—

"In the charge," [of our Magazine,] "there are three distinct assertions. —They are three distinct falsehoods.

"1. That our publisher, Mr Taylor, wrote the review alluded to.—He did not.

"2. That two or three hundred copies of that review were disposed of.—THERE WERE NOT FIFTY."—[We give the important contradiction the full benefit of its original capitals.]

"3. That the passage complained of in that review was suppressed through terror.—IT WAS NOT. *The passage was not a libel in law; nothing, therefore, could be feared from its publication.*"—[The typography is again from the original.] "The review in question was written by a celebrated critic—was received too late for examination—and was cleared of the passage objected to, as soon as possible, from a motive of *good feeling* towards the author of the novel."

And is this all?—All, gentle reader, with the exception of some silly vapouring about our *slander*, which we are dared to repeat to Mr Taylor's face. Poor man! He had better stick to his counter, and not expose his grey hairs, which should be a token of sense, and an object of respect, to the derision which must always attend *such* bravadoes from *such* quarters. We are glad, nevertheless, that he considers it slander to be suspected as the author of such vile venom as flows from the pen of the "celebrated critic," who, however, be it remarked, is in his pay.

Passing by such unmeaning and nonsensical trash, our readers will perceive that our main charges are altogether untouched. We distinctly allowed, by the very tone we used,—"the chatter of booksellers' shops"—that we were anything but positive in setting down Mr Taylor as the author. We merely noticed the *report*, taking care to assign the quarter whence it was derived. On what better authority does Mr Taylor assume Sir W. Scott to be the author of Waverley? Nor does our mistake—if mistake it *is*—a circumstance we beg leave to doubt—as to the number issued, in the slightest degree affect our reasoning. We take the number as it is given us. Fifty of the infamous things were disseminated. So let it stand.

Our third falsehood is our assertion that it was suppressed through *terror*; and we are told it was done through *kind feeling*. How pitiful must the poor creature have felt when writing that sentence!—That such as *he* should be actuated by kind feeling towards the reputed author of Peveril of the Peak, by a desire of *patronizing* him, as it were, is too good. It would be quite comic, were it not too contemptible in its spirit. But mark how this kind feeling is shewn. In page 207 of that very review, after a laboured and most stupid parallel between Sir Walter Scott and Mr William Cobbett, we come to this sentence.

"If it should be said that Mr Cobbett sometimes turns blackguard, it

cannot be affirmed *that he is a cats-paw, which is the* DERNIER RESORT *of humanity,* into which SIR WALTER has retreated."

There is a touch of kind feeling for you! Are we to argue with such a vermin as this? Is there a blockhead in Fleet Street, including Lord Waithman, who could believe that any other motive than terror, could have operated to procure the suppression of the more lengthened, but not more lying and villainous tirade, which we dragged from its skulking corner into light? As for libel actions—Mr Taylor well knew that he was in no danger from these. His fear was of a very different action indeed, and it was not less operative, because it happened to be altogether groundless.

So much for the three assertions, which, and which only, Mr Taylor, or his scribe—we see we must be cautious in assigning the works of these eminent and conspicuous authors, these "celebrated critics," to the proper quarter, else we shall be told that we lie—could find in our article. Let us mend our statement by the contradiction—

"In Mr Taylor's Fleet Street Miscellany, for February, 1803, a celebrated critic—name unknown, in Mr Taylor's wages, and so trusted by his employer, as to be allowed to send articles unseen by the editor, to the press, called one of the most honourable men in the world, and decidedly the first literary man in the country, in whatever point of view he can be regarded, intolerant, mercenary, mean, a professed toad-eater, a sturdy hack, a pitiful retailer, or suborner of infamous slanders, a literary Jack Ketch,—this *directly;* and, *by implication,* a cold-blooded hypocrite, pander, and intriguer. Of which filth, about fifty copies were circulated, when the proprietor—not out of terror—not from dread of the universal contempt which would be in consequence showered upon him and his concern—but through kind feeling suppressed. Which kind feeling he further displayed, in suffering the aforesaid celebrated critic, of the unknown name, to style the same gentleman a cats-paw, and the dernier resort of humanity."

How does it read so amended? Is the baseness, the falsehood, the cowardice, seen to greater or less advantage in our new picture? Let the unfortunate champion of Fleet Street make of it what he pleases. He has done Mr Taylor an eminent service. Until his defence appeared, we only *suspected* him of being a party in the calumny—we now, from his own admission, or that of his *friend, know* that he is accountable for the whole article as it stands at present. The fact, that he suppressed *part,* shews that he had the power of suppressing the *whole;* and of course he must stand up as the author of the remainder.

So much for the London Magazine. We must beg Sir Walter Scott's pardon most sincerely, for bringing his name in question, or for mentioning it in connexion with the creatures whom it is our business and our pastime to destroy; but we could not help it. We request our readers not to forget the *use* we made of the whole business. We wanted to prove that in spite of this grand principle of Conciliation, of which we hear so much, the Whig writers let slip no opportunity of abusing, vilifying, insulting, and calumniating the great men of the Tory party, no matter how amiable may be the qualities of their hearts, or brilliant the power of their heads. We wished to shew that the whole set, clamorous as they are against personality, are, nevertheless, from their Magnates Moore and Byron, down to their Vermin, as the "celebrated critics" for Taylor and Co., venomously scurrilous in their language and rancorous in their feelings against the Tories. This we did, and we leave the impression we made to be weakened as much as it can be by the discovery that slander is not *written* but merely *published* by Mr Taylor; and that he sold of it not two hundred copies, but fifty.

THE MAGIC LAY
OF THE ONE-HORSE CHAY.

AIR—*Eveleen's Bower.*

I.

MR BUBB was a Whig orator, also a Soap Laborator,
For everything's new christen'd in the present day;
He was follow'd and adored, by the Common Council board,
And lived quite genteel with a one-horse chay.

II.

Mrs Bubb was gay and free, fair, fat, and forty-three,
And blooming as a peony in buxom May;
The toast she long had been of Farringdon-Within,
And fill'd the better-half of the one-horse chay.

III.

Mrs Bubb said to her Lord, "You can well, Bubb, afford,
Whate'er a Common Council man in prudence may;
We've no brats to plague our lives, and the soap concern it thrives,
So let's have a trip to Brighton in the one-horse chay.

IV.

"We'll view the pier and shipping, and enjoy many a dipping,
And walk for a stomach in our best array;
I longs more nor I can utter, for shrimps and bread and butter,
And an airing on the Steyne in the one-horse chay.

V.

"We've a right to spare for nought that for money can be bought,
So to get matters ready, Bubb, do you trudge away;
To my dear Lord Mayor I'll walk, just to get a bit of talk,
And an imitation shawl for the one-horse chay."

VI.

Mr Bubb said to his wife, "Now I think upon't, my life,
'Tis three weeks at least to next boiling-day;
The dog-days are set in, and London's growing thin,
So I'll order out old Nobbs and the one-horse chay."

VII.

Now Nobbs, it must be told, was rather fat and old,
His colour it was white, and it had been grey;
He was round as a pot, and when soundly whipt would trot
Full five miles an hour in the one-horse chay.

VIII.

When at Brighton they were housed, and had stuft and caroused,
O'er a bowl of rack punch, Mr Bubb did say,
"I've ascertain'd, my dear, the mode of dipping here
From the ostler, who is cleaning up my one-horse chay.

IX.

"You're shut up in a box, ill convenient as the stocks,
And eighteen-pence a-time are obliged for to pay;
Court corruption here, say I, makes everything so high,
And I wish I had come without my one-horse chay."

X.

" As I hope," says she, " to thrive, 'tis flaying folks alive,
The King and them extortioners are leagued, I say;
'Tis encouraging of such for to go to pay so much,
So we'll set them at defiance with our one-horse chay.

XI.

" Old Nobbs, I am sartain, may be trusted gig or cart in,
He takes every matter in an easy way;
He'll stand like a post, while we dabble on the coast,
And return back to dress in our one-horse chay."

XII.

So out they drove, all drest so gaily in their best,
And finding, in their rambles, a snug little bay,
They uncased at their leisure, paddled out to take their pleasure,
And left everything behind in the one-horse chay.

XIII.

But while, so snugly sure that all things were secure,
They flounced about like porpoises or whales at play,
Some young unlucky imps, who prowl'd about for shrimps,
Stole up to reconnoitre the one-horse chay.

XIV.

Old Nobbs, in quiet mood, was sleeping as he stood,
(He might possibly be dreaming of his corn or hay;)
Not a foot did he wag, so they whipt out every rag,
And gutted the contents of the one-horse chay.

XV.

When our pair were soused enough, and returned in their buff,
Oh, there was the vengeance and old Nick to pay!
Madam shriek'd in consternation, Mr Bubb he swore D—mnation!
To find the empty state of the one-horse chay.

XVI.

" If I live," said she, " I swear, I'll consult my dear Lord Mayor,
And a fine on this vagabond town he shall lay;
But the gallows thieves, so tricky, hasn't left me e'en a dicky,
And I shall catch my death in the one-horse chay."

XVII.

" Come, bundle in with me, we must squeeze for once," says he,
" And manage this here business the best we may;
We've no other step to choose, nor a moment must we lose,
Or the tide will float us off in our one-horse chay."

XVIII.

So noses, sides, and knees, all together did they squeeze,
And, pack'd in little compass, they trotted it away,
As dismal as two dummies, head and hands stuck out like mummies,
From beneath the little apron of the one-horse chay.

XIX.

The Steyne was in a throng, as they jogg'd it along,
Madam hadn't been so put to it for many a day;
Her pleasure it was damp'd, and her person somewhat cramp'd,
Doubled up beneath the apron of the one-horse chay.

XX.

"Oh would that I were laid," Mr Bubb in sorrow said,
"In a broad-wheel'd waggon, well cover'd with hay!
I'm sick of sporting smart, and would take a tilted cart
In exchange for this bauble of a one-horse chay.

XXI.

"I'd give half my riches for my worst pair of breeches,
Or the apron that I wore last boiling day;
They would wrap my arms and shoulders from these impudent beholders,
And allow me to whip on in my one-horse chay."

XXII.

Mr Bubb ge-hupp'd in vain, and strove to jirk the rein,
Nobbs felt he had his option to work or play,
So he wouldn't mend his pace, though they'd fain have run a race,
To escape the merry gazers at the one-horse chay.

XXIII.

Now, good people, laugh your fill, and fancy if you will,
(For I'm fairly out of breath, and have said my say,)
The trouble and the rout, to wrap and get them out,
When they drove to their lodgings in their one-horse chay.

XXIV.

The day was swelt'ring warm, so they took no cold or harm,
And o'er a smoking lunch soon forgot their dismay;
But, fearing Brighton mobs, started off at night with Nobbs,
To a snugger watering-place, in the one-horse chay.

THE LIBERAL SYSTEM.

Our readers are aware that we are not admirers of the fashionable doctrines of "*Liberality*"—that we think somewhat contemptuously of that which in certain quarters bears the beautiful name of the "*Liberal System.*" These doctrines and the system which has grown out of them, are hugely cried up by all the weak and wicked heads in the nation, and we need nothing but this to convince us that they are neither wise nor innocent. A mass of other evidence, however, surrounds us to produce the conviction, and we feel ourselves called upon to detail it. If they were a mere matter of words—of pure speculative opinion—we might be content to despise them in silence; but when they relate to things, when their tendency is to alter almost everything that now exists, and when nearly all the guides of public opinion are their trumpeters, our sense of duty tells us that we ought to shew them no mercy. We shall, however, deal much more in fact and argument, than in assertion and hard names; and therefore we shall scarcely injure them, if we cannot *prove* that they ought to have enemies.

A set of people, whom, from the want of a better name, we shall call the Statesmen of Cockaigne, and who consist of the gentlemen of the press, the Greek, Spanish, and other committees, the loan-mongers and stock-jobbers, &c. &c. have had the chief share in fabricating the "Liberal System," in reducing it to practice, in cramming it down the throats of the good-natured part of the community, in smuggling it into Parliament, and even in forcing it to a certain extent upon the government. A somewhat unsparing exposure of the conduct of these people, must necessarily occupy a prominent place in our exposure of the operation and tendency of the "*System of Liberality.*"

Liberty is the great earthly object of worship, with nearly all our countrymen. We rejoice at this, but we should rejoice still more if their knowledge of what constitutes the source of liberty, were proportioned to their love of it.

This, alas! is not to be hoped for. They feel that they possess liberty; they see the more bulky parts of the machinery that is employed in producing it; but beyond this they feel and see nothing. The things that form the grand moving power to the machinery—that constitute the very essence of liberty—they will not notice. The consequence is, that they frequently enough resort to that for the protection of liberty, which is only calculated for its destruction. They act as the man would act, who, to keep the piston or fly-wheel of his steam-engine in due motion, should make holes in the boiler, or destroy the furnace. When we look at almost all that is written and spoken of liberty, we are astonished that a people who have enjoyed liberty so long, who love it so devoutly, and who have it eternally in their mouths, should be so grossly ignorant touching its source, and the things necessary for its preservation.

The secret of this is not very deeply hidden. Those among us who profess to be the most ardent worshippers of liberty, and who arrogate to themselves the rank of commanders in its service, value it and use it merely as an instrument for gratifying their own malevolence and cupidity. They are ignorant enough in all conscience; but still they would not speak and act as they do, if their ignorance were not superadded to wickedness. One parcel of our liberty-chiefs cry Liberty! liberty! that they may become ministers of state, and obtain sundry thousand pounds per annum, of the public money—another parcel raise the cry that they may gain the votes of certain traitorous electors—another do it to sell newspapers—a fourth do it to gain a market for their merchandise, or to acquire a fortune on the Stock-exchange, and so on. These persons call themselves the only champions of liberty, and the prejudice in favour of liberty gains them credence with the mass of the people. Of course, to rail against the laws—to attack the constitution—to assault public morals—to undermine the interests of the nation—to scoff at the lessons of experience—and to deride the apothegms which have been sanctioned by the wise in all ages—to do all this is to combat in the cause of liberty! The beardless youngsters who write our Morning Chronicles, set their feet upon the sacred ashes of our departed statesmen and philosophers, and cry—Here lie the fools! Do all that they forbade, and believe all that they pronounced to be false and pernicious!

An insurrection breaks out in Greece—the Spanish colonies revolt against the mother-country—this or that continental army overthrows its government—a tribe of godless profligates here and there concoct plots for changing dynasties, and seizing upon sceptres. Hurra for liberty! cry the Statesmen of Cockaigne—if you say one syllable against all this, you are a fool, a knave, a bigot, a tyrant!—Do such things then, of necessity, lead to the establishment of liberty? Is nothing more necessary for such establishment, than the huddling together of a Constitution of any kind; and the changing of the names emperors and kings, into dictators, protectors, presidents, liberators, &c.? No! Then what are the motives of the Statesmen of Cockaigne? These shall speedily be detailed.

The bread of the gentlemen of the press, is mainly drawn from their incoherent declamations in favour of liberty; they must ever puff the name, and they must ever rail against the restraints that give the reality; of course, whenever a revolt takes place against a monarch, they laud it to the skies, no matter who the revolters may be, or what may be their creed and object. This rallies round the revolters the ignorant and simple, and it is the first link in the system. Then the insurrection or revolution affords a capital spouting topic to those public men who are patronized by the ragged part of the electors of Westminster, Southwark, &c. and they eagerly seize it to ingratiate themselves with their patrons; they get up a dinner, or a committee and subscription, puff the revolutionists with all their might, and this aids public delusion mightily, and forms the second link in the system. Next, the revolutionists are in great want of money, and they can get it no where save in England; they send a brace of agents to us forthwith, who are joyfully received by our loan-mongers and stock-jobbers; the latter persons, to enrich themselves by the sale of the new stock, circulate all kinds of fine things in favour of the revolu-

tion, and this forms the third link of the system. Then sundry merchants adventure a few cargoes among the revolutionists; to save these from seizure, they cry out lustily, Liberty; and this is the next link in the system. The gentlemen of the press write furiously in favour of the revolutionists; the committees, loan-mongers, and merchants, supply them profusely with glorious news, and ravishing descriptions; they drown opposition by huzzaing Liberty! and Liberality! and, although the main object of each is his own dirty benefit, the public gapes, believes, applauds, and follows them.

Such is the "Liberal System" in origin and motives. Now for some of the consequences.

We grant that the Turkish government is a despotic one—we grant that it is a cruel one. We grant that every friend of mankind ought to wish to see the Greeks properly governed, and possessed of a due portion of liberty. In examining, in the first place, the "Liberal System," as it affects the Greeks, we speak as the friends of the Greeks themselves. Now, what are the actual condition and character of the Greeks? Are they reasonably wealthy? They are almost wholly without resources. Are they intelligent and moral? They are among the most ignorant and depraved of God's creatures. Are they unanimous? They are split into factions, which can scarcely be kept from tearing each other to pieces by the presence of the common enemy. Is it likely that they will triumph? The probabilities are all against them; their affairs are barely not hopeless. Government and society can scarcely be found among them; with regard to knowledge, they hardly equal our West India slaves; and with regard to morals, they fall far below them. The Greeks are much more familiarised with the vices and crimes that are the most dangerous to a community, than our negroes.

Now, what would have been the advice of a wise and sincere friend to a people like this? He would have said, Obey the Turks, until you become intelligent, virtuous, and reasonably powerful. You must become this, or you will never win freedom. It will release you from half your bondage without a battle—it will enable you easily to throw off the other half, and it will preserve you from becoming your own tyrants after you destroy your Turkish ones. But if you revolt now, it will either lead you through carnage and devastation into still harsher Turkish tyranny, or it will give you a tyranny of your own as grinding as that which now rules you. If the Greeks, notwithstanding, had revolted, such a friend would have laboured to place them under wise and virtuous leaders; and he would have been indefatigable in his efforts to give them good principles and views touching society and government.

Well, the Greeks rose in insurrection, and the Statesmen of Cockaigne, without knowing anything of their motives, character, resources, and chances, or caring a straw for such things, were ravished with them for it. We were instantly stunned with the most fulsome panegyrics on the wisdom, virtues, valour, riches, and power of the Greeks. A committee was at once formed to aid and counsel this people—and of whom did it consist? Was it composed of such men as the Duke of Wellington, the Earl of Liverpool, or the Marquis of Lansdown? Good God! persons like these to be capable of directing a barbarous, depraved, divided people, in a contest for liberty. Impossible! The committee consisted of such men as Mr Hobhouse, Mr Bowring, and Mr Hume! These were the wise and experienced fellows who were to give conduct, principles, and institutions to the Greeks. Lord Byron—the aristocratic despot—the reviler of religion and virtue—the teacher of lewdness and licentiousness—the assassin of the principles of social order—the man who, according to the evidence of his friends, knew nothing whatever of the constitution of society or the principles of government—this Lord went to put himself at the head of the Greeks, to be their guide, to give them opinions, and to fabricate for them institutions!! Did not the nation, from compassion for the Greeks, view all this with disgust and abhorrence? Oh, no! The Gentlemen of the Press, the Greek Committee, the loan-mongers, and Lord Byron, raised the cry of Liberty and Liberality! The nation re-echoed it, and not to join in it, was regarded to be little better than treason against our own freedom.

The consequence to the wretched Greeks is, that they are goaded and

dragged on into a desperate contest, which is distinguished by the most appalling ferocity, and the most horrible butcheries, by a set of people in this country, *who do it for their own beggarly personal profit*, who are incapable of advising them, and whose instructions must inevitably lead to slavery and ruin. Precious "*Liberality*" this, unquestionably!

Pass we now to South America.—The Statesmen of Cockaigne were, of course, thrown into raptures when the colonies of Spain separated themselves from the mother-country. The people of South America were ignorant and licentious in the highest degree, and their leaders were, in creed, neither Tories nor Whigs, but republicans—men untutored, inexperienced, and, generally, excessively unprincipled and selfish. Republican principles were the most unsuitable, and the most dangerous ones, that could have been taught to the South Americans, and the republican form of government was the most unfit one for them of all others. Well, the Statesmen of Cockaigne, after puffing the Spanish colonies immeasurably for declaring themselves independent, next puffed them as immeasurably for their republicanism. The North American gentleman of the press is reasonably consistent; he lives under a republic, and he maintains that a republic is the best form of government. But a Cockney gentleman of the press is a creature of another stamp; he lives under a monarchy, professes to think it the best form of government, and still to advocate it against a republic, would be, in his judgment, heinous wickedness. He calls the British constitution the best in the world; but as to advising the revolutionists, whom he takes under his wings, to make it their model, it is out of the question; and if one resembling it be established elsewhere, he instantly abuses the latter as a despotism. The French constitution was an abomination in his eyes; but the Spanish one, which made the king a cipher, and the South American republics, he regarded as absolute perfection.

It mattered not that the vast mass of the people of South America were grossly incapable of choosing a form of government for themselves—that the intelligent portion of them wished for monarchy—that their character and condition called for monarchy, and shewed the utmost unfitness for republicanism—that the dividing them into republics was the worst step that could have been taken touching the interests of England—and that their leaders were generally incapable men, seeking their own aggrandisement. All this mattered nothing to the Statesmen of Cockaigne, to the friends of the "Liberal System." These wiseacres did not labour to teach the people of South America just principles—they did not call upon them to look to England for opinions and institutions—they did not fight for the wishes of that part of them who could judge, and for the interests of the whole, against the demagogues who deluded them—they did not combat for the interests of England—No! but they constantly defended the Dictators, Liberators, Congressers, &c., no matter how absurdly and tyrannically these acted. The French constitution grants liberty of conscience—it is a despotism. The South American republics prohibit it—they establish pure freedom. The fools who at present manage matters in South America, pretend to raise republican liberty on the basis of religious tyranny—they are excessively wise and liberal men. To hold, with Burke, that freedom cannot exist if the liberty of any man, or body of men, can trespass on that of any other individual, or description of persons, is preposterous. The liberty of the South American Dictators, Liberators, Congresses, &c., shoots individuals without trial, banishes and ruins whole classes of men for mere difference of opinion, establishes the most absurd and unjust regulations of trade, lays the press under the most severe restrictions, tyrannizes over the conscience, and does nearly what it pleases with the liberty of the people at large,—and this is unmixed and boundless national liberty;—at least, so say the Statesmen of Cockaigne, the friends of the "*Liberal System*;" and who shall dare to contradict them? That this is surpassingly "*liberal*" towards the Dictators, Liberators, Congresses, &c.—the despots of South America—is a matter that admits not of controversy; but its "*liberality*" towards the PEOPLE of South America may fairly be questioned.

The inhabitants of Peru will not be reconciled to republicanism. The men in power have proclaimed a republic, but the overwhelming majority of the inhabitants,—the voice of the people,—is against them, and they are in danger of being blown up with their paper republic into the air. What must be done? That most magnificent, ancient, and liberal republic, Colombia, marches its armies forthwith among the Peruvians, to *force* upon them the blessings of republicanism. To make up the requisite number of deputies for the mock congress of Peru, Colombians are elected! The Colombian general, Bolivar, assumes the title and powers of Dictator of Peru—places the inhabitants under martial law—proclaims all to be traitors who oppose him—and compels Peru to become a republic! Oh, *liberal* Colombia! Oh, fortunate Peru, to become the object of such stupendous *liberality!* It has enraptured the Statesmen of Cockaigne. These marvellous gentry no doubt heartily cursed France for intermeddling with the affairs of Spain, at the request of both king and people; but then France is in one quarter of the globe, and Colombia is in another. The law of nations is regulated by geography, and that which is unjust and tyrannical in our northern climes is the reverse in the tropics.

Turn we now to Europe.—A set of people, as our readers well know, have been for years labouring to revolutionise almost every nation on the continent. The Statesmen of Cockaigne,—the friends of the "*Liberal System*,"—have done their utmost to aid these people. To furnish such aid, they have libelled the continental governments in every possible way, and they have strained every nerve to render the continent one blaze of civil war. Now, who were these revolutionists? Did they comprehend the majority of the people? They formed the insignificant minority. Doubtless they consisted of the wealthy and intelligent classes—of men of character and patriotism? They consisted chiefly of profligate adventurers, brainless fanatics, and the dregs of the people. At any rate, their creed was Toryism, or at the least Whiggism? Their principles were those which we have so long execrated in our own country, under the names Radicalism and Liberalism. Still, perhaps they wished to establish constitutions modelled after our own? They scorned us, our principles, and our constitution; they sought to establish forms of government every way unsuited to the nations of the continent,—impracticable, absurd, virtually deposing the monarch and rendering faction absolute, and which were certain of producing worse fruits to the people than the governments that already existed. Notwithstanding all this, perhaps these revolutionists were the friends of England? While they were in power in Spain and Portugal, they reviled us,—called us tyrants, and our government a despotism; deplored the slavery of our Radicals, and prayed for their success, and made the most severe laws against our trade.

While the Statesmen of Cockaigne—the friends of the "Liberal System,"—furiously fought the battles of these revolutionists, they were perfectly acquainted with their real character, with their real motives, with their real creed, and with the forms of government which they wished to establish. While this was the case, not one of them knew the actual condition of any one continental nation. Not one of them knew that the people of Spain, Portugal, Italy, &c. were sufficiently intelligent and moral to be entrusted with political power—that the higher classes possessed the requisite qualifications for discharging the duties which freedom would have imposed upon them—and that those elements existed in any of these states which are absolutely essential for giving form and vitality to liberty. Not one of them knew what the real conduct of the continental governments was—what degree of practical freedom the people already enjoyed—what the form and character of society were on the continent—and what the genius, wants, feelings, and wishes, were of any one continental people. Not one of them could point out what form of government would best suit any one of the States. These, in good sooth, were things not to be thought of; it was a war against kings and priests—against royalty and religion—against civil obedience and public morals—and, of course, it was just and necessary. The same constitution was to suit all; the same system was to serve all; the same party was to rule all; religion of all kinds was to be trampled

under foot; public morals were to be dissolved; kings were to be virtually discrowned; factions were to be rendered despotic; the soldiery of Europe was to seize upon the sovereign authority; civil obedience was to be rooted up; and this, in the judgment of British constitutionalists—of British monarchists—was to deluge the continent with liberty. Oh, wonderful Statesmen of Cockaigne! Oh, brilliant and miraculous "*Liberal System!*"

If none can tyrannize but those who bear the names of emperors and kings—if the gagging and hand-cuffing of monarchs be sufficient to prevent one man, or one body of men, from tyrannizing over another, our friends of the "*Liberal System*" were right, but not otherwise. If what the revolutionists sought to establish were manifestly fraught with licentiousness, anarchy, civil war, and the worst kind of slavery, what were those Englishmen who supported them? If the destruction of religion and public morals, the reducing of the king to a cipher, and the rendering of a faction absolute, composed of Benthamites and Byronites, would in this country destroy our freedom, would it establish freedom on the continent? If the forms of government which the revolutionists sought to establish were evidently calculated and meant to virtually depose the sovereign in the first moment, were the sovereigns to be blamed for refusing them? If, in our war with our Radicals, the Habeas Corpus Act was suspended, the government was made practically despotic, and new laws were enacted, considerably abridging our liberties, does this form no excuse for the continental monarchs in coercing the factions that made their thrones totter under them? Let us be just—let us banish this wretched prejudice—let us allow others to do what we ourselves do. Whatever might be the wishes of the continental governments, their preservation from ruin was only to be found in the measures to which they resorted. The tender plant is not to be raised amidst the storms of winter; liberty is not to be for the *first* time established when a people is convulsed with treason and rebellion; and the *first* representative assembly is not to be formed when the populace is clamouring for the crown, and the majority of the representatives are likely to be infidels and democrats, fanatics and adventurers.

If the Statesmen of Cockaigne—the friends of the "*liberal system*"—had dealt honestly in the matter, we would have treated them with more tenderness, but they did not. They made the most false representations touching the state of foreign nations, and they lavished the most groundless and atrocious abuse on the continental monarchs. As to the nation expecting to hear from them truth and fair reasoning, or moderate distortion, and not over-dark misrepresentation, good heaven! it might as well have expected to hear the moon sing Maggy Lauder. While one extreme was adopted towards the governments, the other extreme was adopted towards their enemies. The senseless, perjured, lawless army, that would turn its arms against its government, was trumpetted forth as a paragon of knowledge, patriotism, and virtue; the brainless fanatic was eulogised as a sage—the monster of profligacy was held up as a saint—the crimsoned satellites of the crimsoned Buonaparte, were worshipped as most spotless people, and most ardent adorers of liberty—the most absurd constitution was represented to be perfection—and the most mad and wicked deeds were graced with all the splendours of panegyric. Glorious "*Liberality*" this, no doubt, for it had not the least taste of old prejudices or restrictions; and, moreover, it was all exhibited to serve the holy cause of—liberty!

If our friends of the "*Liberal System*" had told the continental nations how much we had suffered, even in respect of freedom, from our own Liberals—had warned them against following any but honest, experienced, intelligent men—had exhorted them to cleave to religion, and to protect public morals—had called upon them to look at the Constitution, and the constitutional opinions of England—had done justice to the sovereigns, and softened the asperities on both sides—had pointed out to the people their errors, and the defects of their constitutions—and had held up to the scorn of the world, the godless, senseless fanatics and profligates, who were lighting up civil war on every side, merely to make themselves tyrants—this would have been *Liberality*—this would have been maintaining the cause of

liberty—this would have been labouring to make the continent free and happy. But the conduct of these sagacious persons could not have any other effect, and it had no other effect, than to render the chains of despotism more powerful. To the revolutionists —to the Liberals—to the would-be tyrants of the continent—the conduct of the Statesmen of Cockaigne was "*liberal*," superlatively "*liberal*;" but to the PEOPLE at large, it only produced delusion, phrenzy, error, convulsion, bloodshed and devastation in the first moment, and more grinding slavery in the second. That which yielded these, ought, we humbly presume, to bear another name than "*Liberality*."

At the same time, when the "*Liberal System*" was born, the continental monarchs were occupied in endeavours to give to their subjects rational liberty; the monster came into the world, and it immediately employed them in endeavours to strengthen despotism, to save themselves from destruction. This was, perhaps, in effect, great *Liberality* towards the monarchs, but still it was anything but *Liberality* towards the people.

A few weeks since, some of the runaway "constitutionalists" of Spain returned to that unhappy country, to render it the theatre of civil war. Every one knew that the vast mass of the people detested them; that it was impossible for them to overturn the government, supported as it was by the French army; that at the best they wished to set up the old, impracticable, tyrannical constitution; that their proclamations warranted the conclusion, that they meant to establish a republic; and that they could accomplish nothing beyond leading a portion of the people to slaughter and ruin, and removing rational freedom still farther from Spain. Yet this actually threw the Statesmen of Cockaigne into paroxysms of transport, and they laboured to persuade us that the helpless vermin who were swept out of the country without a battle when they were its rulers, and had its whole resources in their hands, could now, in the character of destitute rebels, triumph over the government and the French army. The friends of the "*Liberal System*" were enraptured with prospect of the Spanish provinces being uselessly overspread with blood and horrors. What prodigious *Liberality!*

It is notorious that the overwhelming majority of the people—the wealth, intelligence, and virtue of the continental nations, abhorred the revolutionists; yet our friends of the "*Liberal System*" wished to cram down the throats of this majority, by the aid of the cannon and the bayonet, the opinions and schemes of the revolutionists. What stupendous *Liberality!*

Upon the whole, the "*Liberal System*" has been prodigiously *liberal* to the heads of the continental revolutionists, although these persons, we suspect, have now no great cause to revere its *Liberality*. It has been in the upshot largely *liberal* to the continental sovereigns, although it has been this, no doubt, quite unintentionally; but the "*Liberal System*" has given cause to the PEOPLE of the continent to curse it to the last hour of their existence.

We have glanced at the consequences of the "*Liberal System*," as they have affected other nations; we will now glance at them as they have affected, and are affecting, our own country.

The Statesmen of Cockaigne—the friends of the "*Liberal System*," brought in due form a Greek loan into the market. Now, who were the real borrowers? A people barbarous, profligate, divided, practically without a government, without laws, without resources, without revenue; warring almost without hope against the whole power of Turkey, and not possessing a single item of what constitutes a security for borrowed money. And who were to be the real lenders? The credulous people of this country, who had to depend altogether on the statements of the Statesmen of Cockaigne for knowledge touching the character and condition of the borrowers. Of course, these Statesmen circulated full and honest information respecting the Greeks! They circulated a fiddlestick!—They circulated nothing but the most delusive and mischievous statements; everything that told against the Greeks was scandalously distorted, or suppressed; and everything favourable to them was as scandalously exaggerated. At any rate, these Statesmen ventured their own money, when they called upon the ignorant and credu-

lous to venture theirs? Blunder upon blunder! They risk their money in Greek stock!—No, no, give them their due, they are not, after all, quite so simple. The profuse Lord Byron, it seems, only *lent* his money to the Greeks, and he lent it on far different security from stock bonds. The object of these worthies was to feed, to fatten, to enrich themselves by the sale of Greek stock, and not to ruin themselves by purchasing it. That this has been stupendously *liberal* to themselves and the Greeks, is beyond all question; but that it has been direct swindling, abominable robbery, towards the people at large, is alike unquestionable.

The Statesmen of Cockaigne have of course profusely supplied the innumerable republics of South America with loans, on the same system on which they have acted with regard to the Greeks. These republics never yet possessed anything that could constitute a fair security for borrowed money. Some of them, according to their own account, have been eight, twelve, and fourteen years independent, free from war, and in a flourishing condition; and still they keep wanting new loans. Notwithstanding all this, the friends of the "*Liberal System*" have continually drawn for them millions after millions, from the pockets of their dupes. These most upright men have had possession of almost all the channels of public information; and of course we have nothing but the most ravishing statements, touching the condition of the thousand and one South American republics. Countries superlatively poor have been called immensely rich—uninhabited deserts have been represented to be thickly peopled—republics, containing half a million, or a million, of inhabitants, have been sworn to be surprisingly populous—and people, ignorant and licentious in the last degree, disunited, having in reality scarcely any operative laws, and subject to the will of a knot of despots, have been called intelligent, virtuous, unanimous, orderly, and free. All this has been done, but naked facts and plain reasoning have been scrupulously withheld; and the country has gone down nearly as much of the real state of the North Pole, as of the *real* existence, numbers of families have been already ruined by vesting their money in these outlandish loans; numbers more have been greatly impoverished, and the ruin of additional numbers is rapidly approaching. Beautiful *liberality* this, truly, in one set of Englishmen towards another.

We are not in the words of the Anti-jacobin,—

"A steady patriot of the world alone,
The friend of every country—but his own."

We love our own country better than all others—we love the honest spirit that rivets its affections to its native soil and its legitimate kinsmen—we love the feeling of nationality, for it is alike honourable to the individual, and beneficial to the state; and we regard those with scorn whose axe is continually laid at the root of this feeling. What then are we to think of those Englishmen who mingle contempt of their own country with their adoration of foreign ones, and who delude, cozen, rob, and ruin their countrymen, for the benefit of the people of Greece, South America, and Spain?—Shame upon them! Shame upon them!

The friends of the "*Liberal System*" have been long slandering Mr Canning and his colleagues for not acknowledging the independence of the South American republics. Now what are the real facts of the matter? Would such acknowledgment increase our trade? Scarcely to the extent of a single cargo. Its advocates admit that the direct benefits would be almost wholly engrossed by the republics. Would it then, on the other hand, involve us in difficulties and dangers? Most assuredly. Spain has still military possession of a part of South America; she rejects the fanciful divisions that have been made, and claims the whole; the other continental powers wish her to regain the whole, and they are hostile to our interference. Were we to concede the recognition, we must, to render it effective—to discharge the honest duty which it would impose upon us towards the republics—treat Spain as an enemy, if she attempted to subjugate them; and this could scarcely fail of involving us in war with the whole continent. We have protested against the interference of others, and others will not suffer us to be the sole interferers, and to monopolize all the good things, without a contest. Of course, by withholding the recognition, we risk nothing; by granting it, we should risk almost everything. This is not

all. We are rich, beyond all other nations, in colonial possessions; and there are several nations in the world that would rejoice to see these independent. Let us only get up a game of colony-robbery, and others will speedily play it as expertly as ourselves, to our own cost. Let us be the nation to divide the last ligament between Spain and her colonies, and it will not be long before the sword shall be applied to the bonds that unite us to our own. If any country in the world have an interest in discountenancing colonial revolt in every possible way, it is Great Britain.

All this, to our friends of the "*Liberal System*," is nothing. These sages have been for years preaching up colonial revolt as one of the best and the most necessary things in nature. They have regularly applied every possible stimulant, and furnished every possible assistance, to the colonies of Spain; and they have justified the insurrection of these in every variety of language. What was it to them if they threw away half the empire, provided they huddled together a few gimcrack republics, and obtained a little additional trade in South America!—How all this has sounded in Canada, India, &c. and how it will operate on other states in the way of precedent, instruction, and example, it is not for us to say; but if it do not largely contribute in the end to render us as destitute of colonies as Spain, we shall be the most fortunate people that ever existed.

That this is splendid *liberality* towards others, will be admitted by every one; but that it is *liberality* towards ourselves, will be denied by all.

Let us not be mistaken. If we can honestly and honourably, in a manner becoming a great and high-minded nation, recognise the South American republics, and increase our trade with them, let us; we will be among the first to advocate it. But if not—if to do this we must resort to chicanery, quarrel with the whole continent, and furnish other states with a pretext for fomenting rebellion in our own colonies, then let these republics be sunk in the ocean, rather than take from us another cargo. We are rich and glorious above all other nations, and we should be so still if South America were not in existence. What we protest against is, the introduction of the Liberal's romance, and the petty tradesman's cunning and rascality, into our councils. It is not for us to go sneaking round the world to preach up Liberalism and foment colonial insurrection, that we may deprive other states of their dependencies, and obtain their trade—every conceivable principle forbids it. The revolt that begins in the colonies of one nation, can scarcely fail, sooner or later, of finding its way to those of another; and therefore it is our interest to regard such revolt, wherever it may take place, as a dangerous enemy. The independence of the colonies of other states must, to a certain point, pave the way to the independence of our own; and for these we may tremble when other countries shall lose the last of such possessions. Our transmarine territories are of immense extent—they are scattered about in almost all parts of the globe—many of them are not very capable of effective defence—they are accessible to the emissaries of other states—several of these states would make gigantic sacrifices to give them independence; and therefore we ought not, by word, deed, or look, to feed colonial revolt, and give the pretext to rival nations, so ardently desired for enabling them to make India, &c. what South America now is. It is astonishing that the cant which we have been so long vociferating respecting the liberty of the continental nations, Greece, South America, &c. has not been echoed by our own dependencies; and that, instead of having leisure for stirring up universal rebellion, and cursing the allies for warring against Liberalism, we have not been fully employed in cutting the throats of the Indians, Canadians, &c. for labouring to give themselves liberty and independence.

In the midst of all this bluster respecting trade, let it not be forgotten that trade, like gold, may be bought too dear; and that it is an easy matter to lose two old customers in endeavours to obtain one new one. We have reached the glorious circumstances in which what we have to do is, not to *obtain*, but to PRESERVE. There is but one path open for us for the pursuit of trade, and that is the path of integrity and honour. If we cannot preserve our commerce by prosperity by acting towards others as we wish them to act towards us, it must depart from us; nothing else can save it. If we

get up a race of plot, intrigue, overreaching, and roguery, we may depend upon it that whoever may win, we shall be the losers.

On the score of national interest, in more ways than one, it has, we believe, always hitherto been thought wise in this country to make a friend of Turkey, and to keep her as powerful as possible. The reasons for our doing this are now more weighty than they ever were. Yet we are now taught to hate Turkey, and to assist in her dismemberment. Turkey is to fall—is to be cut up into an infinity of savage, impotent republics; and this is to fill England with transport! Our government in chief is neutral between the Turks and the Greeks;—the Statesmen of Cockaigne, our sub-government, send men, arms, and money, to the latter, and make war upon Turkey! National interest!—What is national interest when weighed against liberalism, resuscitated jacobinism,—revolutionism?—What is national interest when it clashes with the views of such persons as Hobhouse, Hume, Byron, and their great, though nameless, colleagues? What is national interest when a rebellion can be got up, a revolution can be accomplished, a republic can be created, and a knot of unprincipled idiotic profligates can be made rulers? Let Turkey be trod in the dust—let us lose every European friend—let our allies be annihilated—let our checks upon foreign powers, and the bulwarks of our most valuable possessions be destroyed—let our national interests be cast to the winds—only let jacobinism flourish, republics abound, and liberals become the despots of mankind. Beautiful romance! —Lovely *Liberality!*—What a pity that it should be fraught with national ruin!

We have been taught to detest the continental monarchs, and we have profited so well by the instruction, that scarcely any party can speak of them except in terms of execration. For a ministerial paper to speak respectfully of these monarchs, would be little better than treason. Well, what have these poor monarchs done? Perhaps they sent money, arms, and men, to our Radicals in the days of radical madness; or they supported the Queen when she brought the constitution to the brink of ruin—or they have robbed us of our colonies—or they have injured our trade—or they have made war upon us, or they have picked a quarrel with us without cause—or they have interfered in some other mischievous way in our affairs? Oh, no, they have done none of these things. Then, in the name of common sense, what have they done? Done! Read the Edinburgh Reviews, and Morning Chronicles, for a list of their enormities! They have done as they pleased in their own affairs—they have done what we always do in similar circumstances—they have refused to be discrowned—they have rejected constitutions which the whole world knew to be absurd and ruinous—they have made war upon jacobinism, upon infidelity, and democracy—they have refused to establish liberty at a time when it was impossible to establish it—they have scorned our dictation, and refused to rush into destruction at our bidding. And, oh, horrible! they have crushed their Benthamites and Byronites, knocked up Liberalism, and restored tranquillity to the whole continent! Is this all?—All! What more can be necessary to sanction us in detesting them?

But perhaps these monarchs have laboured to put down rational and genuine liberty?—they established a constitution in France greatly resembling our own. Have they endeavoured to destroy it? No; they have fought for its preservation. When they dethroned the tyrannical Cortes of Spain, did they wish to re-establish the old despotism? No; their influence was exerted to procure for Spain a constitution like that of France. An attempt was recently made in Portugal to restore the old despotism in all its force. Did they second it? No; they opposed it, and supported the king in his wishes to give to Portugal a rational constitution. Well, after all, it seems that these monarchs are friendly to such constitutions as our own, and to constitutional liberty like that of England? Yes; but they hate jacobin constitutions, and jacobin liberty. And do we not hate these too, in regard to their establishment in our own country? It cannot be denied.

But perhaps these monarchs abuse their power; perhaps their subjects are in the most deplorable situation? The Edinburgh Review asserts that, putting out of sight political liberty, they are exerting themselves to the

utmost for the benefit of their subjects; and the Morning Chronicle, that "burning and shining light" of the Statesmen of Cockaigne, declares that our lower orders, that is, the vast mass of our population, are, with regard to law and actual well-being, in a much worse condition than those of the continental nations. In truth, the ravishing descriptions which this astonishing paper puts forth touching the state of the people who are governed by the monarchs, are almost sufficient to make us scorn our constitution, and sigh for a despotism.

Notwithstanding all this, perhaps we have suffered grievously by what these monarchs have done—perhaps the triumph of the revolutionists would have been of prodigious benefit to us as a nation? Alas! even here our animosity towards the monarchs can find no resting-place. We have gained very nearly as much from what they have done, as they themselves have gained. We owe to them a very large portion of our present tranquillity; they fought for us even when we were against them; and when they smote Liberalism in their own territories, they gave the death-wound to languishing faction and rebellion here.

If the revolutionists had been successful in some countries, and had continued their struggles in others, we should unquestionably have been still convulsed, by the endeavours of powerful factions, to plunge us into revolution. Almost the first things that the revolutionists of Spain and Portugal thought of after they obtained power, were to abuse us and our constitution, to administer pity and encouragement to our Radicals, and to make severe enactments against our trade. The revolutionists of France hated us. If any of the more powerful nations of Europe had been revolutionized, we could scarcely have avoided a war with them; and their moral influence alone would have been nearly sufficient to give a triumph to our own revolutionists. In addition to this, the din which, conjointly with our friends of the "*Liberal System*," they would have kept up in favour of revolutionary doctrines, could hardly have failed to kindle rebellion in some one or other of our transmarine possessions. The enemies who were annihilated by the Holy Alliance, were the enemies of the constitution of England, of the trade of England, of the general interests of England, and of the people of England.

Nevertheless these monarchs possess absolute power—they are despots—and therefore we must abuse them. No doubt we can do this justifiably—no doubt we can bring clean hands to the matter—no doubt, as we execrate despotism so furiously, we are not despots ourselves—no doubt the British sceptre is not waved over a single bondsman. Alas!—alas! WE—we who are eternally blackening the allied monarchs, because they will not surrender absolute power at the cost of almost certain destruction, are ourselves the despots over millions upon millions, to whom we might give freedom at the price of only a part of what we possess! We, the blustering, swaggering devotees of liberty, rule over nations by a despotism more searching and comprehensive than any of the continental ones! Do we then say that we ought to give constitutions to the nations of the East? No! we would advise no such absurdity—we would prepare no such scourges for them, or injuries for our own country; but we will say that, with regard to the abstract question, they have as much right to liberty as the nations of the continent; and that we have a much worse title to be the despots of Asia, than the continental monarchs have to be the despots of Europe. Shame would strike us dumb, were we, like our Broughams, Hutchinsons, and Littletons,—our *liberal* Whigs and trimming Tories—with our Eastern possessions before us, to attempt to say to the Emperor of Russia, or the Emperor of Austria,—Thou art a despot.

Here the "*Liberal System*" blazes out in all its prodigious varieties of shape and colour—here, with one hand, it darts its thunders upon our devoted land, and, with the other, it holds it up to the world's mockery; and yet it is at last, with regard to despotism, here miserly to others, and *liberal* to England. Its *liberality*, however, is but that of the pickpocket who tucks up his colleague to the gallows for theft, and yet continues his vocation.

Perhaps this matter with regard to despotism may be explained by the magic of geography—perhaps that which is slavery in Europe, is freedom in Asia? Alas, no!—Perhaps we have

some exclusive right to be the only despots in the universe? No!—Perhaps we are authorised by some law, human or divine, to be the dictators of other states in the management of their affairs—to command them to shape their governments as we please—to plunge them into rebellion, anarchy, and blood, whenever we may take it into our heads to do so—and to order the continental monarchs to give away their power, and step into ruin, whenever we may wish it? No such law was ever heard of. Perhaps what is crime here, is purity on the continent—what is falsehood here, is truth on the continent—what is destructive here, is beneficial on the continent—the opinions and institutions that are proscribed here, ought to be protected on the continent? Heaven and earth say the contrary.

Then the "*Liberal System*" is not less false and wicked, than detestable and ruinous.

We know well enough that the puling, milk-and-water sarcasms, which our Tory prints and Tory people cast upon the continental monarchs, are a sacrifice to the idol of the day—*Conciliation*. It is no doubt mighty liberal in a Tory to go strutting and smirking to the altar of Jacobin licentiousness, to throw upon it the fair fame of a king or an emperor. It is likely enough hugely pleasant and profitable for a Tory to go trundling along before the blast of popular clamour, and amidst the greetings of Whigs and Radicals. But if this were even fighting for the cause of liberty, we would not imitate it. We would hear both sides, scrutinize the evidence, take into account all the circumstances of the case, and decide as our conscience should direct, even though the whole nation should be against us. If we could not maintain our cause without sacrificing truth and justice—without bribing our enemies by the immolation of the innocent—we would, like honest men, throw down our arms and abandon it. But the prejudice that has been got up against the continental monarchs, is, in our judgment, calculated to do vital injury to genuine liberty; and it is, moreover, calculated to have the most baleful effects on our foreign policy and our national interests.

In the late contest between the Allied Monarchs and the Liberals, both sides distinctly placed before us their political creed. On the one hand we had the French constitution, its functionaries and principles; and on the other we had the Spanish constitution, its functionaries and principles. Now, which agreed in essentials with, and which were in essentials hostile to, our own; and, what is of equal consequence, which were the best calculated for establishing real and permanent liberty? The principles which these monarchs put forth touching constitutional government, in France, Spain, and Portugal, bore no remote resemblance, not merely to those of English Toryism, but to these which are, in words or effect, promulgated by the English constitution; while the principles of the Liberals were such as our constitution, and both Toryism and Whiggism, pronounce to be false and ruinous.

If the whole weight of England had been thrown into the scale, in favour of such constitutions as the French one, and against such as the Spanish one, we should have rendered essential service to liberty on the continent; we should have checked both the Monarchs and the Liberals; and we should have done much towards bringing the only able constitution-makers into the field, the rich, knowing, experienced, and disinterested. But our weight went with the Liberals; we execrated the French constitution as a despotism, cried up the Spanish one to the skies, were even the most extravagant in favour of republics, embraced the fanatical and profligate deists and democrats as brothers, and treated with scorn all the rest of the people. By this we did the most vital injury to liberty on the continent; we filled the people with the most false and ruinous notions respecting it, we marshalled them under the most vile and incapable leaders, we sent them in pursuit of the most pernicious institutions, and we rendered the exercise of severity, on the part of the governments, unavoidable.

If our constitution stand upon Liberalism and Republicanism, we do well to range ourselves with the Liberals and Republicans; but if not, we are digging away the foundations of this constitution. We hear, in truth, abundance of general cant about this constitution being the best in the world; but where can we find the man,

among either Whigs or Tories, who will defend its component parts, its maxims, and the principles which form its basis, item by item? Where shall we find the man who recommends its adoption to other states, and who does not laud, in the most riotous manner, the principles which it proscribes and abhors? If the creed of the Liberals and Republicans be a true one, our constitutional creed is a false one—If their forms of government ought to be established, ours ought to be abolished—if we cry up their principles, we cry down our own—and if we fight for them, we fight against ourselves. *Liberality*, potent magician though it be, cannot confute us. Our raving in favour of the Liberals and Republicans is in fact teaching liberalism and republicanism to the nation at large; and if this produce its natural fruits, it will in the end destroy our constitution, and, deny it who will, our liberties.

"What a lovely spectacle would it be," exclaims Lord Holland, in one of his fine phrenzies, "to see England at the head of a swarm of republics!" —Charmingly liberal—beautifully romantic—but, alas! fearfully ruinous. A free monarchy may exist amidst despotisms, but it is scarcely possible for it to exist amidst republics. In the first case, the feelings of the people of the surrounding states will be in favour of it, and the enthusiasm of those who live under it will be on the alert for its defence; but in the other case, the feelings of the surrounding people will be against it, and its own subjects will seek its destruction. If we wish to preserve our monarchy as it now exists, we must choose our associates amidst monarchies that are not more limited than our own. If the power of the crown were less among our neighbours, than with us, it would speedily be here reduced to the same point; if several of the continental states were republics, we should soon have the same form of government; and if we estrange ourselves from monarchies, and cultivate friendship and interchange of feeling and sentiment with republics alone, we shall scarcely fail of becoming ourselves a republic.

The cry, however, now is, on almost all hands—Have nothing to do with the continental monarchs!—It is made a matter of reproach to the late Marquis of Londonderry that he was personally acquainted with them, and it is actually made a merit in Mr Canning that he knows them not. Preposterous nonsense! They have suffered our free constitution to exist for centuries without molesting it—they have fought for the constitution of France—they have wished to see similar ones in Spain and Portugal—and the King of Prussia is at this very moment making a large surrender of political power to his subjects—yet we are to believe that they wish to destroy our liberty! Could folly, on the one hand, and gullibility, on the other, go farther?

How many years have passed away since we humbly sued to these "Despots" for their friendship? How many years have passed away since they fought *in person* for us and our liberties, as well as for themselves? How many years have passed away since they profusely poured the blood and treasures of their realms for our benefit as well as their own? We did not then curse them for being despots—we did not then quarrel with them for drawing their swords against Liberalism—against the principles of the French Revolution. Is all this so soon forgotten? Has it so soon vanished from our remembrance, that to them we owe a large share of our wealth, greatness, glory, and happiness? Gratitude, alas! seems not to be numbered among our good feelings.

It has hitherto been thought wise and necessary in us to have as powerful a party as possible among the continental nations. Austria above all other countries was called the natural friend and ally of England, and we were to cultivate the closest intimacy with her regardless of her despotism. How often has not this Austria fought at our side! How often has she not raised the standard to collect for us allies in a war for existence! How often has she not risked all, and nearly lost all, in our cause as well as her own? Well, now we are to have a brilliant new system of foreign policy, which shall strip us of every continental friend, which shall leave us without a vestige of influence on the continent, which shall league the whole continent against us. Austria is to be the especial object of our detestation; for her all the bitterest epithets of the Statesmen of Cockaigne are reserved. We are to goad the continental powers into a community

of interest against us, instead of dividing them—we are to plant everything between them and ourselves that can yield war, instead of cultivating their friendship;—and we are to do this, that we may be enabled to coquet with, smile upon, and pension such people as the Spanish, French, and Italian revolutionists; and to hold soft alliance with a parcel of helpless republics, which, barring their trade, can only draw us into scrapes and difficulties. Burke was wont to speak of pedlar systems, but really this is not a pedlar system; the pedlar looks for gain, but at any rate here is a marvellous lack of selfishness and covetousness. Here is *liberality* with a vengeance! National interests! as we have already said,—what are national interests when they clash with the "*Liberal System?*" What are national interests to Liberalism and Revolutionism?

Of course, as we make such a stupendous fuss about trade, we have no trade with the continental nations—of course we do not wish to trade with them—of course they could not injure our trade in other quarters—of course they could not deprive us of any colonies—of course we could not derive benefit from any of them in any war we might be engaged in—of course, if we went to war with them, we could conquer them in a moment—of course we have everything to gain, and nothing to lose by going to war—and of course we have a right to quarrel with the continental monarchs for being despots, and everything to hope for from such quarrel.

If all these be not matters of course, what are we doing? what madness has seized us? and to what losses and calamities are we rushing?

Oh, glorious "*Liberal System!*" how gigantic is thy wisdom! How fascinating are thy benefits!

We will examine, on the present occasion, only one more of the various species of fruit which this system produces.

The grand principle on which it stands is, to value men and things in proportion to their worthlessness and dangerous character. It puffs such men as Burdett, Hobhouse, Hume, Wilson, Lord Cochrane, &c. as first-rate statesmen and patriots—it execrates such as Lord Eldon, the Duke of Wellington, the late Marquis of Londonderry, Lord Liverpool, &c. as fools, knaves, and bigots. It daubs such writers as Lord Byron, Moore, and Lady Morgan, with every kind of panegyric—it blackens such as Southey and Gifford in every possible way. If you be a religious man, it smiles at your fanaticism, or rails against your bigotry—if you be a moral man, it cracks jests on your weakness—if you be an infidel, it compliments you on your freedom from prejudice—and if you be unprincipled, debauched, and licentious, it dubs you a most profitable and enlightened member of society. There is scarcely any virtue that it does not decry, or any vice that it does not praise; and there is scarcely any merit that it does not attack, or any guilt that it does not justify. In a word, if you reverse all that our greatest statesmen have laid down with regard to politics, and all that our wisest philosophers and moralists have taught in respect to the well-being of society, you have the "*Liberal System*" before you in splendid fulness and perfection.

We have now, we hope, given a home-thrust to the monstrous bladder of the "*Liberal System*,"—of *Liberality*; we have, we trust, done something towards lessening its enormous inflation, and we will stab it again and again before we take our leave of it. Never before in our days were such immense sacrifices of principles—of national interests—of the foundations of society—and of the best feelings and possessions of mankind, made to anything, as are now made to this skin-and-wind god—*Liberality*. Our national existence was endangered and the swords of nearly the whole world were turned against us, yet we fought like heroes for our principles, our institutions, our church, and our monarchy; but now, when we revel in almost every benefit that even miracle could give us, and when nearly every nation upon earth wishes to be our friend, we must adopt the opinions and people that we then fought against, and slap every one in the face who can prove a dangerous enemy. What all this will lead to if it be not checked, may be discovered without the aid of prophecy; and it matters not who may support it, he is the friend of England and of mankind, who resists it to the utmost.

Y. Y. Y.

WONDERFUL PASSAGE IN THE LIFE OF MANSIE WAUCH, TAILOR.

About this time there arose a great sough and surmise, that some loons were playing false with the kirkyard, howking up the bodies from their damp graves, and harling them away to the College. Words canna describe the fear, and the dool, and the misery it caused. All flocked to the kirk yett; and the friends of the newly buried stood by the mools, which were yet dark, and the brown newly-cast divots, that had not yet ta'en root, looking, with mournful faces, to descrive any tokens of sinking in.

I'll never forget it. I was standing by when three young lads took shools, and, lifting up the truff, proceeded to howk down to the coffin, wherein they had laid the grey hairs of their mother. They looked wild and bewildered like, and the glance of their een was like that of folk out of a mad-house; and nane dared in the world to have spoken to them. They didna even speak to ane anither; but wrought on wi' a great hurry, till the spades struck on the coffin lid—which was broken. The dead-claithes were there huddled a'thegither in a nook, but the dead was gane. I took haud of Willie Walker's arm, and lookit down. There was a cauld sweat all ower me;—losh me! but I was terribly frighted and eerie. Three mair were opened, and a' just alike; save and except that of a wee unkirstened wean, which was aff bodily, coffin and a'.

There was a burst of righteous indignation throughout the parish; nor without reason. Tell me that doctors and graduates maun ha'e the dead; but tell it not to Mansie Wauch, that our hearts maun be trampled in the mire of scorn, and our best feelings laughed at, in order that a bruise may be properly plaistered up, or a sair head cured. Verily, the remedy is waur than the disease.

But what remead? It was to watch in the session-house, with loaded guns, night about, three at a time. I never likit to gang into the kirkyard after darkening, let a be to sit there through a lang winter night, windy and rainy it may be, wi' nane but the dead around us. Sauf us! it was an unco thought, and garred a' my flesh creep; but the cause was gude—my corruption was raised—and I was determined no to be dauntoned.

I counted and counted, but the dread day at length came, and I was summonsed. All the leevelang afternoon, when ca'ing the needle upon the labroad, I tried to whistle Jenny Nettles, Niel Gow, and ither funny tunes, and whiles crooned to myself between hands; but my consternation was visible, and a' wadna do.

It was in November; and the cauld glimmering sun sank behind the Pentlands. The trees had been shorn of their frail leaves; and the misty night was closing fast in upon the dull and short day; but the candles glittered at the shop windows, and leery-light-the-lamps was brushing about with his ladder in his oxter, and bleezing flamboy sparking out behind him. I felt a kind of qualm of faintness and down-sinking about my heart and stomach, to the dispelling of which I took a thimblefull of spirits, and, tying my red comforter about my neck, I marched briskly to the session-house. A neighbour, (Andrew Goldie, the pensioner,) lent me his piece, and loaded it to me. He took tent that it was only half-cock, and I wrapped a napkin round the dog-head, for it was raining. No being acquaint wi' guns, I keepit the muzzle aye away from me; as every man's duty is no to throw his precious life in jeopardy.

A furm was set before the session-house fire, which bleezed brightly, nor had I ony thought that such an unearthly place could have been made to look half so comfortable either by coal or candle; so my speerits rose up as if a weight had been ta'en aff them, and I wondered, in my bravery, that a man like me could be afeard of onything. Nobody was there but a toury, ragged, halflins callant of thirteen, (for I speered his age,) wi' a desperate dirty face, and lang carrotty hair, tearing a speldrin wi' his teeth, which lookit lang and sharp aneugh, and throwing the skin and lugs intil the fire.

We sat for amaist an hour thegither, cracking the best way we could in sic a place; nor was onybody mair likely to cast up. The night was now pitmirk; the wind soughed amid the headstanes and railings of the gentry, (for we maun a' dee); and the black corbies in the steeple-holes cackled and crawed in a fearsome manner. A' at

ance we heard a lonesome sound; and my heart began to play pit-pat—my skin grew a' rough, like a poukit chicken—and I felt as if I didna ken what was the matter with me. It was only a false alarm, however, being the warning of the clock; and, in a minute or twa thereafter, the bell struck ten. Oh, but it was a lonesome and dreary sound! Every chap gaed through my breast like the dunt of a forehammer.

Then up and spak the red-headed laddie:—"It's no fair; anither should hae come by this time. I wad rin awa hame, only I'm frighted to gang out my lane.—Do ye think the doup of that candle wad carry i' my cap?"

"Na, na, lad; we maun bide here, as we are here now.—Leave me alane? Lord safe us! and the yett lockit, and the bethrel sleepin' wi' the key in his breek pouches!—We canna win out now though we would," answered I, trying to look brave, though half frightened out of my seven senses;—"Sit down, sit down; I've baith whisky and porter wi' me. Hae, man, there's a cauker to keep your heart warm; and set down that bottle," quoth I, wiping the saw-dust aff n't with my hand, "to get a toast; I'se warrant it for Deacon Jaffrey's best brown stout."

The wind blew higher, and like a hurricane; the rain began to fall in perfect spouts; the auld kirk rumbled, and rowed, and made a sad soughing; and the bourtrie tree behind the house, where auld Cockburn that cuttit his throat was buried, creakit and crazed in a frightful manner; but as to the roaring in the burn, it was past a' power of description. To make bad worse, just in the heart of the brattle, the grating sound of the yett turning on its rusty hinges was but too plainly heard. What was to be done? I thought of our baith rinning away; and then of our locking oursells in, and firing through the door; but wha was to pull the trigger?

Gudeness watch ower us! I trumble yet when I think on't. We were perfectly between the deil and the deep sea—either to stand and fire our gun, or rin and be shot at. It was really a hang choice. As I stood swithering and shaking, the laddie ran to the door, and, thrawing round the key, clappit his back till't. Oh! how I lookit at him, as he stude, for a gliff, like a magpie hearkening wi' his lug cockit up, or rather like a terrier watching a rotten. "They're coming! they're coming!" he cried out, "cock the piece, ye sumph;" while the red hair rose up from his pow like feathers; "they're coming, I hear them tramping on the gravel!" Out he stretched his arms against the wall, and brizzed his back against the door like mad; as if he had been Sampson pushing ower the pillars in the house of Dagon. "For the Lord's sake, prime the gun," he cried out, "or our throats will be cut frae lug to lug before we can cry Jack Robison! See that there's priming in the pan."

I did the best I could; but my hale strength could hardly lift up the piece, which waggled to and through like a cock's tail on a rainy day; my knees knockit against ane anither, and though I was resigned to dee—I trust I was resigned to dee—od, but it was a frightfu' thing to be out of ane's bed, and to be murdered in a session-house, at the dead hour of night, by unyearthly resurrection-men, or rather let me call them deevils incarnate, wrapt up in dreadnoughts, wi' blackit faces, pistols, big sticks, and other deadly weapons.

A snuff, snuffing was heard; and, through below the door, I saw a pair of glancing black e'en. Od, but my heart nearly loupit aff the bit—a snouff, and a gur, gurring, and ower a' the plain tramp of a man's heavy tackets and cuddy heels amang the gravel. Then came a great slap like thunder on the wall; and the laddie, quitting his grip, fell down, crying, "Fire, fire!—murder! holy murder!"

"Wha's there?" growled a deep rough voice; "open, I'm a freend."

I tried to speak, but could not; something like a happenny row was sticking in my throat, so I tried to cough it up, but it wadna come. "Gie the pass-word then," said the laddie, staring as if his een wad loupen out; "gie the pass-word?"

First cam a loud whissle, and then "Copmahagen," answered the voice. Oh! what a relief! The laddie started up, like ane crazy wi' joy. "Ou! ou!" cried he, thrawing round the key, and rubbing his hands; "by jingo, it's the bethrel—it's the bethrel—it's auld Isaac himsell."

First rushed in the dog, and then Isaac, wi' his glazed hat, slouched

ower his brow, and his horn bouet glimmering by his knee. "Has the French landit, do ye think? Losh keep us a'," said he, wi' a smile on his half-idiot face, (for he was a kind of a sort of a natural, wi' an infirmity in his leg,) "od sauf us, man, put by your gun. Ye dinna mean to shoot me, do ye? What are ye about here wi' the door lockit? I just keppit four resurrectioners louping ower the wa'."

"Gude guide us," I said, taking a lang breath to drive the blude frae my heart, and something relieved by Isaac's company—"Come now, Isaac, ye're just gieing us a fright. Isn't that true, Isaac?"

"Yes, I'm joking—and what for no?—but they might have been, for onything ye wad hae hindered them to the contrair, I'm thinking. Na, na, ye maunna lock the door; that's no fair play."

When the door was put ajee, and the furm set forenent the fire, I gaed Isaac a dram to keep his heart up on sic a cauld stormy night. Od, but he was a droll fallow, Isaac. He sung and leuch as if he had been boozing in Luckie Thampson's, wi' some of his drucken cronies. Feint a hair gaed he about auld kirks, or kirk-yards, or vouts, or through-stanes, or dead fock in their winding-sheets, wi' the wet grass growing ower them; and at last I began to brighten up a wee mysell, so when he had gone ower a good few funny stories, I said to him, quoth I, "Mony folk, I daresay, mak mair noise about their sitting up in a kirk-yard than its a' worth. There's naething here to harm us?"

"I beg to differ wi' ye there," answered Isaac, taking out his horn mull from his coat pouch, and tapping on the lid in a queer style—"I could gie anither version of that story. Did ye no ken of three young doctors—Eirish students—alang wi' some resurrectioners, as waff and wild as themsells, firing shottie for shottie wi' the guard at Kirkmabrecke, and lodging three slugs in ane of their backs, forbye firing a ramrod through anither ane's hat?"

This was a wee alarming—"No," quoth I; "no, Isaac, man; I ne'er heard o't."

"But, let alane resurrectioners, do ye no think there is sic a thing as ghaists? Guide ye, man, my granny could hae telled as muckle about them as wad hae filled a minister's sermons from June to January."

"Kay—kay—that's a' buff," I said. "Are there nae cutty-stool businesses—are there nae marriages gaun, Isaac?" for I was keen to change the subject.

"Ye may kay—kay, as ye like, though; I can just tell ye this—ye'll mind auld Armstrong wi' the leather breeks, and the brown three-story wig—him that was the grave-digger? Weel, he saw a ghaist wi' his leeving een—aye, and what's better, in this very kirk-yard too. It was a cauld spring morning, and daylight just coming in, whan he cam to the yett yonder, thinking to meet his man, paidling Jock—but he had sleepit in, and was na there. Weel, to the wast corner ower yonder he gaed, and throwing his coat ower a headstane, and his hat on the tap o't, he dug away wi' his spade, throwing out the mools, and the coffin handles, and the green banes, and sic like, till he stoppit a wee to tak breath.—What! are ye whistling to yoursell?" quo' Isaac to me, "and no hearing what's God's truth?"

"Ou, aye," said I, "but ye didna tell me if onybody was cried last Sunday?"—I wad hae gien every farthing I had made by the needle, to hae been at that blessed time in my bed wi' my wife and weans. Ay, how I was gruing! I mostly chacked aff my tongue in chittering—But a' wad not do.

"Weel, speaking of ghaists—when he was resting on his spade he looked up to the steeple, to see what a clock it was, wondering what way Jock hadna come, when lo! and behold, in the lang diced window of the kirk yonder, he saw a lady a' in white, wi' her hands clasped thegither, looking out to the kirk-yard at him.

"He couldna believe his een, so he rubbit them wi' his sark sleeve, but she was still there bodily, and keeping ae ee on him, and anither on his road to the yett; he drew his coat and hat to him below his arm, and aff like mad, throwing the shool half a mile ahint him. Jock fand that; for he was coming singing in at the yett, when his maister ran clean ower the tap o' him, and capsized him like a toom barrel; and never stoppit, till he was in at his ain house, and the door baith bolted and barred at his tail.

"Did ye ever hear the like of that, Mansie? Weel, man, I'll explain the hale history o't to ye. Ye see—Od! how sound that callant's sleeping," continued Isaac; "he's snoring like a nine-year-auld!"

I was glad he had stoppit, for I was like to sink through the grund wi' fear; but na, it wadna do.

"Dinna ye ken—sauf us! what a fearsome night this is! The trees 'll be a' broken. What a noise in the lum! I dare say there's some auld hag of a witch-wife gaun to come rumble doun't. It's no the first time, I'll swear. Hae ye a silver sixpence? Wad ye like that?" he bawled up the chumley. "Ye'll hae heard," said he, "lang ago, that a wee murdered wean was buried—didna ye hear a voice?—was buried below that corner—the hearth-stane there, where the laddy's lying on?"

I had now lost my breath, so that I couldna stop him.

"Ye never heard tell o't, didna ye? Weel, I'se tell't ye—Sauf us, what swurls of smoke coming doun the chimley—I could swear something no canny's stopping up the lum head—Gang out, and see!"

At that moment, a clap like thunder was heard—the candle was driven ower—the sleeping laddie roared "Help!" and "Murder!" and "Thieves!" and, as the furm on which we were sitting played flee backwards, crippled Isaac bellowed out, "I'm dead!—I'm killed!—shot through the head!—Oh! oh! oh!"

Surely I had fainted away; for, when I came to mysell, I found my red comforter loosed; my face a' wet—Isaac rubbing down his waistcoat wi' his sleeve—the laddie swigging ale out of a bicker—and the brisk brown stout, which, by casting its cork, had caused a' the alarm, whizz—whizz—whizzing in the chumley lug.

THE CONFESSIONS OF A CANTAB.

——————me tabulâ sacer
Votivâ paries indicat uvida
Suspendisse potenti
Vestimenta maris Deo.—HORACE.

"WHAT everybody says, must be true."—So runs the proverb; and if *that* be true, I really can perceive no reason why that which everybody *does*, should not also be accounted necessarily correct. And as everybody, from the "*Justified Sinner*," down to the "*Opium-Eater*" and the "*Footman*," have thought proper to confess—I, who am a newly-graduated Cantab, and who have as much to answer for (God help me!) as the worst of them, may, perhaps, be allowed to confess also. Besides, they say, that to unburden one's conscience, and to pour forth one's follies and one's sins into the attentive ear of a confessor, does, like tincture of rhubarb to the disordered bowels, administer a balm, a comfort, and a relief, which is at once indescribable, and "devoutly to be wished." All this, as far as regards the rhubarb, I can perfectly understand, and cordially assent to; as to the confession, I am determined to try its boasted effects, and to quack myself at least for once. If this be a wise resolution, my conduct in the selection of a confessor must, I am sure, strike everybody as being extremely judicious. A confessor should be a discreet and uncommunicating individual; and as secrecy is to be looked upon as his primary and indispensable qualification, I have made choice of the public for my confessor, because I have a well-grounded conviction that *it will go no further*.

But—avaunt, ye ancient pedagogues, who "prepare young gentlemen for the universities"—ye phlebotomists, with crabbed Greek in your mouths—with crabbed frontispieces to those animated Lexicons and Graduses, your heads—and with crabbed sticks and long birches in your hands—avaunt!—for here you will be shocked with a recreant disciple, who, forgetting all your warnings, and all your instructions, never read a single hour in the day—who cut Chapel, Hall, Lectures, and Gates, day after day, and night after night—who persisted in playing at billiards at Chesterton—in attending Newmarket meetings—in hunting twice a-week—and in en-

couraging, exciting, and patronizing wine parties and mid-night revels, instead of cramming for examinations, writing for prize poems, and reading for honours.

With this warning I conclude my preface, and now begin, as in private duty bound, with

My Initiation.

When I reached Cambridge, my first business was to beat up the quarters of my old school-fellows who had been emancipated from the thraldom of our common pedagogue, Doctor Jones, twelve months before that favour was extended to Pill Garlic. The awkwardness one feels at entering the University is the most unpleasant, and (for the first day) the most invincible sensation that can be imagined; besides, I had heard a great deal of the College sparks, and of the tricks and cheats that were commonly practised upon unsophisticated and unsuspecting Fresh-men; so that I had determined to put myself under the guidance and protection of some of my old friends who were second-year-men, and, consequently, not to be taken in. But at every room in College to which I directed my steps, I found the door *sported*,* and every lodging-house-keeper, of whom I had occasion to inquire, returned me the same answer. "Gone to Newmarket, and will not be back till evening," was the reply to all inquiries. Finding, therefore, that I had no chance of meeting with any one to whom I was personally known before night, I resolved to run all hazards, and resigned myself into the hands of the College Mercury, a sort of *Fresh-man's Vade-mecum*, or *Young Gownsman's best Companion*; who, having heard of my arrival, had been dogging me at every turn, and seemed determined not to lose sight of me for a moment.

This worthy personage I shall introduce to the reader under the name of Mr Ferret; and, in doing this, I am merely repaying the civility he exercised towards me in making me acquainted with some fifty individuals within the space of an hour—"*College Laundress, sir—Sempstress, sir—Grocer, sir—Want a gyp,† wont you, sir?—This here's one of them as belongs to Trinity—very honest young fellow, sir—College hair-cutter, sir*, &c. &c.—and so on *ad infinitum*, which, in this case is the Latin for "*even down to the shoe black.*"

This Ferret was, in every sense of the word, the "Fresh-man's Directory;" his business was to point out the college-tradesmen to new-comers;—he attended them to choose their rooms, and performed a variety of other little offices, the trouble of which bore an inverse ratio to the pay he received. He first carried me to a tailor; and here the ceremony of introduction, by the worthy Ferret, first began—"Mr Shears, college-tailor, sir"—"This here's Mr Mabbry o' Trinity."—Mr Shears was a very forward, but smooth-spoken sort of tailor, (as, indeed, they all are, except when they come for money,) who assured me, among other things, that he had *turned out* coats which had passed for Stultz's own cut; and concluded a very modest, but somewhat protracted, encomium upon his own talents, (which, by the bye, is written, committed to memory, and annually recited to Fresh-men by masters, men and errand boys,) by declaring, that he should be most happy to *wait upon me*. This was the only part of his oration that I gave the slightest credit to; and he did not even speak the truth in this; for he grumbled most unhappily because he had to *wait upon me* some twenty or thirty times, perhaps, for his money. Of Mr Shears, I procured a cap and gown; and having contemplated my new costume in

* *Sported.*—The door being *sported*, simply means that it was *shut*. The rooms in College are like the chambers in the Inns of Court, having an outer-door and an inner one. The outer is called the *sporting door*, and is a very useful barricado against duns. They are used by *reading men* to keep out idle visitors; and by others to prevent the entrance of visitors of a more troublesome nature, before mentioned.

† *Gyp*—A gyp is a man who brushes clothes, wakes men for chapel, runs of errands, and waits at table. His perquisites are innumerable; but he is a necessary part of every gownsman's establishment. The word gyp is *classical*, however barbarous it may sound, being derived from γυψ, "*a vulture*," "a *bird* of prey;" and no person who has had the misfortune to retain one in his service will think this etymology at all forced.

the glass, I sallied forth with some awkwardness, but with considerable pride, to search the rooms in the town. The College was already full. In the course of our perambulations, I saw a great many very neat and commodious apartments, which I fancied would suit me extremely well; but Ferret was of a different opinion. He had always some objection against them—the street was either too noisy, or too dull—or the distance from College would be *uncommon inconvenient* for morning chapel—or the landlady was none o' the most 'commodating—or fifty other things, which it was purgatory to listen to, and with the repetition of which I shall not trouble the reader—As Dido said to the Trojans, "Non ignara mali, miseris succurrere disco"—Suffice it to observe, that although I really felt grateful to Ferret for the very extraordinary trouble he was taking to procure me a comfortable settlement, I became at last so fagged and annoyed with running up and down stairs, that I told my "fidus Achates," that if he did not know of any rooms which he thought *would* suit, I should certainly brave all the noise, and the dulness of the streets—the unaccommodating dispositions of the landladies, together with the inconvenience of the distance, and secure the first rooms that came in my way.

"Why, as to knowing o' rooms, sir," replied Ferret, "I can't say but I do know o' some unaccountable nice 'uns,—only you see, sir, we never thinks it right to interfere—we wishes gen'lmen to choose for themselves like." With this, he quickened his pace, and after leading me through two or three dirty little streets, ushered me into a set of apartments which were of themselves inferior, perhaps, to the worst of those which I had already rejected. As to their situation—a baker's shop was on one side, and a tallow-chandler's on the other. However, I took them immediately, and contented myself with setting Ferret down as a barbarian of execrable taste. But I was entirely mistaken; for when I asked what was my landlady's name, Ferret, screwing up his mouth into something between a simper and a grin, replied, "*I'm landlord*, sir—this here's my house—find it very comfortable, I assure you—honourable Mr Rattle lodged here last, sir—it was him as made all them holes in the chimley-piece, and as drew them there queer faces on the ceiling—an't they funny, sir?—but they're wery nice rooms for all that, sir, though I says so, as don't ought to say it perhaps—Wish you good day, sir."—Exit Ferret.

I was at once so ashamed and so angry, that I was utterly unable to reply. It was in vain that I endeavoured to convince myself that Ferret really believed these to be the *best* rooms I had seen. They were his own—and Ferret had *taken me in*, in every sense of the word. In spite of all my boasted prudence, and my previous knowledge concerning the college-servants, I had been made a dupe of before I had been in Cambridge two hours.—The fact was too glaring to be denied—I threw my cap and gown upon the floor in disgust, and myself upon the sofa—tried to sleep—a sure remedy for ill-temper—but it would not do;—and trivial as the circumstance may appear, it haunted me perpetually; so that, resuming the academic garb, I determined to take a walk, and amaze myself with contemplating the Cambridge lions.

But here again a new mortification was in store for me. Alas! ye unhappy Fresh-men, how much are ye to be pitied! To say nothing of your first year's examination, with plucking* and the little-go* in perspective; the miseries you endure, and the mistakes you perpetrate during the first two or three days, are matters which a graduate even can scarcely look back upon without a shudder. I had scarcely proceeded a dozen paces, when I observed the eyes of everybody upon me. The gownsmen looked, smiled, and passed on; the snobs† stood still, and grinned; and two lounging, careless fellow-commoners, who were coming towards me, fairly burst out into an open laugh, and exclaimed, in passing, "*My God, how fresh!*"—This inexplicable and unlooked for

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* To be pluckt, is to be found wanting in the examination scales—and the little-go, is a new classical examination lately instituted at Cambridge.

† For the benefit of the unsophisticated reader a snob is, at Cambridge, *everybody who is not a gownsman.*

behaviour, actually stupified me. I knew not whether to return or proceed, when Ferret put his head over my shoulder, and told me that my gown was *wrong side outwards*. This communication decided my destination. I rushed home, and as I once more contemplated my figure in the glass, the feelings of the bashful man, when he had wiped his face with the ink-stained handkerchief, were calm, collected, and even enviable, if compared with mine. Has the reader ever become so unequivocally fuddled—so happily, and so completely tipsy, as to perpetrate all manner of follies, even to the putting on his coat hind part before, and mistaking the punch-bowl for his hat? If he have not, and if he have seen no one *pergræcari* to this extent, (I beg leave to say that *I* have, and so has ODoherty, I'll be sworn,) he can at least fancy a votary of the jolly god in such a situation, and may thus form some idea of my woful and ridiculous appearance. My cap was put on hind part before, and looked precisely as though I had upon my head a punch-bowl, or some more offensive utensil. My gown was not only wrong side outwards, but I had also stuck my arms in the sleeves—very naturally, as the reader will suppose—and as I thought; but the fact is, that there is a hole at middle of the sleeve, through which the arm should come, the remainder hanging loose from the elbow; and my new mode of wearing the gown had given it very nearly the appearance of a coat put on hind part before. The cause of the risibility of the gownsmen, and of the snobs, was no longer a secret, and I resolved not to appear in the streets again that day. One would have supposed that *enragé* as I was before, this circumstance would have driven me mad; but no—after a few minutes it had quite a contrary effect. They may talk what they will of weighing so long upon a passive spirit, that at length it breaks; and of overloading the heart with grief, till it can contain no more, and then it bursts; for my part, I believe in no such doctrine—once wet through it may rain on as long as it pleases; deprive me of a bottle of wine and a clean shirt a-day, and fortune cannot render my misery one jot the greater, even if she reduce me to a sweeper of crossings, or a shoe-black. And this second mishap, instead of adding to my uneasiness, entirely removed it. It acted upon me in some such way as a violent debauch would upon a man labouring under a severe bilious attack, which makes him sick, and carries away, at "one fell swoop," both the bile and the ill-effects of the debauch.

The paroxysm over, I laughed as heartily as the best of them, and ordered Ferret to shew up the candidates for my patronage, or, as they more wisely ask, "for my *custom*." There is a wide difference between the two. As our old pedagogue used to say, in descanting upon the peculiar force of some Greek verb, "There is an idea of continuance and continuality" conveyed in the word *custom*, which is not always observed. At least my worthy grocer did not appear to understand it, for I asked him to explain what he meant by *custom*, and he replied, "buying your groshery at my shop, sir." In hiring a gyp, washerwoman, sempstress, &c. and in promising my custom to tradesmen, I observed one very curious circumstance. Among some fifty candidates, there were only *three* names—they were all Ferrets, Jones's, or Thomsons; and it was not till I had resided at Cambridge some time, that I made the discovery, that among all the tradesmen and college-servants, which may be about five hundred in number, there are not, perhaps, more than *twenty* different names. This is easily to be accounted for. In the infancy of the university, these offices might very easily have been engrossed by *five* or *six* persons, and from that time they have become hereditary. From the names of these five or six persons, some *patronymics* have been formed, and the generations have gone on from age to age with all the regularity and uniformity of the epic poems of Greece or Rome. Like them, too, they have had, as one may say, their *episodes*. Their daughters have married—taken the names of their husbands, as most married women do—and these husbands have divided the *spoil* with their fathers or brothers-in-law—they have been admitted as accomplices, in the acts of fleecing gownsmen—or as *they* would call it, "of *serving them*."—Thus, then, by the original names, the *patronymics*, and the intermarriages, or episodes, the whole number, which, by a very liberal calculation, I have stated at twenty, may be very easily accounted for, and made up.

Having at length completed my establishment, which I selected according to the greater or lesser marks of roguery upon the countenances of the candidates, I took my dinner in my own rooms, and then began to unpack my books, and to make some show of literature in the Cambridge way. And now that I look back upon that day, I must confess that I continued perfectly consistent, and that it was always my practice to *shelf* my books. The first that I laid my hands upon, were abridgments of the works of Lavater, and of Doctors Gall and Spurzheim. I lamented much that I had not consulted these in my preceding occupations, for I confess that I was then a very great Bumpiologist, and I still think that Nature does sometimes write a very legible hand upon the *phizmahogony* of some people. As to the *bumps*, I know very little about them—though, at the same time, I would stake my existence, that I would pick out Hazlitt's and Leigh Hunt's skull from those of the whole universe.

But, to return to my confession—I made lots of good resolutions—I was never to go to wine parties—I was to read for Honors, I was to read six hours a-day—cut all gay acquaintances—never drink punch, and therefore to refuse all invitations to suppers—I was—what?—I really cannot tell, for the gyp of my old friend Stamford made his appearance with a note from his master.—Stamford had found my card in his door, and was but just returned. The style of this letter was then quite new to me, and I preserved it as a *curiosity*—Silly young man.—Did you ever receive one in a different style while you were at Cambridge? Never—you might as well have taken bad English to a Yankee—a pig-tail to a Chinese—folly and dishonesty to a radical, or a mummy to an Egyptian, and then called them curiosities. I confess it—The epistle of my friend, however, ran thus:—

DEAR MOBRAY,

See by your card you're come up—devilish glad of it—must sup with me to-night—no come off—must see you—excuse haste—just returned from Newmarket—tell you all about the *runs* when I see you—had a cold ride homewards, damned woolly—but Sir Oliver was up, so we struck the flax into the Tits, and they came along in grand style with

Your's truly,
HARRY STAMFORD.

P. S.—Feed at nine.

What was to be done? Violate all my good resolutions as soon as they were made? Impossible.—But then this was a broken day—I was tired, and could read nothing that night—and if I could, to refuse to sup with an old friend whom I had not seen for some months, where I was sure also to meet with many others from whom I had been separated for a much longer time, appeared to me too bad even for a *leading* man, which is saying a great deal. Thus did I cogitate, while the gyp stood scratching his head, and I at length replied that "Mr Stamford might expect me at nine."—"The practice of my resolutions may be deferred till the morrow," said I, "and in the meantime I will endeavour to improve them in theory."

This was a fatal step. First impressions are always lasting, as everybody has observed before me, and as I now observe, because it answers my purpose—not that I believe it. It appears to me, like most common-place sayings, to be utterly false and unphilosophical. As it is with proverbs and classical quotations, (of which old pedants of *seventy*, and their disciples of *seventeen*, are so fond,) so is it with this—by them, you may prove anything; there is nothing so absurd or so vicious, and at the same time nothing so wise or so virtuous, but may be equally supported and maintained by a proverb or a classical quotation. I have heard a robustious perriwigpated lecturer, from his chair of state, thunder out—"To be sure, gentlemen, as Ovid says, 'Rara est concordantia fratrum;' and as the vulgar proverb runs, 'two of a trade can never agree,' and I have seen the luckless wights scribble the Professor's words with all the eagerness imaginable in their notebooks. So I have seen them also within half-an-hour take down such words as these, hot from the mouth of the same great authority—Unquestionably, the author is right—Phœdrus, you know, has said, 'Simile simili gaudet;' and we have also a correspondent sentiment in our proverb, 'Birds of a feather flock together.'"—Most people will differ from me in this

sentiment, I dare say, but I shall not think it the worse on that account—I had it from my *experience*. The worst of those men who are sentenced to be hanged at the Old Bailey, are sure to have come of the most *honest* parents; and then you see there's John Cam, a radical—his father never taught him this—he had no such example in his younger days. I know that Timothy Tickler will say that *soft* substances will receive any impression whatever, that the *ruder* are the more lasting, and that *par consequence* my last instance is a bad one; but no matter, let it stand.

Well, then, for my own convenience, I will allow, that "*first* impressions are always *lasting*;" though, upon a second writing, the sentiment seems rather contradictory in itself.

The fascination of that night's amusement triumphed over the dull and disgusting routine of Cambridge reading, and I became what they call *rather a gay man*, instead of a hard reader. I will not say that, had the latter been somewhat more tempting, I should have embraced it; no, I believe that I was naturally inclined to pleasure, and that the bad taste which is so conspicuous in Cambridge studies, merely contributed to increase that tendency, or, at all events, to remove the qualms of conscience which affected me when I first abandoned my design of reading. It might, however, have happened without this, and I shall not lay my follies upon a bad system, which has already too much to answer for. The pictures of Alma Mater, which are to be seen in the Cambridge Calendars, may, for aught I know, be very good ones; and the milk which is there to be perceived flowing from her breasts, may be very good also; but he must be a sturdy logician indeed, who will convince me that it is at all comparable to the *milk-punch* which we get from the College butler.

However, as Stamford's supper hour is not yet arrived, I have time to shew that I was not an utter profligate—a naturally ill-disposed renegade, but that I had really some just cause for disliking and abandoning the mode of life which I at first made choice of. Nor can I possibly take any surer means to effect this purpose, than by giving the reader a faithful sketch of the life and pursuits of a reading man at Cambridge.

He comes up to the University, for the most part, in a pepper-and-salt suit, with blue worsted stockings, high shoes, and a York-tan-glove complexion, with few brains, but with industry and a strong constitution. But what does he read?—The literature of his own country? He scarcely knows his own language. The poets and orators of Greece and Rome, culling their beauties in sentiment and style?—No. Does he peruse the histories of Greece and Rome, and perceive the destructive mania of the people for what they miscalled *Liberty?* Does he observe that the *liberty of the subject* was the sole cause of the ruin and destruction of these classical states, and that though they were *republics* when they *fell*, it was by the fostering hands of virtuous *kings* that they were led from barbarism and ignorance, and that it was by the same persons that religion, morality, and the most salutary laws, were established, both in Greece and Rome, but especially in the latter? Does it not occur to him, that though there was a Tarquin at Rome, there was a Codrus* at Athens; and that the patriots of Athens and of Rome, if for one moment compared to the Codrus of the one, and the Numa Pompilius of the other, sink into insignificance and contempt? Does he, I say, "read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest" these volumes, speaking facts, and then thank God that he lives under a monarchical government? Certainly not.—He reads Greek and Latin that he may be able to translate it—to

* Codrus, his history, his virtues, and his patriotism, are forgotten; but the vices of Tarquin are fresh in the recollection of all popular declaimers. They take occasion to shew in their speeches and declamations, (even at Cambridge,) that monarchy was abolished at Rome on account of the vices of the latter; but they will not remember why the same form of government was discontinued at Athens. They forget that the only reason assigned is, that the Athenians thought no one worthy to fill the seat of him who had in so gallant a manner sacrificed his life to ensure his subjects a conquest over their enemies.

bring forward grammatical rules for every turn in the sentence, and to cite parallel passages. This is the only end he has in view. He derives not a single additional idea from the authors he may happen to peruse, nor does he wish to do so. To understand the force of the Greek particles μι and τι, &c. so well as to write down how many times, and in what passages of each classic author, they are to be found, is to him one of the splendid acquirements, because it would ensure a high place at the College or University examinations. As to classic history, his sole object is to *get up* pedigrees, and the dates of battles, births, marriages, accidents, and offences. That history is "philosophy teaching by examples," is a fact entirely unknown to him; and he never once perceives how many valuable and useful lessons may be drawn, even by the dullest reader, from these far-famed pages; which, however beautiful they may be, have something yet more interesting and important to recommend them to our notice; for they record the causes of the ruin of the States of Athens and of Rome, and prove to any man with a grain of comprehension, that republicanism was then, as it has since been, and as it ever will continue, the ultimate destruction of every nation which adopts so dangerous a form of government; and that the people, the liberty-loving populace, when the mastery is theirs, have always been found more arbitrary, and more cruelly unjust, than the veriest despots of the East. But he knows nothing of all this: He is continually told, (and he believes it,) that Greece and Rome were the hot-beds of all that was good, beautiful, and praiseworthy in learning, in morals, and in politics;—he is sure to remember that these were *republics*.

There is yet another class of reading men, who never look into a classical book—such are mathematicians, who refuse to believe anything that does not admit of a mathematical proof.* They labour, perhaps, more than the classical humdrums above-mentioned, and these two divisions of literary Frankenstein-monsters, having pursued the same dull routine for *three* years, become at last wranglers, or first-class-men; and are then turned loose into civilized society, the merest automatons, and the most barbarous savages, that ever wore breeches and stood upon two legs.

There are, no doubt, many honourable exceptions to the above characters; but they are like angels' visits, and the plums in school-boys' puddings,—"few and far between;" and that the generality of them are precisely as I have sketched them, will be denied by few persons who have, like myself, graduated at Cambridge. Now, to be beaten by such men, will not do even at College. The contest, to be sure, is one of *constitution*, and not of *talent*; for the man who can read mathematics for twelve hours a-day, must, though he be ever so great a blockhead, inevitably take a better degree than a man who has twenty times the talent, but whose constitution will not admit of his reading more than *three* hours a-day.

Upon this subject I have much more to say, but I shall reserve it till I come to the confession of my peccadilloes in a Cambridge examination. For the present I shall confine myself to the conclusion of my day of *Initiation*—I might have said, of *Probation*.

The sound of St Mary's bell aroused me from my meditations, and reminded me that the hour of nine was already past. I hastened to Stamford's rooms, and the appearance they exhibited was so singular, that I almost forgot to ask the owner how he was, and to return his salutations. Over the mantle-piece, was the ancient and ever-to-be-remembered picture of an incipient Bachelor of Arts, with the words—"Post tot naufragia tutus;" at the foot of it. This was surmounted by a pair of foils, single-sticks, and a fowling-piece; and as we have no occasion for bells in College, two pair of boxing-gloves usurped the place of bell-pulls on either side the fire-place.

* It is related of a late mathematical professor, that being persuaded by a friend to read Milton's Paradise Lost, he went home one evening, took off his coat, and read it through. His friend asked him if he did not think it very beautiful—"Beautiful!" exclaimed the Professor; "why, it's all assertion—the fellow does not *prove* anything from beginning to end."

The card-racks were filled with impositions and chapel retributions.* In the corners of the room were fishing-rods, sticks, and whips of all sorts and of all sizes, from the tandem to the dog-whip. The walls were covered with caricatures and sporting-plates; the floor was strewed with broken cups and torn gowns; a few neglected books, occupied the spacious and dusty shelves, like the people who are left to take care of houses, "the leases of which are to be sold." "Euclid," and "Wood's Algebra," seemed to constitute the whole of Stamford's reading,—"Boxiana" and "Life in London," of course excepted,—these were upon his sofa. Such a chaos, or dust-hole, if the reader will, are the rooms of a *gay* gownsman.

I was not allowed to contemplate this novel sight without interruption. Stamford observed my astonishment, and clapping me on the shoulders, exclaimed, "What, symptoms of being fresh already, Peregrine? Pr'ythee, exchange your *green* coat for *duffield*, or everybody will perceive that you are but just *up*,† and *down* to nothing. You take no notice of your old friends, nor do you seem inclined to give me an opportunity of introducing you to any new ones."

This ceremony concluded, we sat down to supper, and at this distance of time, I recollect nothing of it, except that it was extremely good, and very speedily dispatched. The circumstance which made the greatest impression upon me, was the appearance of our festive board upon the removal of the cloth. At one end of the table, two enormous bowls of milk-punch sent forth a delicious odour, which was rivalled by the fumes of two similar bowls of rum and brandy punch that graced the other end; while a vessel of "magnitude immense," containing bishop, in which nutmegs, cloves, and roasted lemons, were revelling together, occupied the middle of the table; for the purpose, as it seemed, of preventing the above-mentioned beverages of the same *species*, but of different *genera*, from going to loggerheads. Biscuits, olives, pipes, and cigars, were also to be seen, not to mention whisky, wine, and other liquors, in case any one preferred them to punch. I am happy to say, there was no such Goth present.

To describe the jovial and noisy revelry of that night, would be impossible. The reader may easily conceive that it was not altogether orthodox, and yet I must confess, that I thought it the happiest of my life; nay—I still look back upon it with pleasure, and with my mouth watering. Everybody was agreeable—all (bating the songs) was harmony—all good fellowship, and amusement. Each man had his jokes, his songs, and his puns, and if the dæmon of Discord had joined the party in *propria persona*, I verily believe, that his influence would have been lost—his pestilential breath uncontaminating, and himself the only unpleasant person in the company.

The only rules and regulations which I thought at all likely to create disturbance, (but which, by the by, there was no occasion to *enforce*—everybody understood and conformed to them,) were those of making each person sing in his turn, "whether he could or not;" and of insisting upon every one putting his glass into his pocket before he replenished it. The latter institute, they informed me, was for the purpose of preventing any gentleman shirking, or filling upon heel-taps. This certainly appeared to me very like compelling a man either to get drunk or to spoil his coat; and the law is not altogether consistent (as some have asserted) with the term "*Liberty Hall*," which is usually applied to a gownsman's room. But I cannot by any means agree with these persons. The word *Liberty* is properly understood by very few indeed. Men have taken it into their heads that it means "doing just as you like," and therefore, that it is the best and most desirable thing in the world. Now, I should like to empty my wash-hand-basin upon the heads of such

* Impositions are punishments for irregularities, and are sent upon a slip of paper, worded thus—"A—— or B—— *to learn* 100 *lines of Homer, beginning at line* 24*th of* 21*st Book*." And if a man should not go to chapel the stated number of times in any one week, he receives a similar slip of paper, desiring him to make up the deficiency in the ensuing week, "*By order of the Senior*," or "*Junior Dean*."

† Coming to the University, is called *coming up*, and leaving it, *going down*. The silly and contemptible slang of *being down*, is too well known to be explained here.

persons, and tell them that *I liked it*, and that they ought not to grumble, because "*Liberty*" is "*doing as one likes.*" The fact is, that this definition is merely an individual, a selfish one, and inadmissible, because it will not apply to the community at large. Liberty is, properly speaking, the indulgence of one's inclination, so far as it is unannoying and unprejudicial to one's neighbour. There can be no objection to a man's burning his own house, provided that it stands upon his own property, and at a proper distance from the goods and chattels of other persons; but I should think it extremely unpleasant, if the flames were to spread to mine, and if my sum total of earthly possessions were to be sacrificed to his Nero-like penchant for bonfires. Moreover, I should as soon think of passing the *taxes* when the collector called, as I should of passing my glass at a drinking-bout. It is unreasonable to refuse contributing your share towards defraying the expences of the government of the country, in which you have the privilege of residing; and it is, (as I, a sturdy stickler, think,) equally foolish to refuse to quaff your share of the liquor. If you do not like these things, go and live with Yankees, and never join a bacchanalian revel. I can tell you, gentle reader, that if I be king, or president, (I don't mean an American, but a drinking censor,) you shall pay your taxes, and drink your wine; or, I'll put you in prison in the one case, and give you salt and water in the other. I would do this out of respect to the interests of the community. Do you suppose that the rest of your countrymen are to pay your taxes, or that the remainder of your companions are to drink your liquor?——But I must return to the party, or I shall be fined a bumper; notwithstanding this digression has been solely for edification of the reader, in his civil and political opinions.

I have very little more to confess respecting the events of that memorable evening. The reader will doubtless already have anticipated that I was in some degree indebted to the good offices of my friends for reaching my domicile in safety. The only excuse that I can offer for this offence is, that I was a brute;* and it is the invariable custom at College to make such persons *drink* themselves into the acquaintance of senior and junior sophs.

About three o'clock in the morning we separated. Stamford and his gyp let us carefully down into the street by means of two blankets, which, for aught I know, formed as good a staircase as ever carpenter made in this world. This was not absolutely necessary—we might have made our exit by the gate, in the usual way; but a tender solicitude for the character of our host induced us to risk spoiling our own *gait*, instead of using that of the College. The reputation of having parties to so late an hour is not altogether the way to keep on good terms with the "higher powers" (vulgò, *Dons*;) nor is it over advisable, because, if one should happen to get into any *serious* scrape, previous good character, and regularity, would have as much influence with the Vice-Chancellor at Cambridge, as it would with a jury at the Old Bailey.

To conclude, however, for the present—we reached our respective rooms in safety, nor do I recollect that any particular mischief was committed by the way. One man, indeed, upon whom the punch had made more impression than the rest, took down the sign of the "Blue Boar," and hung it over the gate of St John's;† and, as we passed down Jesus' Lane, another committed a depredation upon a board, with "men traps set here" upon it, and fastened the same to the dwelling of two maiden ladies.

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* Brute—I do not mean because I was drunk, as the worthy Mr Colman has said, "a drunkard fellow is a *brute's* next neighbour;" but because, in the eyes of college men, I was so esteemed whether drunk or sober. A gownsman is called a *brute*, till he is matriculated;—from that time, till the end of his first year, he is a *Freshman*—then a junior soph—and, finally, a senior soph. Soph is said to be derived from σοφος, a *wise man*, and so is lucus, *a non lucendo*, together with *parcè à non parcendo*.—Vide Ainsworth, Lempriere, &c. ad verb.

† The men of St John's College are thirty-six, called "*Johnian Hogs.*" The cause of this appellation has never been satisfactorily explained.

CHAPTERS ON CHURCHYARDS.

Chap. V.

A LITTLE longer, yet a little longer let us tarry in this secluded burial-ground. The Sun's golden rim touches not yet the line of that bright horizon. Not yet have the small birds betaken themselves to their leafy homes, nor the bees to their hives, nor the wild rabbits to their burrows on the heath. Not yet, sailing like a soft fleecy cloud through the grey depths of twilight, hath the light-shunning owl ventured abroad on her wide winnowing vans, nor is the bat come forth, cleaving the dewy air with his excentric circles. Tarry a little longer, even till the moon, that pale, dull, silvery orb, shines out uneclipsed by the glories of her effulgent brother. Then will her tender light, glancing in between those ancient oaks, sleep sweetly on the green graves, and partially illumine that south-east angle of the Church Tower, and those two long narrow windows. And then will our walk homeward be delightful—far more so than even in the warm glow of sunset. For then, every bank and hedge-row will be glittering with dew in the pale silvery light, and every fern leaf will be a diamond spray, and every blade of grass a crystal spear; and sparks of living fire will tremble on them, and glance out with their emerald rays from between the broad leaves of the colts-foot and the arum. And then the wild honeysuckles, (our hedgerows are full of them,) will exhale such sweets as I would not exchange for all the odours of the gardens of Damascus; or if we go home by the heath track, the wild thyme, and the widows-wail, will enrich the air with their aromatic fragrance. On such a night as this will be, I never unreluctantly re-enter the formal dwellings of man, or resign myself to oblivious slumbers. Methinks, how exquisite it would be, to revel like a creature of the elements the long night through in the broad flood of moonshine! To pass from space to space with the fleetness of thought, "putting a girdle round about the earth in forty minutes," or to skim silently along, on the stealthy moonbeams, to lonely places, where wells of water gush up in secret, where the wild deer come fearlessly to drink, where the halcyon rears her young, and the water lily floats like a fairy ship, unseen by human eye—and so, admitted to nature's sanctuary, blending as it were in essence with its pervading soul of rapturous repose—to be abstracted for a while from dull realities, the thoughts and cares of earth, that clog the unextinguishable spirit with their dense vapours, and intercept its higher aspirations—what living soul, conscious of its divine origin, and of its immortal destination, but must at times feel weary of this probationary state, impatient of the conditions of its human nature, and of bondage in its earthly tabernacle! What living soul that has proved the vanity of all sublunary things, but has at times aspirated with the royal Psalmist, "Oh that I had wings like a dove, for then would I flee away and be at rest!"

Hark!—there's a stir near us—a stir of footsteps, and of human voices. It proceeds from within the Church, and see, the porch doors are ajar, and also that low-arched door-way opening into the belfry. Those steps are ascending its dark narrow stair, and then—hark again! from within, a low dull creaking sound, and then—one long, deep startling toll—another, ere the echoes of the first have died away over the distant woods. That sound is the summons of the grave. Some neighbouring peasant is borne to-night to his long home, and see, as we turn this angle of the church, there beside that broad old maple, is a fresh-opened grave. The dark cavity is covered in by two boards laid loosely over, but it will not be long untenanted. Let us look abroad for the approaching funeral, for by the tolling of the bell, it must be already within sight. It comes not up that shady lane—no, nor by the broad heath road, from the further hamlet—nor from the direction of the Grange Farm—but there—ah!—there it is, and close at hand, emerging from that little shrubby hollow, through which the road dips to the near village of Downe. Is it not a beautiful thing to gaze on, in this lovely secluded spot, by the light of that yellow sunset, the mellow hue of which falls with such a rich yet tempered brightness on the

white draperies of those foremost in the procession?

It is a maiden's funeral, that, probably, of some young person; for see, the pall is borne by six girls, each shrouded like a nun in her long white flowing hood, and in lieu of the black pall, a white sheet is flung over the coffin. The lower classes are very tenacious of those distinctive observances, and many a young creature I have known, whose delight it seemed, during the last stages of some lingering malady, to arrange everything for her own burial. The fashion of her shroud, and the flowers they should strew over her in the coffin—the friends who should follow her to the grave, and the six of her young companions to be selected for her pall-bearers. Almost the very poorest contrive, on such occasions, what they call "a creditable burying"—even to the coarse refreshments distributed amongst the funeral guests. Poor souls!—long and sorely do they pinch for it, in their own few comforts, and in their scanty meals—but the self-inflicted privation is unrepiningly endured, and who would take upon him, if it were possible, to restrain that holy and natural impulse, to honour the memory of the dead? See! —the train lengthens into sight as it winds up the ascent from that wild dingle. The bearers and their insensible burthen are already near, and there follow the female mourners foremost. Ah! I know now for whom that bell tolls—for whom that grave is prepared—whose remains are there borne along to their last resting-place. Close behind the coffin comes a solitary mourner—solitary in her grief, and yet she bears in her arms a helpless innocent, whose loss is even more deplorable than hers. That poor old woman is the widowed mother of Rachel Maythorne, whose corpse she is following to the grave, and that unconscious baby who stretches out its little hands with laughing glee towards the white drapery of the coffin, is the desolate orphan of her only child—Alas! of its unwedded mother. —A dark and foul offence lies at his door, who seduced that simple creature from the paths of innocence! A few words will tell her story, but let us stop till the funeral-train has passed on into the church, from which the minister now advances to meet it.—That poor childless mother! with what rapid strides have age and infirmities overtaken her, since we saw her this time twelvemonth, holding open that very gate for the farmer's prosperous family, and following them into church with contented humility, accompanied by her duteous Rachel. Then, she was still a comely matron, looking cheerful in her poverty, and strong to labour. Now, how bent down with age and feebleness does that poor frame appear! The burthen of the little infant is one she can ill sustain, but to whom would she resign the precious charge? She has contrived a black frock for the little creature—probably from her own old gown—her widow's gown, for she herself has on no mourning garment, only an old rusty black willow bonnet, with a little crape about it of still browner hue, and a large black cotton shawl, with which she has covered over, as nearly as possible, that dark linen gown. She holds up no handkerchief to her eyes, with the idle parade of ceremonial woe, but her face is bent down over the baby's bosom, and drops are glistening there, and on its soft cheek, that never fell from those young joyous eyes.

A few neighbours follow her—a few poor women two and two, who have all contrived to make some show of decent mourning, and those three or four labouring men, who walk last, have each a crape hat-band, that has served for many funerals. They are all gone by now—the dead and the living. For the last time on earth, the departed mortal has entered the House of God. While that part of the burial-service appointed to be read there is proceeding, a few words will tell her story.

Rachel Maythorne was the only child of her mother, and she was a widow, left early to struggle with extreme poverty, and with the burthen of a sickly infant, afflicted with epileptic fits, almost from its birth. The neighbours, many of them, said, "it would be a mercy, if so be God Almighty were pleased to take away the poor baby; she would never thrive, or live to be a woman, and was a terrible hindrance to the industrious mother." But *she* thought not so, neither would she have exchanged her puny wailing infant, for the healthiest and the loveliest in the land—she thought it the loveliest, ay, and the most intelligent

too, though everybody else saw well enough that it was more backward in every thing, than almost any child of the same age. But it did weather out the precarious season of infancy, and it did live to be a woman, and even to enjoy a moderate share of health, though the fits were never wholly subdued, and they undoubtedly had weakened and impaired, though not destroyed her intellect. Most people at first sight would have called Rachel a very plain girl, and she was, in truth, far from pretty, slight and thin in her person, and from the feebleness of her frame, stooping almost like a woman in years. Her complexion, which might have been fair and delicate, had she been a lady, and luxuriously reared up, was naturally pallid, and, exposure to sun and wind in her outdoor labours, had thickened it to a dark and muddy hue; but there was a meek and tender expression in her mild hazel eyes, and in her dimpled smile, and in the tone of her low quiet voice, even in the slight hesitation which impeded her utterance, that never failed to excite interest, when once they had attracted observation. The mother and daughter lived a life of contented poverty—the former, strong and healthful, found frequent employment as a char-woman, or in going out to wash, or in field-labour. The latter, brought up almost delicately, though the child of indigence, and still occasionally subject to distressing fits, was principally occupied at home, in the care of their cow, the management of the little dairy, in the cultivation of their small patch of garden, (and small though it was, Rachel had her flower-knot in a sunny corner,) and in knitting and coarse needlework. In summer, however, she shared her mother's task in the hay-field, in mushroom-picking, and in the pleasant labour of the gleaners; and how sweet was the frugal meal of that contented pair, when the burthen of the day was over, and they sat just within the open door of their little cottage, over which a luxuriant jessamine had wreathed itself into a natural porch!

If Nature had been niggardly in storing the simple head of poor Rachel, she had been but too prodigal of feeling, to a heart which overflowed with the milk of human kindness, whose capacity of loving seemed boundless, embracing within its scope every created thing that breathed the breath of life. We hear fine ladies and sentimental misses making a prodigious fuss about sensibility, and barbarity, and "the poor beetle that we tread upon;" but I do firmly believe simple Rachel, without even thinking of her feelings, much less saying a word about them, would have gone many steps out of her way, rather than set her foot upon a worm. It was a sore trouble to her, her annual misery, when Daisey's calf, that she had petted so fondly, was consigned to the butcher's cart, and while the poor mother lowed disconsolately about in quest of her lost little one, there was no peace for Rachel. Every moan went to her heart. But her love, and pity, and kindness of nature were not all expended (as are some folks' sensibilities,) on birds, and beasts, and black beetles. Her poor services were at the command of all who needed them, and Rachel was in truth a welcome and a useful guest in every neighbour's cottage. She was called in to assist at the wash-tub, to take a turn at the butter-churn, to nurse the baby while the mother was more actively occupied, or to mind the house while the goodwoman stepped over to the shop, or to watch the sick, while others of the family were necessitated to be about the daily labour that gained their daily bread; she could even spell out a chapter of the Bible, when the sick person desired to hear its comfortable words. True, she was not always very happy in her selections. "It was *all* good;" so she generally began reading first where the book fell open, no matter if at the numbering of the twelve tribes, or at "The Song of Solomon," or the story of "Bel and the Dragon."—"It was all good," said Rachel; so she read on boldly through thick and thin, and fine work, to be sure, she made of some of the terrible hard names. But the simple soul *was right*—It *was* "all good." The intention was perfect, and the spirit in which those inapplicable portions of Scripture were almost unintelligibly read, found favour doubtless with Him who claims the service of the heart, and cares little for the outward form of sacrifice.

A child might have practised on the simplicity of Rachel Maythorne, and when April-fool-day came round, on many a bootless errand was she sent,

and many a marvellous belief was palmed upon her by the village urchins, who yet in the midst of their merry mischief, would have proved sturdy champions in her cause, had real insult or injury been offered to the kind creature, from whom all their tormenting ingenuity could never provoke a more angry exclamation, than the short pathetic words, "Oh dear!" One would have thought none but a child could have had the heart to abuse even in jest the credulous innocence of that unoffending creature. But the human "heart *is* desperately wicked;" and one there was, so callous and corrupt, and absorbed in its own selfishness, as to convert into "an occasion of falling," the very circumstances which should have been a wall of defence about poor Rachel.

It chanced that, towards the end of last year's harvest, the widow Maythorne was confined to her cottage by a sprained ancle, so that for the first time in her life, Rachel went out to the light labour of gleaning, unaccompanied by her tender parent. Through the remainder of the harvest season, she followed Farmer Buckwheat's reapers, and no gleaner returned at evening so heavily laden as the widow's daughter. For the farmer himself favoured the industry of simple Rachel, and no reaper looked sharply towards her, though she followed him so close, as to glean a chance handful, even from the sheaf he was binding together. And she followed in the wake of the loaded waggons, from whose toppling treasures, as they rustled through the deep narrow lanes, the high hedges on either side took tribute, and though *her* sheaf acquired bulk more considerably than ever from the golden hangings of the road side, no one rebuked the widow's daughter, or repelled her outstretched hand; and *one* there was, who gave more than passive encouragement to her humble encroachments. And when the last waggon turned into the spacious rick-yard, and the gleaners retired slowly from the gate, to retrace their way homeward through the same lanes, where a few golden ears might yet be added to their goodly sheaves, then Rachel also turned towards her home, but not in company with her fellow gleaners. For the young farmer led her by a nearer and a pleasanter way, through the Grange homestead, and the orchard, and the hazel copse, that opened just on the little common where stood her mother's cottage, the first of the scattered hamlet. But though the way was certainly shorter, and there were no stiles to clamber over, and the young farmer helped Rachel with her load, by the time they reached the little common, lights were twinkling in all its skirting cottages, and the returned gleaners were gathered round their frugal supper-boards, and the Widow Maythorne was standing in her jasmine porch, looking out for her long absent Rachel, and wondering that she lingered so late, till the sight of her heavy burthen, as she emerged from the dark copse, accounted for her lagging footsteps and tardy return. Her companion never walked with her farther than the copse, and he exacted a promise — — — Alas! and it was given and kept, though the poor thing comprehended not why she might not make her dear mother partaker of her happy hopes; but it was *his* wish, so she promised all he exacted, and too faithfully kept silence. So time passed on. The bright broad harvest moon dwindled away to a pale crescent, and retired into the starry depths of heaven, and then, again emerging from her unseen paths, she hung out her golden lamp, to light the hunter's month. Then came the dark days and clouded nights of November, and the candle was lit early in the widow's cottage, and the mother and daughter resumed their winter tasks of the spinning wheel and the knitting needles. And the widow's heart was cheery, for the meal-chest was full, and the potatoe-patch had yielded abundantly, and there stood a goodly peat-stack by the door; and, through the blessing of Providence on their careful industry, they should be fed and warmed all the long winter months: so there was gladness in the widow's heart. But Rachel drooped; at first unobserved by the fond parent, for the girl was ever gentle and quiet, and withal not given to much talking, or to noisy merriment; but then she would sit and sing to herself like a bird, over her work, and she was ever ready with a smiling look and a cheerful answer, when her mother spoke to or asked a question of her. Now she was silent, but unquiet, and would start as if from sleep when spoken to, and fifty times in an hour lay by her

work hastily, and walk to the door, or the window, or the little cupboard, as if for some special purpose, which yet seemed ever to slip away unaccomplished from her bewildered mind; and sometimes she would wander away from her home for an hour or more together, and from those lonely rambles she was sure to return with looks of deeper dejection, and eyes still heavy with the traces of recent tears. The mother's observation once aroused, her tender anxiety soon fathomed the cruel secret. Alas! unhappy mother—thou hadst this only treasure—this one poor lamb—who drank of thy cup, and lay in thy bosom, and was to thee a loving and a dutiful child; and the spoiler came, and broke down thy little fence of earthly comfort, and laid waste the peaceful fold of nature's sweetest charities.

The rustic libertine, whose ruthless sport, the amusement of a vacant hour, had been the seduction of poor Rachel, soon wearied of his easy conquest, and cast her "like a loathsome weed away." He found it not at first an easy task to convince her of his own baseness, and intended desertion of her; but when at last he roughly insisted on the discontinuance of her importunate claims, and the simple mind of his poor victim once fully comprehended his inhuman will, she would have obeyed it in unupbraiding silence; but, alas! her injuries were not to be concealed, and it was the hard task of the afflicted mother to appeal for such miserable compensation as the parish could enforce, to support her unhappy child in the hour of trial, and to assist in maintaining the fatherless little one. Three months ago it was born into this hard, bleak world, and though the child of shame, and poverty, and abandonment, never was the heir of a mighty dukedom more fondly welcomed, more doatingly gazed on, more tenderly nursed, than that poor baby; and it was a lovely infant. How many a rich and childless pair would have yielded up even to the half of all their substance, to be the parents of such a goodly creature! All the sorrows of the forsaken mother, all her rejected affections, all her intense capabilities of loving, became so absorbed and concentrated in her maternal feelings, tha t when she looked upon her child, and hugged it to her bosom, and drank in at her eyes the sweetness of its innocent smiles, it would have been difficult, perhaps, to have kept alive in her poor simple mind a repentant sorrow for her past fault, as associated with the existence of that guiltless creature. No one judged hardly of poor Rachel, though many a muttered curse, "not loud, but deep," was imprecated on her heartless seducer. *She* was still a welcome guest in every cottage—she who had ever been so ready with all her little services to every soul who needed them, was now welcome to sit with her infant in the low nursing-chair beside their humble hearths, or to lay it in the same cradle with their own little ones, while she busied herself at her task of needlework. It was a great comfort to the anxious mother to know, that, while she was absent from her cottage, her daughter had many a friend, and many a home, to which she might resort when her own was lonely, or when the peculiar symptoms, with which she was familiar, warned her of an approaching fit. On such occasions, (and she had generally sufficient notice,) experience had taught her, that by flinging herself flat down on her face, either on the bed or floor, the attack was greatly mitigated in violence, and sometimes wholly averted; and it had been hitherto an especial mercy, that the afflictive malady had never made its terrific approaches in the night season. Therefore it was, that the Widow Maythorne now and then ventured to sleep from home, when engaged in one of her various occupations, nurse-tending. So engaged, she left her cottage one evening of last week, and, not expecting to return to it before the afternoon of the ensuing day, she made it her provident request to a neighbour, that, if Rachel did not look in on her early in the morning, she would step across and see how it fared with her and her baby. Morning came, and the good woman was stirring early, and soon every cottage lattice was flung open, and every door unclosed, and the blue smoke curled up from every chimney but that of the Widow Maythorne's dwelling. There, door and window continued fast, and the little muslin curtain was undrawn from within the chamber-window. So the friendly neighbour, mindful of her promise, stepped across to the silent cottage,

and it was not without an apprehensive feeling, that she lifted up the latch of the garden-wicket, before which stood the old cow, waiting to be disburthened of her milky treasure, and lowing out, at intervals, her uneasy impatience at the unusual tardiness of her kind mistress. Fast was the door, and fast the chamber-window, and that of the little kitchen, and cold was the hearth within, and all was still as death, and no noise answered to the repeated knocks and calls of the friendly neighbour. She tried the chamber casement, but it was fastened within, and the little curtain drawn before it precluded all view of the interior. But, while the dame stood close to it, with her face glued to the glass, her ear caught an indistinct sound, and in a moment she distinguished the feeble wail of the little infant, but no mother's voice was heard tenderly hushing that plaintive murmur.

Quickly the good dame summoned the assistance of a few neighbours—the cottage door was forced open, and they passed on through the cold empty kitchen into the little bed-chamber. There stood the poor uncurtained bed whereon the widow and her daughter had slept side by side so lovingly, for so many quiet and innocent years, and where of late the new-born babe had nestled in his mother's bosom. It was still clinging there—alas!—to a lifeless breast. The living infant was already chilled by the stiffening coldness of the dead mother, who had been, to all appearance, for many hours a corpse. The immediate cause of her death was also too probably surmised. She had evidently expired in a fit, and, from the cramped posture in which she was discovered, it was also evident her first impulse had been to turn herself round upon her face, so to baffle the approaching crisis. But even at that fearful moment, maternal love had prevailed over the powerful instinct of self-preservation—she had turned half round, but stayed herself there, painfully supported in a cramped posture by the elbow of her right arm, while the left still clasped the baby to her bosom, and had stiffened so in its last tender office.

A.

TWILIGHT.

In mantle of crimson, the Father of day
Descends in the uttermost west,
To lend other regions his cherishing ray,
And foster the lands he loves best;
The peak of the mountain is red, but its breast
Is darken'd with shadows, and dim to the view;
While throned on her chariot, and beaming afar,
Comes onward in silence the night-loving star,
To sprinkle the landscape with dew.

'Tis pleasant to wander on evening so sweet,
When earth wears the ensigns of peace,
The heart throbs enamour'd, and triumphs to greet
From the tumults of sorrow release:
The cares that o'ershadow'd and threaten'd us cease,
To leave an elysium behind;
And dreams of enchantment, unruffled, and smooth,
That smiled in the fanciful visions of youth,
Revive in the eye of the mind.

Come, days of felicity, come ye, and bring
Your fairy-built domes to my view;
Since Joy has a season, and Life has a spring,
With flowers bathed in honey and dew,
It must have a winter of barrenness too
To shadow these dreams of delight;
Repine not; the sun which has sunk in the main,
To-morrow illumines the landscape again,
And scatters the darkness of night.

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AMERICA AND ENGLAND.

We have just read the last North American Review, which contains a most pungent paper, in reply to the article in the Quarterly on Faux's Days in America. Our readers will recollect, that we had expressed our opinion pretty distinctly on the nature and tendency of that review.—It was too heavy, and too much in earnest, for a mere *jeu-d'esprit*, though it did contain some clever writing, and some good hits; and if it were meant as a serious picture of America, we objected, that the authority of a self-conceited, ignorant, under-bred provincial clown, who evidently knew nothing of good manners anywhere, and never could have been as far as the vestibule of decent society, was not the authority to be relied on for its truth or accuracy; and even if he were, that the extracts made, and the inferences drawn, were more conspicuous for garbling and ill-nature, than fairness and impartiality.

So far we agree with the American critic, who takes it for granted, that it proceeded from the pen of Mr Gifford. What his authority for so saying may be, we, who are nearer the spot, and, as he will readily concede, more likely to be in such secrets, cannot determine; but indeed the question is of little consequence from whose pen it may have proceeded. Whoever the author is, if he really should entertain malevolent feelings against America, he must be abundantly gratified by the effect it has produced. *Expertis crede*, Mr American Reviewer, nothing can give a writer of severe articles more solid satisfaction than to find that his hits have told; and your horrible clamour under the infliction proves that this *facer* of old Gifford's has done its business in no common degree. Let us calmly inquire whether such a thing ought to have had any such effect. Let us dispassionately examine whether any article in the Quarterly Review, or elsewhere, of the kind complained of, should produce such magnanimous denunciations of national fury as threats of retaliatory exposure of our sins, negligences, and offences, or angry hints that a repetition of Quarterly Reviewings of American manners will "turn into bitterness the last drop of good will toward England that exists in the United States."

As we mean to treat the question on a broad basis, we shall excuse ourselves from going through the particular review which has called forth this heat; we know the *spirit* which has given offence, and to *it* shall we look. The Americans complain that our travellers misrepresent them, by describing or exaggerating the scenes of low life which they witness in their progress—that our journals, of all shapes and sizes, make ridiculous or angry comments on these and similar details—that we pay not sufficient respect to their literature—and that from several among us their legislature, government, and administration of justice, do not meet the veneration with which these things, as a sort of matter of faith, are regarded on the other side of the Atlantic. We have, we believe, summed up everything, which has hitherto been made subject of American complaint, in this enumeration. Let us take them *seriatim*.

It is made, then, matter of mortal offence, that tourists, who go to visit America, complain of bad roads, promiscuous inns, intruding companions, bundling three in a bed, being bitten by musquitoes;—of smoky log-huts, swamps in certain places, and other such disagreeables. Others are annoyed by uncivil servants, vapouring associates, insolence to Great Britain, and extravagant laudations of the honour, liberty, and glory of the Union. Some of a higher mood complain of the existence of slavery in several States, and its accompanying evils—of the practice of such associations as regulators—of the want of decorum in courts of justice—or of the jobbery of government, real or imputed. Why should the Americans wonder at these complaints? In thinly-peopled countries like theirs, roads will occasionally be bad, and inns indifferent. In States governed as theirs, men will be found who will think impertinence is freedom, and reviling other countries doing their own country honour. In climates like theirs, there will be musquitoes, and yellow fevers, and swamps, in spite of the most wise provisions to the contrary. Is, then,

the mouth of a traveller going among them to be gagged? Must he see everything white or golden, without tint of darker colour, or alloy of baser metal? With respect to the pictures of grossness of habits or conversation, we should suppose no one but a habitual inmate of grog-shops imagines that these pictures, be they caricatures or real portraits of the steam-boat, or mail-coach, or country tavern manners, are intended to represent the manners of American ladies and gentlemen. Far from it, indeed. But must a man, who, as a traveller, *must* of necessity mix in their circles, who *must* dine at an ordinary with the casual company there collected, and voyage or drive about with those who make up the stray frequenters of public vehicles, hold his tongue on what is passing about him? Is not this sort of life worth description? We should wonder if a democratical writer wished us to display only the Corinthian capital to view.

Let us recommend the Americans, who feel sore on this subject, to read all tours by all writers through countries foreign to them. Is there any concealment of the sorry fare, the garlicked dishes, the filthy rooms, the absence of bed, the swarming of vermin, the importance of the landlord, in descriptions given by travellers of all nations of a Spanish venta or posada? Do we sink in silence the awkward *diligence* of the French; the obstinate postmaster of the Germans; the various abominations of travelling in Italy? Are our tourists more complimentary to the dominions of the autocrat Alexander, than to those of the democrat Jonathan? Or, to turn the picture, do foreign tourists pay us any uncalled-for compliments in their accounts of England? But, not to talk of foreigners, we beg the testy Americans to read our accounts of ourselves. If any inconvenience—no matter how petty—were to happen to any of us on our own roads, and that we were tour-writing, we can assure our Trans-atlantic neighbours it would not be kept a secret. Nor are we very courteous in laughing at the vulgarities, fooleries, impertinencies, and provincialisms of the good people of England, Ireland, and Scotland. Our popular plays and novels, to say nothing of our newspapers, teem with jokes against Englishmen as coarse as the coarsest here complained of. And when we speak of the derision heaped on *provincialism*, it is evident that we take that word in a very broad meaning indeed; for we doubt if any of the provinces has been so much the object of quizzing for its peculiarities as the shire of Cockaigne itself,—the very dominions within sound of Bow-bell.

Suppose an American coming into England with the intention of writing his personal adventures, would *we* have any right to complain that he described our faults as he found them? We might question the good sense or good taste which dictated such an intention; but, it being once formed, and its propriety admitted, we should be fools indeed if we were angry at his informing us, that some particular lines of road were bad—that at some inns he drank sloe-juice and logwood water for port—that his coach broke down through the negligence of a driver—that he took a bad half-crown, or a forged five-pound note—that he occasionally met a saucy coachman, or disagreeable companion—that the conversation of the Glasgow mail was not classic—that he sometimes heard people talking slang, or fell in with an ultra Tory, who would see no blot, or a Whig, who could see nothing bright, in England. Would we be angry, we repeat, at this? In good truth we should not; for, to our own particular knowledge, every one of these adventures might happen, and, in all probability, do happen, every day. We should be inclined to laugh, however, if this valuable information were passed off as a picture of England. More may be said in favour of the describer of personal adventures in America, than of one who would do the same for this or any long civilized and organized country. *Here*, the peculiarities that render such things piquant being almost entirely out of the line of the upper ranks of society, they are much more the objects of domestic than of foreign inquiry; *there*, where society is not so established, it becomes an object of curiosity, innocent if not laudable, to examine how its different branches work upon one another in all classes. A foreigner here is not known as a foreigner, except we suppose to Mr Peel; if he pays his bills, he makes his way through the country as easily and with as little observation as one of ourselves. In America he is distin-

guished in a moment; and there exists a desire to show off before him, which makes some difference. We own, however, that we should wish to see a *gentleman* travelling through the United States, mixing with *gentlemen* —entering into *their* views and *their* manners—and thereby affording us a book in which the usual company of "guessers," and "calculators," and "slick-right-away" people should not make their appearance at all. Such fellows as Faux, of course, are here out of the question.

Perhaps we have said too much about tourists; but it is, we know, a subject which has been made of great importance in America. Before we leave it entirely we must urge, that we are κατ' ἐξοχην, a nation of travellers; no other people whatever being so decidedly addicted to it as ourselves. At home, we have brought the art of moving about from one corner of our island to the other to a high degree of excellence; and if we wish to display the difference of foreign manners, we *must* do it by disparagement in many instances. To the man who has been all his life bowling away on the Bristol or Liverpool road, it is information, that there are such things as the paths across the Alleghany. To him who can get his five shillings laid out at a tavern in any way he pleases, it is a piece of novelty to be informed, that in parts of America, customs—no matter whether they be worse or better—exist, which render it imperative on him to dine with landlords whom he knows not, and at hours which he does not prefer, or to sleep in a fashion which is to him quite disagreeable. Sydney Smith, who is now almost doting, but yet continues to drivel away in the Edinburgh Review, accuses us of sulkiness for entertaining such wishes. It may be so; but there is still a liberty in being allowed to be sulky if we like, and certainly no reason in the world for concealing the fact, that we cannot have our own way—wise or foolish—in America, as we have at home.

If we turn from travellers to critics on American literature, we shall find that Americans have, in this particular, no just reason to quarrel with us *as a nation*. We say most truly, that America has not hitherto produced great writers. Is not this a fact? It would better become those who lose their temper about it to endeavour to amend it. In this Magazine, more than five years ago, a young American gentleman, an honour to his native land, gave very fair reasons for the deficiency of Americans in this respect. After going minutely through the whole question of education in the States, he came to conclusions, which we shall copy—"*First*, That classical learning is there generally undervalued, and of course neglected. *Secondly*, That knowledge of any kind is regarded only as a requisite preparation for the intended vocation in life, and not cultivated as a source of enjoyment, or a means of refining the character; and *thirdly*, That the demand for active talent is so great, and the reward so tempting, as invariably to draw it away from retired study, and the cultivation of letters. It is not, therefore, to be expected, that she will very soon produce any critical classical scholars, or great poets, or superior dramatic writers, or fine works of fiction; in a word, any extraordinary productions of learning or taste." —[*Blackwood's Magazine, March*, 1819, Vol. IV. p. 649.] These are good reasons for the inferiority of American literature; besides, there is no need of a native supply, while they are sure of being fully furnished by us from abroad. But even if writers were as plenty as blackberries, he must be Utopian indeed who would expect them to get quarter from our critics on any ground of birth, foreign or domestic. We do not spare our own. In the number of the American Review preceding this which is calling forth our remarks, there was a very good and sound paper on Wordsworth, in which the reviewer speaks with due contempt of the base manner in which that great man was treated by Jeffrey and his crew. And does he then expect that Tim Dwight, and M'Fingal Turnbull, and such worthies, are to be lauded? It is too absurd. Let him look at our own literary quarrels, and he will find that we are much more bitter on one another than on any strangers, and that nationality has nothing to do with what Dr Southey, before he turned reviewer himself, called the "ungentle trade" of reviewing. Let America put forth a great writer, and he will find us ready to bow down before his power, or to melt in his tenderness.

Strictures on the slave-trade, as carried on in the States, form another kind of our abuse of America. This, the Americans should consider, is not so much a national as a sectarian question. Her own bosom comprehends whole sects as ready to denounce her as anybody among us. The slave question, we are aware, is a ticklish one, and not to be attacked by the ignorant hands of sciolists, or the reckless hands of fanatics—but they who clamoured against the slave-trade *here*, must have learned to clamour against it *there* also; and we must add, that the juxtaposition of eternal bawling about the inalienable rights of man with the whole system of negro slavery, particularly in some of its practical branches, is, to say the least of it, open to a smile, if not to some more serious animadversions. True it is, that much misrepresentation exists as to the treatment of slaves in the United States, and we leave to their infinite contempt, the Edinburgh reviewers and their disinterested indignation on such a subject. People, even though the Atlantic rolls between, are not ignorant of the honest Whig notion which lies at the bottom of such philanthropy; but let them not imagine that the question, such as it is, is one between the two *nations*.

There remain to be considered our calumnies on the judges, judicatures, legislatures, &c. of America. It cannot be denied that there are very queer political parties, and very queer judicial people, in the back settlements of America; and it is not to be expected that it should be otherwise. Strange judges also exist in almost every part of the country. Must not they be mentioned? Do we exercise the same forbearance with respect to our own justices of the peace? And should the Americans think their character as a nation is more compromised by such pictures, than the English character was when the Justices Greedy, and Guttle, and Shallow, were the standing patterns of administrators of law over England? As long as economy is the order of the day in the States, so long they may depend upon it that they will every now and then present a public functionary as much to be laughed at as can well be conceived, but they ought to be philosophers enough to bear the inconvenience for the sake of the convenience.

Their mode of government is the last thing to be considered. For this, though they are continually squabbling about it among themselves, they demand from us implicit reverence. We must say that it is an unreasonable demand. We can see defects in their constitution as clearly as they can see defects in ours! and we beg leave to remind them that they are not very squeamish in pointing out the mote in our eyes. If, as the North American reviewer tells the Quarterly, there are presses out of the reach of the Bridge-street Association; we, in return, may inform him, that presses as uncomplaisant exist out of reach of the tarring and feathering of New York. But we have no fancy for recrimination. A sound philosopher would come to the conclusion, that a monarch is best fitted for a rich and densely peopled country, and a republic for a thin and infant nation. We do not see the necessity of quarrelling about such things at all, *and yet it is at the bottom of all the anger on both sides.* This is the whole truth. If the Americans do not understand this, we shall explain it better by a sentence from the last Edinburgh Review—

"There is a set," says the honest reviewer, "of miserable persons in England, who are dreadfully afraid of America, and everything American—whose great delight is to see that country ridiculed and vilified, and who appear to imagine that all the abuses which exist in this country acquire additional vigour and charm of duration from every book of travels which pours forth its venom and falsehood on the United States." No. 80, p. 427.

Lest we should be in any doubt as to who those miserable people are, he calls them "*Government* runners" towards the end of his article; but, indeed, we did not want this key, when we know what this scribe and his brethren are in the habit of calling abuses, and see a little farther down a panegyric on Mr Joseph Hume. In the North American Review, No. 43, p. 424, an article from the first number of the Westminster is quoted, in which also government people are severely censured for a dislike of America—and in that so quoted article, a studied, and, as the American reviewer would admit, a false comparison between England and the States is drawn very much to the disparagement of the former.

Now it is these people who put any

writers among us on the *qui vive* to find out holes in the coat of America. A party, or two parties exist among us—they are one in baseness, though two in proposed plans of operation for doing mischief—who are determined to overthrow the constitution established among us, *per fas et nefas*, and one of the engines which they consider as most conducive to the furtherance of their design is the constitution of the United States. They have laid it down as a principle, that every accident, even to a hurricane off the coast, or a bad harvest, is attributable to a want of due preponderance of the democratical part of the state. What they ultimately wish we know, and what galls them more, *they* know we know it—but the pretext is purely a reform. From these we hear nothing but eternal praise of the institutions of America, mixed with all kinds of insulting slanders on our own. In general, they do not give themselves the trouble of inquiring about the truth of the facts which they so confidently allege; and Cobbett has in one or two instances successfully shewn the utter ignorance of old Bentham, one of their great authorities, on some of the main points by which he supported his most important conclusions. This being the case, can the Americans wonder, that we, who have our constitution at heart, should make inquiries whether these praises, *brought up in offence of us*, are well founded or not? and having satisfied ourselves that many things in this so lauded constitution are not good *per se*, much less applicable to our state of society and civilization, is it to be expected that we are to permit our adversaries uncontradicted to lord it over us in argument, for fear that telling the truth should injure the sensitive ears of people who lay it down as one of the chief prerogatives of freemen, to speak as we think? This is the real reason why any allusion whatever is at any time made to the mode of government in America—and if that allusion be at all angry, it is beyond question the anger of self-defence. If their institutions were not invidiously cried up as a pattern for us, we should let them alone; but as they very unceremoniously treat what we consider entitled to veneration, honour, and respect, they should not be angry at finding us disposed to question whether their establishments conduce to the absolute felicity of the human race, any more than our own.

So far have we run over the principal topics of American complaints, and shewn, we trust satisfactorily, that among no *class* of British subjects does there exist any intention of insulting them, or hurting their feelings. We of course cannot say that there is no *individual* so actuated—nor do we think it worth our while to expostulate with any American who would require so absurd an unanimity in favour of a foreign country. Travellers used to better things, will complain of bad travelling accommodation; and the hectoring assumption of independence, which too many underbred Americans think it their duty and their privilege to assume, will offend such as are not accustomed to it. Our saints will be indignant at their slave trade—and so will their own quakers. Some of us will not like the dominion of King Mob, and many among us fail to discover all the social and political blessings which we are told such a dominion bestows. Few, very few of us, wish for a similar government here; but that, we submit, ought not to make them angry; for, after all, we are of the elder house. We fancy that they have got no literature, but would be very happy to be convinced of the contrary. This, we believe, is the true state of the case, as far as affects us. Let us take the test of experiment. Has ever an American who has come among us, experienced any incivility? Have we ever refused to respect a man of honour, or patronize a man of genius, from that country? —Never.

They should not be so thin-skinned, for it is a bad feature. Let them laugh at jest, and despise malignity. Many of the things which offend them are *true*—it would be better to correct them, than to quarrel with those who expose them. The Scotch of fifty years ago were sadly galled by Doctor Johnson's Tour to the Hebrides. Why? Because he told what was too like the truth to be agreeable. If any person wrote a similar tour at present —Dr J. of course would not, for the facts exist no longer—would anybody in Scotland be angry? Not one. The tourist would be scraped gently, or torn to pieces amusingly, in Blackwood's Magazine, with the accustom-

ed civility of that eminent periodical, and there would be an end of it. You would hear no nonsense about "embittered feelings." The English are the most tolerant of nations in this respect. We remember when we were in Paris, shortly after Waterloo, that the caricature shops were filled with derisive pictures of the allies, which the proprietors had not time to remove before the occupation of the city. The Prussians and Austrians were indignant—threatened to sabre the shopkeepers—swore all manner of German oaths—and compelled the trembling Frenchmen to take them down. On the contrary, though the caricatures against us were much more pointed, the shops were filled with English buying them, and laughing over them, until their fat sides shook again. Which party acted with more magnanimity—or, if that word be too big for such an occasion, with more good sense and good humour? Jonathan never could have stood it. We have him here prancing mad at Gifford—he was wincing under Matthews. Yet the Scotch are able to keep their temper at the representation of Sir Pertinax M'Sycophant; English company crowd to see the polite Frenchmen perform Les Anglais pour rire; and the Irish can laugh obstreperously at Dennis Bulgruddery, or Murtoch Delany. Will the Americans shew less sense than even the Irish?

With regard to the threatened recrimination against us, we must own that we hold such things very cheap. Somebody in America has done this already, and by a diligent raking up of our Old Bailey reports, Newgate Calendars—rather delicate ground, we should think, for touching on in our old plantations—newspaper paragraphs, and other such sources, contrived to display a very copious mass of wickedness existing in England. The North American reviewer treads in his footsteps. He makes a pointed allusion to a case which is not so much a disgrace to the country where the wickedness occurred, or the order to which the wretched culprit belonged, as to human nature. Alas! this is but poor work for gentlemen and scholars to be employed upon. In every society, and in all ages, until there be a regeneration of the race of mankind, there will never be wanting materials enough, and more than enough, to supply the jealous or malignant with food for his unhappy disposition to revel in, and to fill the man of honour or philanthropy with shame and sorrow. We are not exempt. The eager hunting out of crime, and the impartiality with which culprits of all ranks are dragged before justice, render the amount of crime in England apparently much greater, than in countries where the police is more relaxed, or the chances of evasion more numerous. The unexampled publicity, too, which we give every case—a publicity unknown in any other country—even America, where, though the newspapers are numerous, they are not so well organized with reporters as ours, to say nothing of the intense nationality which frequently stimulates them to suppress what they consider disgraceful to the country—gives a facility, impossible elsewhere, to the collector of such facts. We wish such a person joy of his honourable and useful vocation. The real disgrace to a country would be, if such things, when committed, were not duly punished; it would be more to the honour of New-Orleans, for instance, if a murderer were hanged there every week, although neighbouring people might taunt them with the fact, that fifty men were hanged for murder in a year, than that, while the murders were committing, a New-Orleans-man might be able to boast that no person had been hanged in their State for such a crime, and appeal to the paucity of executions as a test of the purity of his city.

We do not dread comparison, even in this respect, with any country. Lands thinly peopled and poor, will exhibit less crime, no doubt, because there is less temptation; but that is evidently not a fair standard. Some of our neighbours make matter of jest and impunity what we regard with loathing, but that does not alter the quantity of crime among them. A fair way of looking at this part of the subject would be to take two cities of about the same grade in America and in England, say New-York and Edinburgh—New-Orleans and Norwich, &c., and test them together. We must object to putting London in contrast with an American wild, or a settlement of Quakers or Harmonites. When there is no property to steal, theft, fraud, and robbery, will be unknown.

Where paper money does not exist, or is worth nothing, you will never hear of forgery. In villages, where almost all classes blend into one family, you will not find the evils which accompany a vast population of females, rendered irresponsible from the various causes of irresponsibility which exist in overgrown cities. A comparison instituted in such a spirit might be even philosophical, as tending to shew the different effects of dense or rare population; in any other, would be absurd in conception, and filthy in execution.

Our American reviewer talks of comparison between the members of the respective governments. This is sheer nonsense. In a court where wealth and splendour abound, the vices attendant on wealth and splendour will exist; in a government depending on popular support, the vices of demagogism (let us take a Trans-Atlantic privilege of coining a word) will be found. The rake, the sycophant, the roué, the parasite, are the nuisances of the one; the bully, the swaggerer, the brawling drunkard, the professed duellist, of the other. Let him fish up specimens of the former from us, and we engage to find him plenty of the latter from his own land. If, however, by government he means ministers, we must demur as to his being able to substantiate any personal charges against our great statesmen for a long period—say since America obtained a substantive existence. Fox is the only exception which occurs to our memory; and with all his faults, personal and political—with all his failings and vices, Tories as we are, we can readily imagine him to have been, what Burke called him, "a man to be loved." We should be sorry if among us the idol of the whole nation were such a man as the *hero* of thes outh, General Jackson, and yet we have scarcely met an American who did not seem proud of the achievements of this man; the very greatest of which is one of the commonest and cheapest pieces of generalship, or rather partizanship, displayed in every war by some dozen officers on all sides. Such as it is, however, it appears sufficient to cast every imperfection into the shade, and to dignify a blustering bully with the title of a hero. As to our being compelled to bestow the names of Grace and Majesty on people who are neither graceful nor majestic, we must wonder that the American reviewer is so absurd as to make such a remark. He very properly, in a former number, has laughed at that dull dog Hodgson, for complaining that companies of negro slaves were called by the degrading title of *gay*, justly remarking, that "tyrant custom capriciously invests technical terms with the trappings of authority and use." When we addressed Queen Caroline, for instance, by the name of "Majesty," we had no more notion of giving her the attributes attached to that word, when used untechnically, than the editor of the North American Review has of acknowledging the lordship of him whom he calls "Sir," the dominion of him whom he calls "Master," or "Mister," or the honour of any rogue who may, by official situation in America, be entitled to the addition of "Honourable."

We are happy to perceive the spirit of one part of his article, though we do not at all agree with him in the way in which he applies it. We mean that part in which he so eagerly rebuts the charge of irreligion thrown out by the Quarterly Review. We are happy, we repeat, to find so vivid an indignation excited by this grave, and, as we know, unjust charge. America, at the heart, we are sure, is a religious country. The exceptions are more glaring than numerous. Jefferson tended more than any other man to make us Europeans imagine that irreligion was the order of the day in the states of which he, an avowed enemy to religion, was the chief. The Quarterly Reviewer was writing against his knowledge when he brought the charges.—Is the American reviewer writing according to his knowledge where he retorts it on us? Does he believe that Bishop Watson's living away from his see, or the Bishop of Derry's sojourn in Italy, are really arguments against an established church, or that we cannot argue in its favour, and that learnedly and eloquently, (see Burke,) in spite of these delinquencies? We must also most positively rebut the charge of England's being the fountain of infidelity. Infidelity, as all versed in the learning of the middle ages know, sprung up in the bosom of the Roman Catholic Church, and numbers among its votaries some of the highest of her dignitaries. That deistical writers, who dared not appear under despotical governments, except in mask, wrote under the free domination of England, is quite true, but

it is hardly a fair objection, considering the quarter it has come from. The French philosophers, by their jests and jeers, have done more to spread dislike of religion than all the arguers on the same side in England. The names of Toland, Tindal, Bolingbroke, Collins, and others, are summed up in catalogue against us by the American. Does he then really believe that any of these men had any great influence at any time? or does he pretend to be ignorant of the fact that they are forgotten now? None of them was unanswered. Collins, in particular, suffered under the crushing hand of Bentley, in the most overwhelming reply ever given to any unfortunate sciolist.

But we have Hume and Gibbon, classics, which cannot be rejected from our libraries,—and they are deistical. We beg leave to say that the great works of these men, the works that have made them classical, are not *directly* subject to that charge. It requires an immensity of special pleading to extract anything like deism from Hume's History of England, and had we not known the character and opinions of the man it never would have been suspected. That Gibbon, particularly in his famous fifteenth and sixteenth chapters, was anxious to throw a slur upon Christianity, we have no doubt, but he has managed it so as not to be offensive. Watson has sufficiently answered him, and we do not fear the slightest contamination of any mind from the perusal of the Decline and Fall. We take its learning, its research, its talent, without fearing that anybody can be unsettled in his faith, by the arguments which he adduces to prove that Christianity was indebted to human means for its success. Indeed, as no one but a fanatic or a fool could by possibility imagine that human means had *no* share in propagating the Christian revelation, and establishing the Christian church, we cannot for the lives of us see, that an argument, or an inquiry as to *how far* these means operated towards performing that good work, is totally inadmissible; and Gibbon's deism as far as it appears in his celebrated work goes no farther. The other works of Gibbon and Hume are not classics. They are scarcely read. Hume's metaphysics are pored over by professed metaphysicians, by some called clever, by some paradoxical, by others accused of being mere pilferings from authors who he hoped were buried in obscurity—by none believed. Professor Leslie, it is true, panegyrizes them. *Valeat quantum.* His praise will not make them more valuable in the eyes of the North American reviewer, who brings a direct charge of infidelity against the whole body of Edinburgh philosophers, and Edinburgh reviewers. It is well for him that he does not publish under the fostering care of our Whig Jury Court. To conclude, we can safely vaunt that ours is the most religious literature in the world. If there be tares in it, sown by the enemy, there is a superabundant product of sound crop. We have not to rely on the splendid paradox of Warburton only. We wonder that the reviewer forgot Bull and Pearson, Horsely and Magee, not to mention fifty others that crowd into our memory, but whom it is useless to recapitulate. We, however, had rather ground the praise which we arrogate, on the existence of Milton, Addison, Johnson, Cowper, and other *lay*-men among the very *magnates* of our literature, than even on the surpassingly splendid display of professed theologians.

We have written at great length; but it was because we wished to face the question fairly. America, we repeat, may rest satisfied that the English nation entertains neither hatred nor jealousy on her account. If, however, perverse statesmen, or demagogues, continue to be bringing her institutions, not as models for our imitation—for they well know the state of society in the two countries is so very different, that we *cannot* imitate in the points principally recommended to our attention—but as things for us to bow down before, acknowledging our inferiority, and our utter despicableness, in the scale of good government, we must continue to question the exact fitness of things under these so bepraised institutions. If *dis-agrémens* will continue to exist on the roads and in the taverns of America, those who must travel on the roads, and have no opportunity of seeing other society than that which taverns afford, will, of course, continue to write accounts of them. Splenetic reviewers will make angry articles—droll mimics will draw caricature characters, laugh-

ing writers will compose gibes and quizzes, and that on all the nations of the earth, our own included. Is America to be an exception? If she thinks so, she claims a more tribune-like sanctity of character than she is likely to find universally recognized. She should be above this folly.

Before we conclude, let us add, that she lays herself sadly open in many particulars. We laugh at the French calling themselves the "Grande nation"—at some Scotch blockheads dignifying Edinburgh with the name of the Modern Athens, and its very mob, with that of a nation of gentlemen—but what must be the extent of the cachinnation to which that people are exposed, who vote themselves, in a grave council of their national representatives, to be the most admirable nation in the world? How can we feel when we hear the exploits of five or six sea-captains, who in favourable situations captured a frigate a-piece, (we rather think we are exaggerating the maritime trophies of America,) equalled to those of Nelson? Or when the deeds of some captain of bush-fighters, who did not run away from an inferior force, or who in a strong position repelled a rash attack, is put above Buonaparte or Wellington? When we are told gravely, on the strength of these renowned actions, that the American nation is dreaded in Europe, where they are not heard of, and acknowledged to be as great in the arts of war as of peace? Nay, in this very North American Review, there is a most amusing display of the same kind, when the war of 1812, (Mr Madison's war,) is gravely compared to the Persian war of Xerxes against Greece, and the nation is assured in consequence, that it is "quoted, feared, and courted abroad." !!! (Vol. XVIII. p. 401.) Can flesh and blood stand this without laughing? Poor blundering Sir George Prevost, with his four or five skeleton regiments, and his handful of raw militia, compared to Xerxes, in barbaric grandeur, at the head of five millions of invaders! and the European quotation, fear, and flirtation, induced by the celebrated battles of—God knows where—for, without affectation, we cannot remember a single action in the field, nor, if we heard the name of one, could we tell which party claimed the victory!

May not our *angry* feelings, too, if we thought it worth while to exercise them, be called forth by the regular tirades of vulgar and lying abuse poured out against us, on the fourth of July, all through the States? What would the Americans, who roar under such flea-bites as articles in the Quarterly Review, say, if any statesman of the rank among us of John Quincy Adams, were to make and print such a speech as he has done—or if John Wilson Croker—a Quarterly Reviewer, by the by—*our* Secretary to the Admiralty, were to sit down in Kensington Palace to write a sham journey through the States, full of libel and falsehood, as *their* Secretary of the Admiralty, Paulding, has done? As Croker's fabrication, in all human probability, would be rather cleverer and sharper than Paulding's absurd bundle of ignorance and stupidity, we doubt not but that they would be almost ready, on that our provocation, to proclaim war.

As for ourselves of this Magazine, loving our country, its government, its great men, its very soil, with the intensity of love, we have every respect for America, and have always shewn it. We are not blind to her defects and weaknesses, but we remember her origin, and we know that she contains a vast number of mer, virtuous, good, and wise. We shall not, however, address her in the language of undue flattery, nor, as some among her sons think we ought to do, in the accents of envy or fear. We feel neither; and, but that our article is already too long, we should tell her why. Perhaps we may resume the subject where we are now breaking off, and hereafter discuss the Future Views and Policy of England and the United States of America, as they mutually bear on one another. We have never seen it yet done satisfactorily on either side of the Atlantic.

Meanwhile we recommend Jonathan to keep his temper—laugh at, or answer, hostile reviewers, as he pleases; but let us have no threats of embittered feelings, of angry recriminations, or deadly war, for such things. If we *are* to fight, in Heaven's name, let it not be for pen-dribble. Wars are seldom very wise, but that would indeed be the consummation of nonsense.

MONTHLY REGISTER.

EDINBURGH.—*Oct.* 13.

Wheat.	Barley.	Oats.	Pease & Beans.
1st,.. 32s. 0d.	1st,...32s. 0d.	1st,.....20s. 0d.	1st,.....21s. 0d.
2d, ...29s. 0d.	2d, ...30s. 0d.	2d,.....18s. 0d.	2d,.....18s. 0d.
3d, ...23s. 0d.	3d, ...28s. 0d.	3d,.....15s. 0d.	3d, ...16s. 0d.

Average £1, 9s. 3d. 9-12ths.

Tuesday, Oct. 12.

Beef (17½ oz. per lb.)	0s. 4d. to 0s. 7d.	Quartern Loaf . .	0s. 8d. to 0s. 9d.
Mutton	0s. 4d. to 0s. 6d.	Potatoes (28 lb.) .	0s. 8d. to 0s. 0d.
Veal	0s. 6d. to 0s. 10d.	Fresh Butter, per lb.	1s. 4d. to 0s. 0d.
Pork	0s. 4d. to 0s. 6d.	Salt ditto, per stone	18s. 0d. to 0s. 0d.
Lamb, per quarter .	1s. 0d. to 2s. 6d.	Ditto, per lb. . .	1s. 2d. to 0s. 0d.
Tallow, per stone .	5s. 6d. to 6s. 6d.	Eggs, per dozen .	0s. 10d. to 0s. 0d.

HADDINGTON.—*Oct.* 8.

OLD.

Wheat.	Barley.	Oats.	Pease.	Beans.
1st, ...28s. 6d.	1st, ... 28s. 0d.	1st; ...21s. 0d.	1st, ...21s. 0d.	1st, ...21s. 0d.
2d, ...26s. 0d.	2d, ... 26s. 0d.	2d,.....19s. 0d.	2d, ...19s. 0d.	2d, ...19s. 0d.
3d, ...23s. 0d.	3d, ... 24s. 0d.	3d, ...17s. 0d.	3d, ...17s. 0d.	3d, ...17s. 0d.

NEW.

Wheat.	Barley.	Oats.	Pease.	Beans.
1st, ...29s. 0d.	1st, ... 27s. 0d.	1st, ... 19s. 0d.	1st, ... —s. 0d.	1st, ... —s. 0d.
2d, ...25s. 0d.	2d, ... 24s. 0d.	2d, ... 17s. 0d.	2d, ... —s. 0d.	2d, ... —s. 0d.
3d, ...21s. 0d.	3d, ... 21s. 0d.	3d, ... 15s. 0d.	3d, ... —s. 0d.	3d, ... —s. 0d.

Average £1, 6s. 7d. 3-12ths.

Average Prices of Corn in England and Wales, from the Returns received in the Week ended 2d October.

Wheat, 56s. 5d.—Barley, 33s. 1d.—Oats, 20s. 8d.—Rye, 30s. 10d.—Beans, 37s. 10d.—Pease, 37s. 6d.

London, Corn Exchange, Oct. 4.

	s.	s.		s.	s.
Wheat, red, old	44	to 62	Maple,	—	to —
Fine ditto . .	52	to 56	White pease .	36	to 38
Superfine ditto	58	to 60	Ditto, boilers .	44	to 46
Ditto, ...	—	to —	Small Beans, new	42	to 46
White, old .	48	to 68	Ditto, old . .	—	to —
Fine ditto . .	50	to 60	Tick ditto, new	36	to 39
Superfine ditto	62	to 66	Ditto, old . .	—	to —
Ditto, . . .	—	to —	Feed oats . .	16	to 18
Rye	30	to 35	Fine ditto . .	19	to 21
Barley, . . .	34	to 36	Poland ditto .	18	to 19
Fine ditto . .	38	to 42	Fine ditto . .	21	to 24
Superfine ditto	44	to 48	Potato ditto .	20	to 22
Malt	60	to 64	Fine ditto . .	23	to 25
Fine	68	to 70	Scotch . . .	26	to 28
Hog Pease . .	32	to 34	Flour, per sack	50	to 55
Maple . . .	36	to 38	Ditto, seconds	45	to 50

Seeds, &c.

	s.	d.		s.	d.
Must. White, .	7	to 11 0	Hempseed .	—	to — 0
— Brown, new	12	to 17 0	Linseed, crush.	38	to 48 0
Tares, per bsh.	3	to 8 0	— Ditto, Feed	47	to 51 0
Sanfoin, per qr.	42	to 46 0	Rye Grass, .	22	to 35 0
Turnips, bsh.	6	to 10 0	Ribgrass, . .	40	to 60 0
— Red & green	—	to — 0	Clover, red cwt.	49	to 97 0
— Yellow,	0	to 0 0	— White . . .	57	to 86 0
Carraway, cwt.	31	to 0 0	Coriander . .	7	6 to 0 0
Canary, per qr.	58	to 64 0	Trefoil	4	0 to 22 0

Rape Seed, per last, £21 to £25.

Liverpool, Oct. 12.

	s.	d.	s.	d.
Wheat, per 70 lb.				
Eng.	7	4	to 9	0
Old . . . —	0	to —		0
Scotch . .	7	4	to 9	0
Irish . . .	6	0	to 7	6
Bonded .	4	0	to 5	0
Barley, per 60 lbs.				
Eng. . . .	5	3	to 5	6
Scotch .	4	6	to 4	9
Irish . .	4	0	to 4	6
Foreign .	4	3	to 5	9
Oats, per 45 lb.				
Eng. . . .	2	10	to 3	2
Irish . . .	2	9	to 2	11
Scotch . .	2	10	to 3	2
For. in bond	1	6	to 2	0
Do. dut. fr.	2	10	to 3	1
Rye, per qr.	35	0	to 38	0
Malt per b.	9	0	to 9	6
—Middling	8	6	to 9	0
Beans, per q.				
English .	40	0	to 45	0
Irish . .	36	0	to 43	6
Rapeseed, p.l.	nominal.			
Pease, grey	32	0	to 36	0
—White .	42	0	to 48	6
Flour, English,				
p. 240 lb. fine	45	0	to 50	0
Irish, 2ds	44	0	to 46	0

	s.	d.	s.	d.
Amer. p. 196 lb.				
Sweet, U.S.	21	0	to 23	0
Do. in bond	—	0	to —	0
Sour bond	18	0	to 20	0
Oatmeal, per 240 lb.				
English	28	0	to 30	0
Scotch . .	27	0	to 30	0
Irish . . .	25	0	to 28	0
Bran, p. 24 lb.	0	9	to	11

Butter, Beef, &c.

	s.	d.		s.	d.
Butter, p. cwt.					
Belfast, new	90	0	to 91	0	
Newry . .	87	0	to 88	0	
Waterford .	84	0	to 85	0	
Cork, pic. 2d,	83	0	to 84	0	
3d dry	76	0	to —	0	
Beef, p. tierce.					
— Mess	65	0	to 68	0	
— p. barrel	32	0	to 46	0	
Pork, p. bl.					
— Mess .	78	0	to 80	0	
—Middl. .	73	0	to 75	0	
Bacon, p. cwt.					
Short mids.	—	0	to —	0	
Sides . . .	—	0	to —	0	
Hams, dry,	—	0	to —	0	
Green . .	—	0	to —	0	
Lard, rd. p.s.	—	0	to —	0	

Weekly Price of Stocks, from 1st to 22d September 1824.

	1st.	8th.	15th.	22d.
Bank stock,	235½	——	——	——
3 per cent. reduced,	94⅛⅛	——	——	——
3 per cent. consols,	93⅝ ⅜ ½	94¼ ⅛ 3⅜	93⅝ ⅜ ¼	95 4⅞ 5
3½ per cent. consols,	——	——	——	——
4 per cent. consols,	101⅝	——	——	——
New 4 per cent. consols,	106 5⅛	106¼ ⅜ ½	106⅛	106⅜ ½ ¼
India stock,	——	——	286¾	——
—— bonds,	——	86	——	85 84
Exchequer bills,	41	——	44	45 46
Exchequer bills, sm.	——	——	43	——
Consols for acc.	93⅞ 4 3⅛	94⅜ ½ ⅛	94⅛	95⅛ ¼ ⅛
Long Annuities,	23⅛ 3-16	——	——	——
French 5 per cents.	101f. 5c.	——	——	——

Course of Exchange, Oct. 8.—Amsterdam, 12 : 3. *C. F.* Ditto at sight, 12 : 0. Rotterdam, 12 : 4. Antwerp, 12 : 4. Hamburgh, 37 : 2. Altona, 37 : 3. Paris, 3 d. sight, 25 : 30. Bourdeaux, 25 : 60. Frankfort on the Maine, 153½. Petersburgh, per rble. 9 : 0. *Us.* Berlin, 7 : 10. Vienna, 10 : 4. *Eff. flo.* Trieste, 10 : 4. *Eff. flo.* Madrid, 36¼. Cadiz, 35⅛. Bilboa, 35⅛. Barcelona, 35. Seville, 35½. Gibraltar, 31. Leghorn, 47½. Genoa, 44½. Venice, 27 : 0. Malta, 0 : 0. Naples, 38½. Palermo, per oz. 115. Lisbon, 51. Oporto, 50¾. Rio Janeiro, 47. Bahia, 49. Dublin, 9½. per cent. Cork, 9½ per cent.

Prices of Gold and Silver, per oz.—Foreign gold, in bars, £3 : 17 : 6d. per oz. New Doubloons, £0 : 0 : 0d. New Dollars, 4s. 10½d. Silver in bars, stand. 5s. 0d½.

PRICES CURRENT, *Oct.* 4.

SUGAR, Muse.	LEITH.	GLASGOW.	LIVERPOOL.	LONDON.
B. P. Dry Brown, . cwt.	55 to 58	54 57	51 53	53 56
Mid. good, and fine mid.	60 70	58 61	56 70	57 65
Fine and very fine, . .	70 76	— —	— 70	66 70
Refined Doub. Loaves, .	106 115	— —	66 —	— —
Powder ditto, . . .	— —	— —	— —	80 84
Single ditto, . . .	90 104	87 96	— —	79 81
Small Lumps, ...	82 85	82 84	— —	75 80
Large ditto, ...	80 84	78 80	— —	81 98
Crushed Lumps, . .	35 38	— —	— —	— —
MOLASSES, British, cwt.	26 27	25 —	24 27 6	24 —
COFFEE, Jamaica, . cwt.	44 50	— —	38 49	50 66
Ord. good, and fine ord.	55 70	52 68	51 65	58 67
Mid. good, and fine mid.	70 80	70 88	70 88	98 102
Dutch Triage and very ord.	— —	— —	35 50	— —
Ord. good, and fine ord.	— —	58 75	54 68	— —
Mid. good, and fine mid.	— —	— —	70 90	— —
St Domingo, ...	122 126	— —	57 58	60 62
Pimento (in Bond,) . . .	9 10	7½ 8	7 7½	— —
SPIRITS,				
Jam. Rum, 16 O. P. gall.	2s 0 —	1s 9d 1s 10	1s 11d 2s 0d	1s 7d 1s 10
Brandy, ...	3 0 3 6	— —	— —	2 4 3 8
Geneva, ...	2 0 2 3	— —	— —	1 4 1 9
Grain Whisky, . . .	4 6 4 9	— —	— —	— —
WINES,				
Claret, 1st Growths, hhd.	40 55	— —	— —	£25 £50
Portugal Red, pipe,	32 44	— —	— —	— —
Spanish White, butt,	31 55	— —	— —	— —
Teneriffe, pipe,	27 29	— —	— —	22 28
Madeira, ...	40 0	— —	— —	— —
LOGWOOD, Jam. ton,	£10 0	7 0 7 5	£7 0 —	£7 16
Honduras, ...	— —	— —	7 5 0 0	7 7 15
Campeachy, ...	8 —	— —	7 15 —	8 10 —
FUSTIC, Jamaica, . .	7 8	— —	8 0 0 —	6 0 7 10
Cuba, ...	9 11	— —	9 10 10 5	9 10 0
INDIGO, Caracoas fine, lb.	10s 11s 6	— —	10s 0 11s 0	8s 6 12s 6
TIMBER, Amer. Pine, foot.	2 4 2 6	— —	— —	— —
Ditto Oak, ...	2 9 3 3	— —	— —	— —
Christianssand (dut. paid,)	2 2 2 7	— —	— —	— —
Honduras Mahogany, .	1 0 1 6	1 1 1 4	0 11 1 2	0 10 1 0
St Domingo, ditto, . .	1 6 3 6	1 6 3 0	1 7 2 10	1 9 2 0
TAR, American, brl.	19 20	18 —	15 0 16 0	11 0 —
Archangel, ...	17 0 17 6	— —	— —	17 0 —
PITCH, Foreign, cwt.	10 11	— —	— —	11 0 —
TALLOW, Rus. Yel. Cand.	36 6 —	36 37	36 6 —	34 0 35 6
Home melted, ...	36 37	— —	— —	29 0 —
HEMP, Polish Rhine, ton,	41 42	— —	— —	£41 0 £42 0
Petersburgh, Clean, . .	37 38	38 —	39 40	36 0 36 10
FLAX,				
Riga Thies. & Druj. Rak.	56 —	— —	— —	£52 0 £53
Dutch, ...	50 75	— —	— —	45 55
Irish, ...	33 50	— —	— —	— —
MATS, Archangel, . .	— 100	— —	— —	— —
BRISTLES,				
Petersburgh Firsts, cwt.	17 21	— —	— —	14 15
ASHES, Peters. Pearl, . .	40 —	— —	— —	36 —
Montreal, ditto, . .	38 6 —	40 41	38 6 39	39 —
Pot, . . .	34 —	36 —	34 6 —	39 —
OIL, Whale, . tun,	23 24	23 23 10	— —	22 —
Cod, ...	— —	— —	— —	20 20 10
TOBACCO, Virgin. fine, lb.	7 7½	7½ 7½	0 5½ 0 8	0 7½ —
Middling, ...	5½ 6½	5½ 6½	0 3½ 0 5	4 0 5
Inferior, ...	4 5	4 4½	0 2 0 2½	0 2 0 3
COTTONS, Bowed Georg.	— —	0 7½ 0 9½	0 8 0 9½	7 0 8½
Sea Island, fine, .	— —	1 4 1 6	1 3 1 5	1 0 1 8
Good, . .	— —	1 2 1 5	1 0½ 1 2	— —
Middling, . .	— —	1 1 1 1½	1 0½ 1 2	— —
Demerara and Berbice,	— —	0 10 1 0	0 10½ 1 0½	0 10 0 11½
West India, . .	— —	0 9 0 10	0 7½ 10	0 9 0 10½
Pernambuco, . .	— —	0 10½ 0 11½	0 11½ 1 0	0 11 1 0
Maranham, . . .	— —	0 10½ 0 11	0 10½ 0 11½	0 10 0 11½

METEOROLOGICAL TABLE, *extracted from the Register kept at Edinburgh, in the Observatory, Calton-hill.*

N.B.—The Observations are made twice every day, at nine o'clock, forenoon, and four o'clock, afternoon.—The second Observation in the afternoon, in the first column, is taken by the Register Thermometer.

	Ther.	Barom.	Attach. Ther.	Wind.			Ther.	Barom.	Attach. Ther.	Wind.	
Sept. 1	M.51	29.702	M.63	SW.	Dull, but fair and warm.	16	M.48	29.894	M.61	SW.	Fair, with sunshine.
	A. 64	.730	A. 63				A. 60	.899	A. 60		
2	M.57	.755	M.70	SW.	Foren. warm rain night.	17	M.49	.965	M.62	SW.	Fair, sunsh. very warm.
	A. 71	.725	A.72				A. 59	.982	A. 65		
3	M.57	.745	M.70	Cble.	Dull, warm, rain night.	18	M.50	.775	M.63	S.	Day dull, rain night.
	A. 65	.728	A. 68				A .60	.714	A. 61		
4	M.51	.512	M.66	SW.	Fair, with sunshine.	19	M.47	.749	M.59	SW.	Foren. dull, Aft. sunsh.
	A. 69	.426	A. 63				A. 53	.838	A. 59		
5	M.45	.272	M.62	SW.	Rain morn. day fair.	20	M.40	.632	M.49	SW.	Dull, with showers.
	A. 55	.204	A. 60				A. 44	.691	A. 52		
6	M.45	.126	M.57	Cble.	Thu. & light. aftern. rain.	21	M.45	.725	M.54	E.	Morn.h.rain day showery.
	A. 51	.150	A .55				A. 50	.904	A. 55		
7	M.48	28.999	M.60	SW.	Morn.h.rain. day showery.	22	M.49	30.116	M.56	E.	Fair, with sunshine.
	A. 54	29.271	A. 59				A. 55	.194	A. 57		
8	M.46	.315	M.55	Cble.	Cold, with rain.	23	M.46	29.975	M.56	NE.	Dull, but fair.
	A. 50	.464	A. 52				A. 53	.999	A. 55		
9	M.41	.303	M.51	Cble.	Dull, but fair.	24	M.45	.922	M.54	E.	Dull, fair, foggy even.
	A. 47	.419	A. 53				A. 50	.976	A .54		
10	M.39	.484	M.55	E.	Fair, with sunshine.	25	M.35	.684	M.55	Cble.	Foren.h.shrs hail, cold.
	A. 57	.414	A. 59				A. 54	.684	A. 52		
11	M.48	.352	M.61	Cble.	Day fair, h.rain night.	26	M.32	.760	M.50	NE.	Morn. frost, rain night.
	A. 59	.175	A. 60				A. 43	.440	A. 53		
12	M.47	.206	M.60	Cble.	Fair, with sunshine.	27	M.30	.272	M.44	NE.	Morn. frost, snow on hills.
	A. 57	.475	A. 59				A. 40	.279	A. 43		
13	M.47	.556	M.59	SW.	Dull, with sh. rain.	28	M.28	.458	M.42	NE.	Morn. frost, day cold.
	A. 55	.620	A. 60				A. 34	.535	A. 44		
14	M.47	.280	M.63	SW.	Showery most of day.	29	M.29	.475	M.42	E.	Morn. frost, dayshowery.
	A. 63	.645	A. 59				A. 39	.315	A. 43		
15	M.47	.628	M.61	SW.	Dull, with showers.	30	M.33	.192	M.49	S.	Rain aftern. and night.
	A. 59	.750	A. 60				A. 51	28.999	A. 52		

Average of Rain, 1.666 Inches.

ALPHABETICAL LIST of ENGLISH BANKRUPTCIES, announced between the 20th of August, and 20th of September, 1824; extracted from the London Gazette.

Anderson, A. Lloyd's coffee-house, master mariner.
Barlow, R. Claremont-place, New Road, bill-broker.
Bartlett, A. and R. Bristol, ship-builders.
Carter, J. Downing-street, victualler.
Cato, W. W. Little, and W. Irving, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, drapers.
Duncombe, J. jun. Little Queen-street, bookseller.
Ellison, J. Keighley, Yorkshire, cotton-spinner.
Foster, J. Abchurch-lane, merchant.
Grist, J. Midhurt, Sussex, bricklayer.
Harvey, H. S. Oxford-street, hosier.
Hatfield, W. and J. Morton, Sheffield, cutlers.
Hazard, D. Hackney, merchant.
Helm, G. Worcester, linen-draper.
Hewett, J. Mitcherm, butcher.
Hirst, G. Manchester, clothier.
Hopkins, G. and J. St Philip and Jacob, Gloucestershire, timber-merchants.
Humble, S. Newcastle-upon-Tyne, stationer.
Hyde, N. Nassau-street, Soho, jeweller.
Isley, J. Wyfold, Court-farm, Henley-upon-Thames, farmer.
Jackson, E. Uley, Gloucestershire, clothier.
Jackson, J. Gerrard-street, Soho, picture-dealer.
Johnson, R. Burslem, earthen-ware manufacturer.
Jarvis, W. G. Penton-place, Newington Butts, coal-merchant.
Jones, R. Westbury Leigh, Wilts, clothier.
Jones, W. Ratcliffe Highway, grocer.
Lees, J. Matbank, Lancashire, cotton-spinner.
Lewis, T. C. and C. Bevan, High Holborn, linen-drapers.
Liddard, W. Charlotte-row, Bermondsey, coal-merchant.
Lond, T. Dover, corn-dealer.
M'Cormick, J. Jubilee-place, Commercial-road, victualler.
Manley, D. Southampton-row, Russel-square, wine-merchant
Mardall, W. Water-lane, Tower-street, brandy-merchant.
Marsh, W. and Co. Berner's-street, bankers.
Mayell, W. Exeter, jeweller.
Morris, J. jun. Stingo-lane, St Mary-le-Bonne, stage-master.
Nicholls, R. Ruthen, Denbighshire, druggist.
Parker, W. Oxford-street, ironmonger.
Peck, J. Andover, linen-draper.
Peel, J. Rochdale, shoe-dealer.
Perks, J. Monkton Combe, Somersetshire, brewer.
Pennan, A. Batson-street, Limehouse, master-mariner.
Poor, J. Wapping, Bristol, victualler.
Richardson, J. Manchester, cooper.
Rickards, J. Dursley, Gloucestershire, cloth-manufacturer.
Roughton, L. Noble-street, Foster-lane, wholesale druggist.
Sawyer, J. Lincoln's-Inn-Fields, wine-merchant.
Scrivener, H. H. Scrivener, jun. and J. Wilson, Kentish-buildings, Southwark, hop-factors.
Simmons, A. Strand, tailor.
Smith, J. R. North Audley-street, upholsterer.
Smith, T. Derby, nail-manufacturer.
Stott, S. and J. Road-lane, Spotland, Lancashire, woollen-manufacturers.
Tappenden, T. Cumberland-street, Middlesex-hospital, victualler.
Walthew, J. Liverpool, linen-draper.
Want, G. S. Skinner-street, cabinet-maker.
Wilkins, S. Holborn-hill, stationer.
Wooding, M. Ducket-street, Stepney, baker.
Woollett, J. Queen's-Head Inn Southwark, tavern-keeper.
Wren, J. Great Titchfield-street, Portland-place, carpenter

Alphabetical List of Scotch Bankruptcies, announced between the 1st and 30th of September, 1824, extracted from the Edinburgh Gazette.

Buchanan, John, late bleacher in Lylyburn, now miller at Glenmill.
Comb, George, tenant at Redheughs, and merchant and trader in manure at King's Stables, and coals at Port Hopetoun, Edinburgh.
Fife, John, cotton-spinner in Johnston.
Finlayson, Robert and Alexander, merchants and fish-curers, Lybster.
Gilfillan, John, and Co. late merchants in Glasgow.
Gilmour, William, importer of and dealer in spirits, in Paisley.
Hodge, William, flesher and cattle-dealer in Glasgow.
Honeyman, Robert, formerly merchant and shipowner, Grangemouth; afterwards miller and coal-merchant, Port Allen, Perthshire; presently residing in Edinburgh.
M'Robbie, James, mason and builder, Paisley.
Macgregor, James Murray, merchant in Leith.
Murdoch, Patrick, merchant in Hamilton.
Orr, Andrew, bookseller and stationer in Cupar.

DIVIDENDS.

Cameron, Dugald, and Co. merchants and grocers in Greenock; a first dividend after 25th October.
Cowan, Robert, and Sons, grain-merchants in Glasgow; a dividend 29th November.
Douglas, William, merchant in Glasgow; a first dividend on 19th October.
Hughes and Williams, canal contractors; a dividend on 11th October.
M'Ewen, James, ropemaker in Perth; a second dividend after 2d November.
Maclean, John, and Co. merchants and shopkeepers in Glasgow; a dividend after 4th October.
Shannon, Stewart, and Co. merchants in Greenock, and Shannan, Livingstone, and Co. merchants in Newfoundland; a second dividend after 1st November.
The deceased John Robertson, mason and wright in Glasgow, lately residing at Pollockshaws; a final dividend after 1st November.
The George Street Coach Work Company, Glasgow; a dividend on 25th October.
The concern which carried on trade in Greenock, under the firm of John Hamilton and Co. and in Liverpool under the firm of William Hamilton and Co.; a third dividend after 18th October.
Wannan, George, carrier betwixt Perth and Dundee; a first and final dividend after 14th October.

APPOINTMENTS, PROMOTIONS, &c.

Brevet. Major M'Donald, 91 F. and late Port. Serv. Lt. Col. in the army, 4 Sept. 1817
Capt. Bentley, (Staff Capt. at Chatham) Major in the Army, 4 June, 1814
12 Dr. Lieut. Pallisar, Capt. by purch. vice Craufurd, Cape Corps, 12 Aug. 1824
Ens. England, from 77 F. Lieut. do.
15 Troop Serj. Maj. Chettle, Qua. Mast. vice Jenkins, h. p. 9 Sept.
1 F. Lieut. Campbell, from h. p. 58 F. Lt. vice Smith, cancelled, do.
5 Ens. Hill, Lt. vice M'Kenzie, dead 8 June
J. W. King, Ens. 12 Aug.
15 Ens. Thorold, from 38 F. Ens. vice Maunsell, h. p. 65 F. rec. diff. 9 Sept.
17 Lieut. Peevor, Capt. vice Rotton, dead, 2 do.
Ens. Boscawen, Lt. do.
St. G. L. Lister, Ens. do.
18 T. C. Graves, Ens. vice Young, 20 F. 12 Aug.
19 Ens. and Adj. Tydd, rank of Lt. 2 Sept.
20 Ens. Young, from 18 F. Lt. vice Church, dead, 12 Aug.
26 Ens. Babington, Lt. vice Roberts, dead, do.
R. J. E. Rich, Ens. do.
38 Ens. Lowth, from 48. F. Ens. vice Thorold, 15. F. 9 Sept.
39 Bt. Lt. Col. Lindesay, Lt. Col. by purch. vice Col. Sturt, ret. 12 Aug.
Bt. Major Macpherson, Major, do.
Lt. Caldicott, Capt. do.
Ens. Leckie, Lt. do.
G. C. Borough, Ens. do.
42 Ens. Raynes, from 2 Vet. Bn. Ens. vice Clark, h. p. 81 F. 2 Sept.
48 —— Ward, from h. p. 83 F. do. paying diff. vice Lowth, 38 F. 9 do.
50 Major Wodehouse, Lt. Col. by purch. vice Harrison, ret. 2 do.
Capt. Custance, Major, do.
Lt. Serjeantson, Capt. do.
Ens. Foy, Lt. do.
G. Deedes, Ens. do.
60 Serj. Major Liddell, from 2 F. 2d Lt. and to act as Adj. 19 Aug.
62 Ens. Power, Lt. by purch. vice Spiller, ret. 2 Sept.
Gent. Cadet Cotton, from R. Mil. Col. Ens. do.
71 Ens. Connor. Lt. vice Coates, dead, 19 Aug.
Ens. Seymour, Ens. do.
72 Capt. Brownlow, Major by purch. vice Lt. Col. FitzGerald, ret. 2d do.
Lt. Markham, Capt. do.
Capt. *Ld.* E. Hay, from Staff in Ionian Isls. Capt. vice Ebhart, Staff Capt. Chatham, 27 do.
Ens. Frith, Lt. 26 do.
H. Godfrey, Ens. do.
73 Maj. Bamford, from 97 F. Maj. vice Cameron, h. p. York Chass. 12 do.
74 Ens. Ansell, Adj. vice Ramsden, res. Adj. only, 17 do.
77 J. Lomax, Ens. by purch. vice England, 12 Dr. 19 do.
79 Lt. Brown, Capt. by purch. vice Marshall, prom. 29 July
Ens. Maule, Lt. do.
T. Crombie, Ens. 12 Aug.
82 Lt. Mortimer, Capt. vice Field, dead, 9 Mar.
Ens. Greene, Lt. 12 Aug.
J. Trollope, Ens. do.
86 Lt. Grey, Capt. by purch. vice Hogg, ret. do.
Ens. Close, Lt. do.
P. Le P. Trench, Ens. do.
95 Lt. Straith, Capt. vice Yorke, dead, 26 do.
Ens. Mayne, Lt. do.
C. Henry, Ens. do.
Lt. Dickens, Adj. vice Straith, do.
97 Maj. Paterson, from h. p. York Chass. Major, vice Bamford, 73 F. 12 do.
Rifle Brig. Lt. Bolleau, Capt. by purch. vice Hallen, ret. 2 Sept.
2d Lt. Frampton, 1st Lt do.
Gent. Cadet, E. L. Gower, from R. Mil Coll. 2d Lt. do.
2 W. I. R. Ens. and Adj. Curry, rank of Lt. 6 Aug.

2 W. I. R. Ens. Sutherland, Lt. vice Dunn, dead, 7 Aug.
E. E. Nicolls, Ens. do.
Staff Serj. Maj. Whitty, Qua. Mast. vice Hughes, Lt. 26 do.
2 Vet. Bn. Ens. Stewart, from h. p. 27 F. Ens. vice Edgelow, ret. list. do.
—— Shaw, from h. p. 31. F. do. vice Raynes, 42 F. 2 Sept.
2 Vet. Co. Ens. and Adj. Ward, from h. p. 27 F. vice Walker, ret. list. do.
Vet. Co. at Newfound. } Capt. Mackenzie, from h. p. York Lt. Inf. Fol. Capt. 25 July
Lt. Abbott, from h. p. 1. W. I. R. Lt. vice Campbell, cancelled, 2 Sept.
R. E. I. Vol. C. Mills, jun. Maj. vice Raikes, res. 15 Aug.

Unattached.

Maj. M'Laine, from 21 F. Lt. Col. of Inf. by pur. vice Maj.-Gen. T. W. Kerr, ret. 9 Sept. 1824.

Garrisons.

Lt.-Col. Belford, of late 3d Vet. Batt. Fort-Major of Dartmouth Castle, vice Wright, dead, 12th Aug. 1824.

Staff.

Capt. Bentley, of late 1st Vet. Batt. Staff Capt. at Chatham, vice Dalgety, ret. list, 19 Aug. 1824.
Bt. Maj. Ebbart, from 72 F. Staff Capt. at Chatham, vice Jervis, ret. list, 26 Aug. 1824.
Capt. Brutton, from 82 F. Sub.-Insp. of Mil. Ion. Isl. vice *Lt.* Hay, 72 F. 27 Aug. 1824.

Ordnance Department.

Roy. Eng. 1st Lt. Clavering, from h. p. 1st Lieut. vice Hayter, dead, 22 March, 1824.
Gent. Cadet St. A. Molesworth, 2d Lt. 28 Aug. 1824.

Medical Department.

As. Surg. Reid, from h. p. York Lt. Inf. Vol. As. Surg. vice Caldwell, can. 18 June, 1824.
Hosp. Assist. Young, Assist. Surg. vice Law, dead, 14 Aug. 1824.
E. J. Bulteel, Hosp. Assist. 14 Aug. 1824.

Exchanges.

Bt. Colonel Ross, from Cape Corps, with Lt. Col. Hutchinson, h. p.
Bt. Maj. Tonson, from 84 F. with Capt. Colomb, h. p. 37 F.
Capt. M'Neill, from 2d W. I. R. with Bt. Major Jack, h. s. 21 F.
Capt. Beamish, from 31 F. rec. diff. with Capt. Van Cortlandt, h. p. 35 F.
Capt. Phelan, from 92 F. with Capt. J. Cameron, h. p. 79 F.
Capt. Baynes, from Afric. Col. Corps, with Capt. de Barrallier, h. p. 82 F.
Lieut. Williams, from 16 Dr. with Lieut. Hamilton, h. p. 1 Dr.
Lieut. Leeke, from 52 F. with Lieut. Wetherall, h. p. 42 F.
Lieut. Rose, from 72 F. with Lieut. Murray, h. p. 24 F.
Lieut. Ramsden, from 74 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Campbell, h. p. 18 F.
Lieut. Douglas, from 77 F. with Lieut. Wilkinson, h. p. 5 F.
Lieut. Logan, from 98 F. with Lieut. Goodiff, h. p. 31 F.
Ensign Lister, from 17 F. with Ensign Deedes, 50 F.
Ensign *Lord* Elphinstone, from 71 F. with Ensign Dalton, h. p. 32 F.
Paym. Kerr, from 4 Dr. with Paym. Wildey, h. p. 40 F.
Qua. Mast. *Lieut.* Stewart, from 53 F. with Lieut. Taggart, h. p. 55 F.
Assist. Surg. Hendrick, from 86 F. with Assist. Surg. Dudgeon, h. p. 63 F.

Resignations and Retirements.

Major Gen. Kerr, of late 2 Ceyl. R.
Colonel Sturt, 39 F.
Lieut. Colonel Harrison, 30 F.
——— Fitzgerald, 72 F.
Major Raikes, R. East Ind. Vol.
Captain Hogg, 86 F.
——— Hallen, Rifle Brig.
Lieut. Spiller, 62 F.
2d Lieut. Larcom, Eng.
Assist. Surg. Maclean, h. p. 35 F.

Appointments Cancelled.

Lieut. Smith, 1 F.
—— Campbell, Vet. Co. Newf.
Assist. Surg. Caldwell, Med. Staff.

Superseded.

Paym. Prendergast. So. Mayo Mil.

Deaths.

Lieut. Gen. Prince, from 6 Dr. Ipswich, 11 Sept. 1824.
Lieut. Gen. Dunn, E. Ind. Co. Serv. Great Malvern, 29 Aug.
Lieut. Gen. Anderson, do. London, 16 Sept.
Col. C. *Lord* Castlecoote, Queen's Co. Milit.
Major Bishop, h. p. 1 Prov. Bn. of Mil. Harrowgate, Sept. 1824.
Capt. Campbell, late Invalids, London, 5 August, 1824.
Goodinge, Adj. to Londonderry Militia.
Lieut. Kennedy, ret. Vet. Comp. Stonehouse, Devon, 15 Sept. 1824.
Lieut. Mackenzie, h. p. 35 F.
—— Douglas, h. p. 78 F. Java, 20 April, 1820.
—— Hawkey, h. p. 95 F. 5 May, 1824.
—— Conring, h. p. 7 Line Germ. Leg. Hanover, 6 Sept.
Lieut. De Cherry, h. p. Corsican Regt. 5 March.
—— Anderson, h. p. 12 Gar. Bn. Dinan, France, 19 May, 1824.
Paym. Barry, h. p. 36 F. Taunton, 4 Aug. 1824.
Quar. Mast. Lawrie, h. p. 104 F. Sept. 1824.
Assist. Surg. Luby, h. p. Vet. Bn. Windsor, Sept. 1824.
Vet. Surg. Dalton, h. p. 1 Life G. Vienne, Calais, 15 March, 1824.

N. B.—The Death of Paymaster Harrison, 83d Regt. was erroneously reported in the Army List for last Month.

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

BIRTHS.

May 21. At Malta, Mrs Cusine, 95th regiment, of a daughter.

July 28. At Concordia, Tobago, the lady of Dr Kenney, of a daughter.

Aug. 3. At Florence, the lady of John Craufurd, Esq. of Auchenames, of a son.

Sept. 1. At Braigar House, Kent, the lady of J. D. Boswall, Esq. of Wardie, captain in the royal navy, of a son and heir.

2. At Edinburgh, the lady of Stair Stewart, Esq. of Physgill and Glasserton, of a son and heir.

3. At Coxley, near Wells, Somerset, Mrs Alexander Fraser, of Thavies Inn, London, of a daughter.

5. At Edinburgh, Mrs Clarke, 51, George Square, of a daughter.

— At Dun, the Lady Anne Baird, of a daughter.

6. At Dumbarnie House, Mrs Craigie, of Dumbarnie, of a son.

9. At the Dowager Viscountess Duncan's, the Hon. Mrs Dundas, of a son.

— At Portobello, Mrs Glen, Brighton Place, of a daughter.

— At Westquarter, the lady of Thomas Learmonth, Esq. of Laurence Park, of a daughter.

11. Mrs John Brougham, of a daughter.

— At Stobo Castle, the lady of Sir James Montgomery of Stanhope, Bart. of a son.

12. At 46, Albany Street, Mrs Begbie, of a son.

12. At Bellevue Crescent, Mrs Rattray, of a son.

— At Minto, the Countess of Minto, of a daughter.

— At Dundee, the lady of Dr John Maxwell, of a son.

— At 49, Albany Street, Mrs John Gardiner Kinnear, of a daughter.

13. Mrs Miller, Frederick Street, of a son.

— At Crescent, Perth, Mrs George Seton, of a daughter.

— At Edinburgh, the lady of Major Menzies, 42d Royal Highlanders, of a son.

14. Mrs Scott, Albany Street, of a daughter.

— At Kirkaldy, Mrs J. L. Cooper, of a son.

15. At Ruchil, near Glasgow, the lady of Major Stephenson, 6th Dragoon Guards, of a son.

— At his Lordship's house, at Cowes, Isle of Wight, the lady of Lord Francis Levison Gower, M.P. of a son.

— In Pitt Street, Mrs Richardson, of a son.

18. At Ramornie, Mrs Heriot of Ramornie, of a daughter.

— At Stirling, Mrs J. Telford, of a daughter.

20. At Frankfield, Mrs Murray, of a son.

— At 16, Nicolson Street, Mrs Huie, of a son.

23. Mrs Patrick Robertson, of a daughter.

— At Llynon, county of Anglesey, the lady of H. W. Jones, Esq of a son.

— At Banchory, the lady of Lieutenant-Colonel Wood, of a son.

24. Mrs Bowie, 19, Albany Street, of a daughter.

25. At Edinburgh, the lady of Mr Sinclair, of Covent-Garden Theatre, of a son.

— At Rozelle, Mrs West Hamilton, of a daughter.

26. At Losset, Mrs Macneal of Ugadale, of a daughter.

Lately, At her residence at Tunbridge Wells, the Right Hon. Lady Cochrane, of a son.

MARRIAGES.

Nov. 5, 1825. At Montreal, Roderick Matheson, Esq., paymaster late Glengary Light Infantry, to Miss Mary Fraser, daughter of Captain Robertson, of Inverness.

Aug. 18, 1824. At Parkhead, near Perth, Mr William Bruce, merchant, Edinburgh, to Agnes, daughter of William Morison, Esq.

25. At the Manse of Panbride, the Rev. William Robertson, of Carmylie, to Dorothea, daughter of the Rev. David Traill, Panbride.

30. At the Manse of Crailing, Mr Robert Strachan, London, to Elizabeth, fourth daughter of the Rev. David Brown.

Sept. 2. At Bonnington, John Adair, Esq. Genoch, Wigtonshire, to Christina, eldest daughter of the late John Haig, Esq.

— At St James's Church, London, Lord Elliot, only son of the Earl of St Germain's, to the Right Hon. Lady Jemima Cornwallis, third daughter of the late Marquis Cornwallis.

— At Manse of Daviot, the Rev. Henry Simon, minister of Chapel of Garioch, to Mary, second daughter of the Rev. Robert Shepherd.

3. At Leith Walk, Mr James Murray, surgeon, Edinburgh, to Elizabeth Wilson, eldest daughter of Mr James Allison, vinegar maker.

5. At Kirkmichael, James Crawford, Esq. M.D. to Miss Ann Whitford, eldest daughter of David Kennedy, Esq. of Kirkmichael.

6. At Lymington-Lodge, Alexander Wardrop, Esq. of Madras, to Jessie, third daughter of the late Robert Burn, Esq. architect, Edinburgh.

7. At Cowie, Stirlingshire, Mr John Forrester, merchant, Glasgow, to Margaret, eldest daughter of the late James M'Nab, Esq. distiller.

11. At St Margaret's Church, Westminster, John Mitchell, Esq. M.P. to Eliza, eldest daughter of John Elliott, Esq. of Pimlico Lodge.

13. At Comely Bank, Mr Robert Kirkwood, engraver, to Bathia, youngest daughter of Robert Dunbar, Esq. Tax Office.

14. At Edinburgh, John Gibson, jun. Esq. W.S. to Charlotte Ellen, eldest daughter of John Gordon, Esq. of Salisbury Road.

15. At Leith, Mr John Niven, merchant, to Mrs Mary Spalding, widow of Dr Alexander Spalding, Port Maria, West Indies.

— At Dalton, Dumfries-shire, John Hannay, Esq. W.S. to Miss Eliza S. Kennedy, only daughter of the late J. Kennedy, Esq.

— In London, Lord Ellenborough, to Jane Elizabeth Digby, only daughter of Rear-Admiral Digby and Viscountess Andover.

16. In Stafford Street, Major-General Hamilton, to Mary Augusta, youngest daughter of the late Alexander Bower, Esq. of Kincaldrum.

— At Bolton, Percy, in Yorkshire, George Baillie, jun. Esq. eldest son of George Baillie, Esq. of Jerriswoode, to Georgina, youngest daughter of Mr Archdeacon Markham.

21. At St Andrews, Mr John Buchan, writer, St Andrews, to Anne, daughter of Mr Alexander Thomson, merchant there.

27. At Montrose, the Rev. John Wood, A.M. to Annabella, second daughter of Captain Brydon, of that place.

28. Lord Henry Seymour Moore, to Mary, second daughter of Sir Henry Parnell, Bart. M.P. and niece to the Marquis of Bute and the Earl of Portarlington.

DEATHS.

March 21. Off the Cape Coast, of fever, Mr Charles Hope Hunter, Midshipman, of his Majesty's ship Driver, second son of the late Rev. William Hunter, minister of Middlebie.

May. At Buenos Ayres, Captain Peter Sherriff, of the Antelope, second son of the late Mr Thomas Sheriff, shipmaster, Dunbar.

June 11. In the Island of St Croix, Dr James Hill, of Dumfries.

21. At Jamaica, after a few days' illness, Alexander Cunningham, Esq. son of the late William Cunningham, of Cairncurran, Esq.

July 27. At Demerara, Mrs Marsh, wife of Thomas Marsh, Esq. of that place.

Aug. 2. At Gowally, Perthshire, Agnes, second daughter, and, at Greenock, on the 30th August, Michael Boston, fourth son of the late Rev. Dr Alex. Simpson, Pittenweem.

6. At Pendreich, near Lasswade, aged 37 years, Mrs Margaret Melrose, wife of Mr James M'Leish, merchant, Edinburgh; also, at No. 12 Montague Street, on the 12th August, Helen, their daughter, aged four months.

18. At Lochbuy House, Mrs Maclaine, son.

21. Near Rome, Mrs Erskine, relict of John Erskine, Esq. eldest son of the late Mr Erskine of Cardross.

22. At Peebles, Mr Thomas Gentle, nursery and seedsman.

— At Woodend, Jane, daughter of the late William Corbett, Esq. Collector of Excise.

23. At Paris, Lady Margaret Arbuthnot Ogilvy, aged three years and five months, youngest daughter of the Earl and Countess of Airly.

24. At Busby, Mrs Macfarlane, relict of Malcolm Macfarlane, Esq.

— At Cadiz, Mrs Hamilton of Dalzell, Lanarkshire.

27. At Ayr, John Aitken, Esq.

30. At 58, Dublin Street, Mr John Bell.

— At Lanark, Mrs Vere Wilson, relict of William Thomson, Esq. of Castle Yett.

— At Brighton, in the 75th year of her age, the Hon. Mrs Frances Wall, daughter of the late Lord Fortrose, and sister of the late Earl of Seaforth.

— At the house of the Earl of Airly, in Paris, Mrs Clementina Graham, relict of Gavin Drummond, Esq. of Forth Street, Edinburgh.

31. At Edinburgh, Mrs Susan Christie, wife of Thomas Christie, Esq. eldest son of the late James Christie, Esq. of Durie, Fifeshire.

Sept. 1. At Tranent, Mrs Alexander Allan, in the 81st year of her age.

— At Tarbes, South of France, Bryan, third son of Captain Hodgson, Royal Navy.

2. At Darsie, the Rev. Robert Macculloch, D.D. in the 85th year of his age, and 55d of his ministry.

3. At Northampton, Dr William Kerr, physician there.

6. In Minto Street, Newington, Mrs Jean Robertson, widow of the Rev. James Robertson, late minister of Ratho.

— At Edinburgh, Isabella, eldest daughter of the late Rev. Andrew Chatto, of Mainhouse.

7. At Musselburgh, Mr John Thom, late merchant in Edinburgh.

— At Kincardine O'Neil, Patrick Henderson, Esq. advocate in Aberdeen.

— At Southfield by Auchtermuchty, Mr William Couper, late upholsterer in Edinburgh.

— At Wall Bury, in Essex, Amelia, wife of Joseph Grove, and eldest daughter of the late Lieut.-General Goldie of Goldielea, Dumfries.

8. At Edinburgh, Mrs Elizabeth Helen Hunter, wife of John Jeffrey, Esq. George Street.

9. At Balarno, near Currie, Mr John Logan, paper-manufacturer.

— Lord Viscount Hampden. His Lordship had enjoyed his title only a few days, and is succeeded in the entailed estates by George, Earl of Buckinghamshire.

10. At Fauxblanc, near Lausanne, Switzerland, the infant son of the Right Hon. Lord Sinclair.

— At Portobello, Mrs Margaret Pringle, widow of John Pringle, Esq. surgeon, Royal Navy.

— At Edinburgh, Mr James Boyd, merchant.

11. At St John's, Ayrshire, Margaret Isabella, youngest daughter of David Ramsay, Esq. writer to the Signet.

— Mr William Andrew, writer.

12. At Coldstream, Mr James Bartie, youngest son of Captain A. D. M'Laren, Berwickshire Militia.

— At his seat, near Southampton, the Rev. Sir Charles Rich, Bart. in his 73d year.

13. At Blackheath, Stephen Robert, second son of Captain R. H. Barclay, Royal Navy.

— At 112, Canongate, Henry Prager, Esq.

— At Dalkeith, Mr Alex. Innes, watchmaker.

14. At Edinburgh, Mr Charles H. Simson, son of the late Mr Alex. Simson, Dundee.

16. At the Manse, Falkirk, after a long illness, Elizabeth, only daughter of the Rev. Dr Wilson, minister of Falkirk.

16. At Auchtertool Manse, Mrs Moffat, Kirkaldy.

— In Baker Street, London, Lieut.-General Andrew Anderson, of the Hon. East India Company's service, on their establishment at Bombay.

17. At Mount Melville, Maria Louise, youngest daughter of John Whyte Melville, Esq.

— At Grandholm Cottage, James Martin Lindsay, eldest son of Lieut.-Colonel Lindsay, 78th Highlanders.

— At Edinburgh, Mrs Ann Stevenson, relict of Mr Henry Watson, late merchant in Edinburgh.

18. At Edinburgh, Mr John Finlayson, sen. Buchanan's Court, Lawnmarket.

— At Sand Bank, Argyllshire, Mary Anne, infant daughter of Alexander Scott Broomfield, Esq.

— At No. 1, Fettes Row, James, infant son of Captain Pearson, R. N.

20. At Aberdeen, Helen, only daughter of Alex. Lyall, Esq. Comptroller of the Customs there.

22. At Leith, Jane, daughter of the late Mr Henry Band, merchant there.

22. At 22 Forth Street, Margaret Anne, eldest daughter of the late John Thomson, Esq.

— At Grange House, Robert Forrester, Esq. treasurer of the Bank of Scotland.—In noticing the death of this estimable character, we speak the feelings of our fellow citizens, when we state how severely his departure is lamented, and how much his loss will be felt. For above half a century, Mr Forrester filled different departments in the Bank of Scotland, and for many years previous to his death, was the treasurer, or principal officer, of that establishment. The public know the fidelity with which he discharged the functions of that responsible situation, blending the firmness of official duty with the mildness and kindness of a benevolent heart. Himself the son of a Scottish clergyman, he was the founder of the Society of the Sons of the Clergy, and displayed his usual zeal in originating and promoting an institution, which has proved of incalculable advantage to the families of many. Through life the faith and precepts of the Christian religion never failed to animate him. He was for more than forty years an elder in the New Greyfriars Church. Unassuming manners, joined to a temper highly cheerful and social, rendered his company most engaging, and endeared him not only to his particular friends, but to society at large.

— At his house, Brunton Street, Crescent, London, Major John Cartwright.

— At Bath, Captain Brathwaite Christie, late of the 5th Dragoon Guards, third son of the late Admiral Christie of Baberton.

— At Gunton, Norfolk, Georgina, Lady Suffield, wife of Edward, Lord Suffield.

25 At Glasgow, Mrs Marianne Hutton, relict of the Rev. Alex. Perrie, Glasgow.

26. At Chelsea, after a short illness, Henry Cooper, Esq. barrister.

Lately, after a short illness, the Princess Kutusow Smolenski, widow of Field Marshal Blucher.

— In Dublin, the Rev. Benjamin M'Dowal, D.D. senior minister of the Scots Church, Mary's Abbey.

— Suddenly, at his house, Keir Street, Mr Robert Paisley, session-clerk of St Cuthbert's parish.

— At Linstead Lodge, Kent, the Right Hon. John Roper, Lord Teynham.

— At North Shields, while sitting alone writing a letter, Mr W. Richardson, notary public, the elegant translator of the Odes of Anacreon, and author of several works of genius.

Death of Lord Charles Murray.

Extract of a letter from Missolonghi, 30th July —11th August—1824:—"It is with the deepest regret that we have to announce the death of Lord Charles Murray, youngest son of the Duke of Atholl. His lordship was attacked by the fever of the country, on his journey from Napoli to Missolonghi, at the residence of Mr Georgio Sestini, in Gastouni, where he expired in the prime of his youth, on the 11th of August, new style, at 10 a. m. He was aged 23 years; and although so young, had evinced, from the moment his foot pressed our country, the most noble and philanthropic sentiments, with an ardour to fulfil them as far as lay in his power. Before leaving this place, he had united his name to that of our countrymen, and had furnished the means of erecting a battery on our frontier line, to which is given the name of one of his most illustrious relations. His amiable disposition had endeared him to all who had the honour of his acquaintance; and his talents and accomplishments shewed him to be a worthy descendant of the noble race from which he sprung. His remains were interred with every mark of the highest respect at Gastouni. General Constantine Bozzanis and Georgio Sestini, all the Suliotes, and the whole population of Gastouni, followed them to the grave. The Archbishop Chirito pronounced the funeral oration. The Greek Chronicle of Missolonghi states, that the feeling of deep sorrow for the premature death of this amiable, accomplished, and enterprising young nobleman, is universal in Greece."

Death of Dr Walter Oudney.

Extract of a letter from Lieutenant Clapperton to Mr Consul Warrington, dated Kano, 2d Feb. 1824:—

"The melancholy task has fallen to me to report to you the ever-to-be-lamented death of my friend Dr Walter Oudney. We left Kuka on the 14th day of December, 1823, and by easy journeys arrived at Bedukarfea, the westernmost town in the kingdom of Bornou. During this part of the journey he was recovering strength very fast; but on leaving Bedukarfea and entering the Beder territory, on the night of the 26th and morning of the 27th, we had such an intense cold, that the water was frozen in the dishes, and the water-skins as hard as boards. Here the poor Doctor got a severe cold, and continued to grow weaker every day. At this time he told me when he left Kuka, he expected his disorder would allow him to perform all his country expected from him, but that now his death was near, and he requested me to deliver his papers to Lord Bathurst, and to say he wished Mr Barrow might have the arrangement of them, if agreeable to the wishes of his Lordship.

"On the 2d of January, 1824, we arrived at the city of Katagum, where we remained till the 10th, partly to see if the Doctor, by staying a few days, would gain a little strength to pursue his journey. On leaving Katagum he rode a camel, as he was too weak to ride his horse. We proceeded on our road for 10 miles that day, and then halted, and on the following day 5 miles further, to a town called Murmur. On the morning of the 12th, he ordered the camels to be loaded at daylight, and drank a cup of coffee, and I assisted him to dress. When the camels were loaded, with the assistance of his servant and me he came out of his tent. I saw then that the hand of death was upon him, and that he had not an hour to live. I begged him to return to his tent and lie down, which he did, and I sat down beside him—he expired in about half an hour after.

"I sent immediately to the Governor of the town, to acquaint him with what had happened, and to desire he would point out a spot where I might bury my friend, and also to have people to wash the body and dig the grave, which was speedily complied with. I had dead-clothes made from some turbans that were intended as presents; and as we travelled as Englishmen and servants of his Majesty, I considered it my most indispensable duty to read the service of the dead over the grave, according to the rites of the Church of England, which happily was not objected to; but, on the contrary, I was paid a good deal of respect for so doing. I then bought two sheep, which were killed and given to the poor; and I had a clay wall built round the grave to preserve it."

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